October, 1944 50 Cents

TECHNOLOGY

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DETROIT

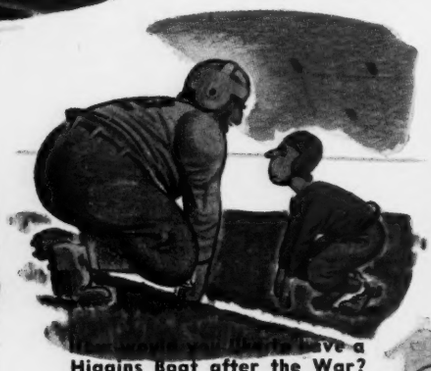
Yachting

GRANDE DAME OF THE FLEET ☆ NINETY DAYS IN A WHALEBOAT
SHIP MODELS GO TO WAR ☆ THE BOY GETS HIS BOAT
A CRUISE THAT FAILED ☆ GREAT BARRIER RESCUE

How would you like to have a Higgins Boat after the War?

How would you like to have a Higgins Boat after the War?

How would you like to have a Higgins Boat after the War?



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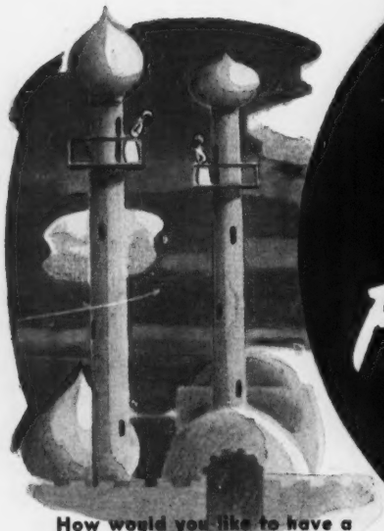
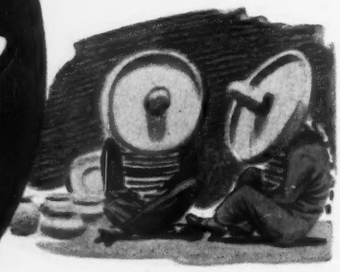


How would you like to have a Higgins Boat after the War?

Higgins

POST-WAR PLEASURE BOATS

WILL BE WORTH WAITING FOR!



HWYLTHAHBATW?

SEND FOR THIS BOOK: "Navigation Wrinkles for Combat Motor Boats," 121 pages, illustrated, of useful information on piloting and navigation based on lectures given in Higgins Boat Operators and Marine Engine Maintenance School. Book will be sent to you, postpaid, at cost of printing, binding, mailing, $1.

Higgins INDUSTRIES INCORPORATED

NEW ORLEANS

HUB OF THE AMERICAS

LARGEST BOAT BUILDERS IN THE WORLD

YACHTING, October, 1944. Vol. 76, No. 4. Published monthly at 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial, Circulation and Advertising Offices, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. $4.00 a year, 50 cents a copy. Entered as Second-Class matter at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

SEMPER PARATUS *Always Ready—*

Smashing the Nazi subs off shore . . . rescuing flyers in the channel, convoying men and equipment . . . taking hard-hitting "Invaders" into foreign beachheads . . . you'll find the Coast Guard Always Ready. Since 1790 the deeds of the United States Coast Guard have made history.

• • •

Today an ever increasing number of Coast Guard vessels are equipped with Federal-Mogul propellers . . . As in the case of this fast, hard-hitting 83-foot C. G. patrol boat, dependable Federal-Mogul propellers are helping them to meet tough assignments on far-flung fronts.

Night and day from four plants, an endless stream of Federal-Mogul propellers, 4 in. to 12 ft., are shipped to the Allied Navies.

Tomorrow, "when men sail for fun again" — you'll appreciate the technical improvements that are today helping our heroic fighters on every sea. Federal-Mogul Marine, 4043 Beaufait Ave., Detroit 7, Mich.

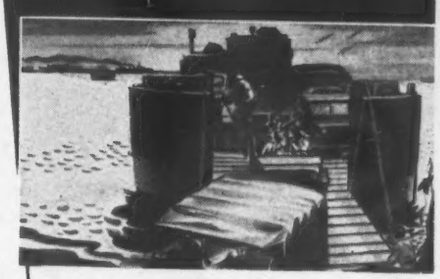
The coveted Army-Navy "E" awarded Federal-Mogul Marine Division, for high contribution to American freedom.

ARMY E NAVY

ARMY E NAVY

Detroit, Mich. Plants 1 and 3

Greenville, Mich. Plant 2



LST— Landing Ship, Tanks. Designed by the Navy to land heavy equipment on enemy shores. Federal-Mogul Propellers help to "push them thru'."

CLOVERLEAF EQUI-POISE

TRU-PITCH & HY-TURBINE

TRU-PITCH MOTORSHIP

FEDERAL Mogul

NO-WEED & WEEDLESS

HB HEAVY-DUTY

CUSTOM, STANDARD EQUI-POISE

KEEP
Hub
Navy Rescue Tug Saves Tanker In 24-Day Struggle
TODAY the Navy released the story of how the Choctaw, a Navy Rescue Tug, raced to the rescue of the crippled, fire-swept tanker, Murfreesboro, 950 miles away.
In heavy weather the Murfreesboro had been rammed by another ship in the convoy whose steering gear had failed. Fire engulfed the two vessels. The other ship sank. For safety the convoy kept on.
When the Choctaw reached the tanker, the fire had been put out. High seas were crashing into her gaping hull. She was listing low in the water.
Line after line parted as the sturdy tug struggled to get the wallowing crippled tanker under way. Speed averaged only 1.67 knots. In one 24-hour period, the Choctaw actually lost 3 miles.
After 24 days, three times longer than she had ever been to sea before, and having accomplished the longest tow of the war, the Choctaw brought her charge into safe harbor—and with 80% of the tanker's precious load of hi-test gasoline still intact.
Latest Secret Weapon
One-Man Torpedo Succeeds Off Normandy, Nazis Say
Dungeness crabs fresh from Pacific waters, rainbow trout caught Wednesday in Rocky Mountain streams and fresh fruits and ve
tables picked th
Nazis
Called
natical
Graduates'
Live Only
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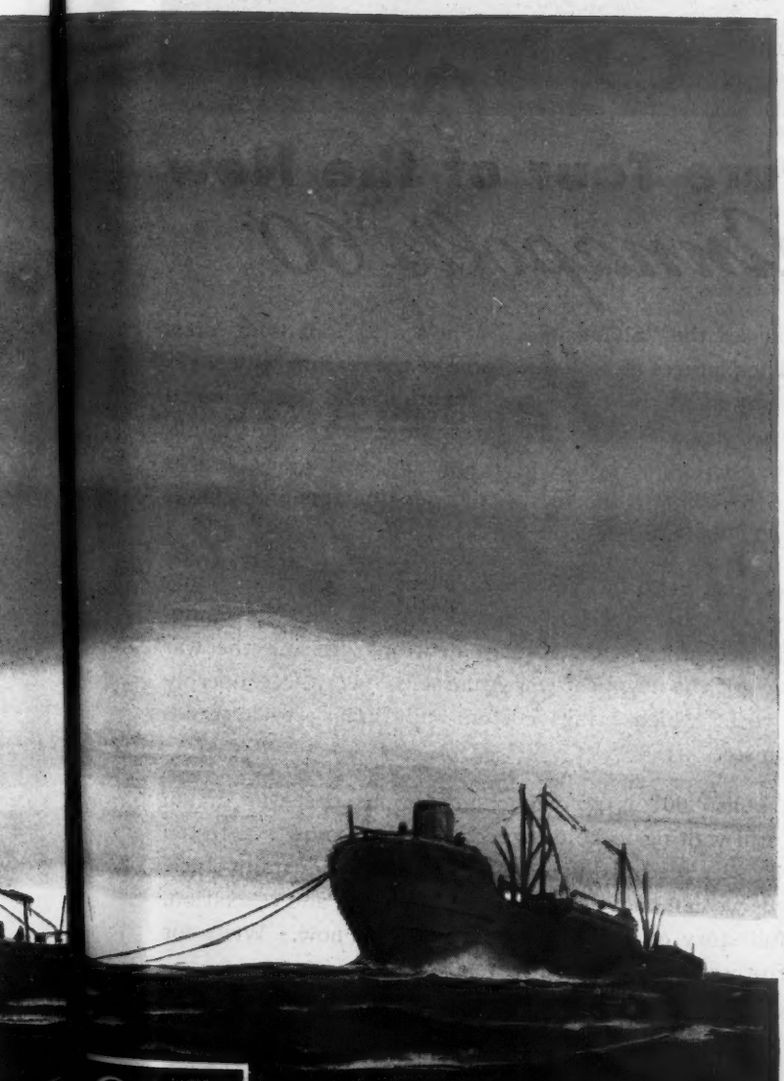
AMERICA STRONG • BUY WAR BONDS

ky Heroine of the North Atlantic



"Get the Murfreesboro" were the Choctaw's orders.

She did. She saved the scorched and battered tanker, and 4½ million gallons of precious hi-test gasoline.

It took 24 days of the toughest towing a tug could be pitted against.

It took a sturdy ship, a stalwart crew and a dependable, long-range power plant.

Her power plant is a General Motors Diesel-Electric drive.

GM
NERAL MOTORS
ESEL
WER

ENGINES..150 to 2000 H.P. **CLEVELAND DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION,** Cleveland 11, O.

ENGINES.....15 to 250 H.P. DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Detroit 23, Mich.

LOCOMOTIVES..... ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION, La Grange, Ill.

Lounging deck looking aft. Continuous teak deck, 15 feet wide, stretches almost full length of ship. Hull double planked with Everdur bronze fastenings.

This partial view of dining salon gives some idea of ship's luxurious accommodations. Interior finished in selected hardwoods.

Owner's double stateroom. Ship also has two guest double staterooms. Hot and cold running water, electric toilets, venetian blinds.

Picture Tour of the New *Annapolis "60"*

Above you see the "Shangri-La." She's a 57 foot twin screw Diesel. The pictures at left show some of the reasons why she is considered by many one of the most luxurious and best arranged yachts of her size ever built. Features not shown include a full-width galley equipped with gas range and two shower baths located in the owner's quarters. Spacious quarters and shower are also provided for the crew.

Now add three feet to the Shangri-La's length. Then add many of the scientific improvements in machinery, electrical equipment and mechanical conveniences developed during the war and you've got the new post-war Annapolis "60" . . . a superbly designed yacht which brings custom-built luxury to a standardized cruiser.

The Annapolis "60" is no vague, mysterious post-war dream boat . . . still waiting to be designed. It's here, now . . . tested and proven . . . ready to go into production the instant Uncle Sam tells us we can once again build for your fun and relaxation. Get the full story on the new Annapolis "60" now. Write for new descriptive booklet today.

Annapolis

YACHT YARD, Inc.

ANNAPOLIS • MARYLAND

SHIPYARD ESTABLISHED 1857

More Westinghouse Marine Switchboards are in use in the U. S. Navy's tough, hard-hitting, trouble-hunting destroyers, *than are all other makes of switchboards combined.*

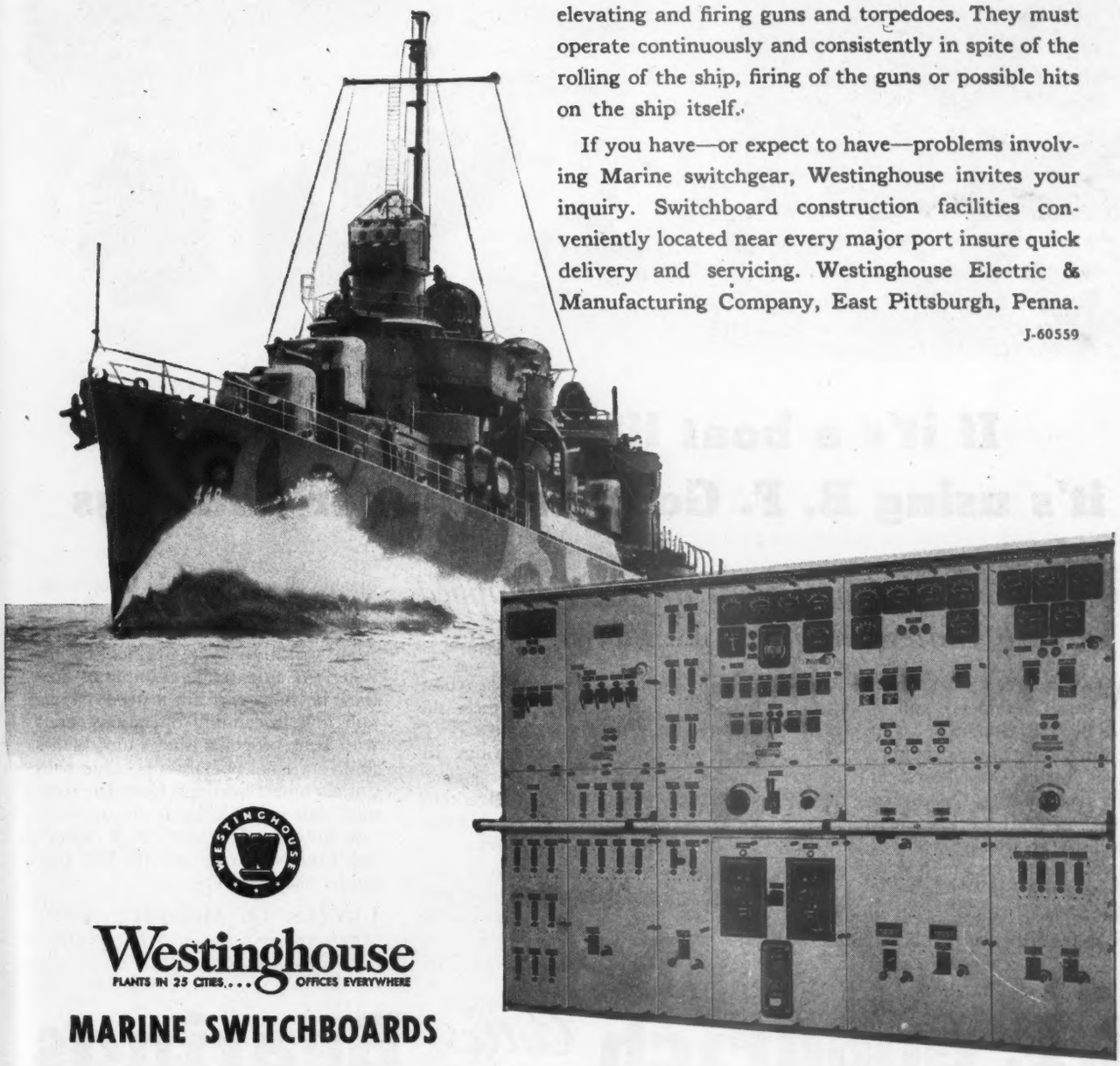
This fact alone explains why ship designers . . . builders . . . operators . . . know they can put full confidence in Westinghouse to help them meet any Marine switchboard problem they encounter.

nerve centers FOR "TROUBLE SCENTERS"

The switchboard shown below is one of two which control all power produced by the ship's service generators. They centralize control of power supplied to all deck and underdeck auxiliaries, and for training, elevating and firing guns and torpedoes. They must operate continuously and consistently in spite of the rolling of the ship, firing of the guns or possible hits on the ship itself.

If you have—or expect to have—problems involving Marine switchgear, Westinghouse invites your inquiry. Switchboard construction facilities conveniently located near every major port insure quick delivery and servicing. Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, East Pittsburgh, Penna.

J-60559



Westinghouse

PLANTS IN 25 CITIES . . . OFFICES EVERYWHERE

MARINE SWITCHBOARDS

THE MARINE INDUSTRY HEADQUARTERS FOR STEAM AND ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

Higgins 36′ landing boats head for the beach.
The Higgins Hellcat, superfast 78′ motor torpedo boat.
The B. F. Goodrich Company
CUTLESS
BEARING

If it's a boat like any of these it's using B. F. Goodrich rubber bearings

Every type of powered craft afloat is equipped with Cutless propeller-shaft bearings

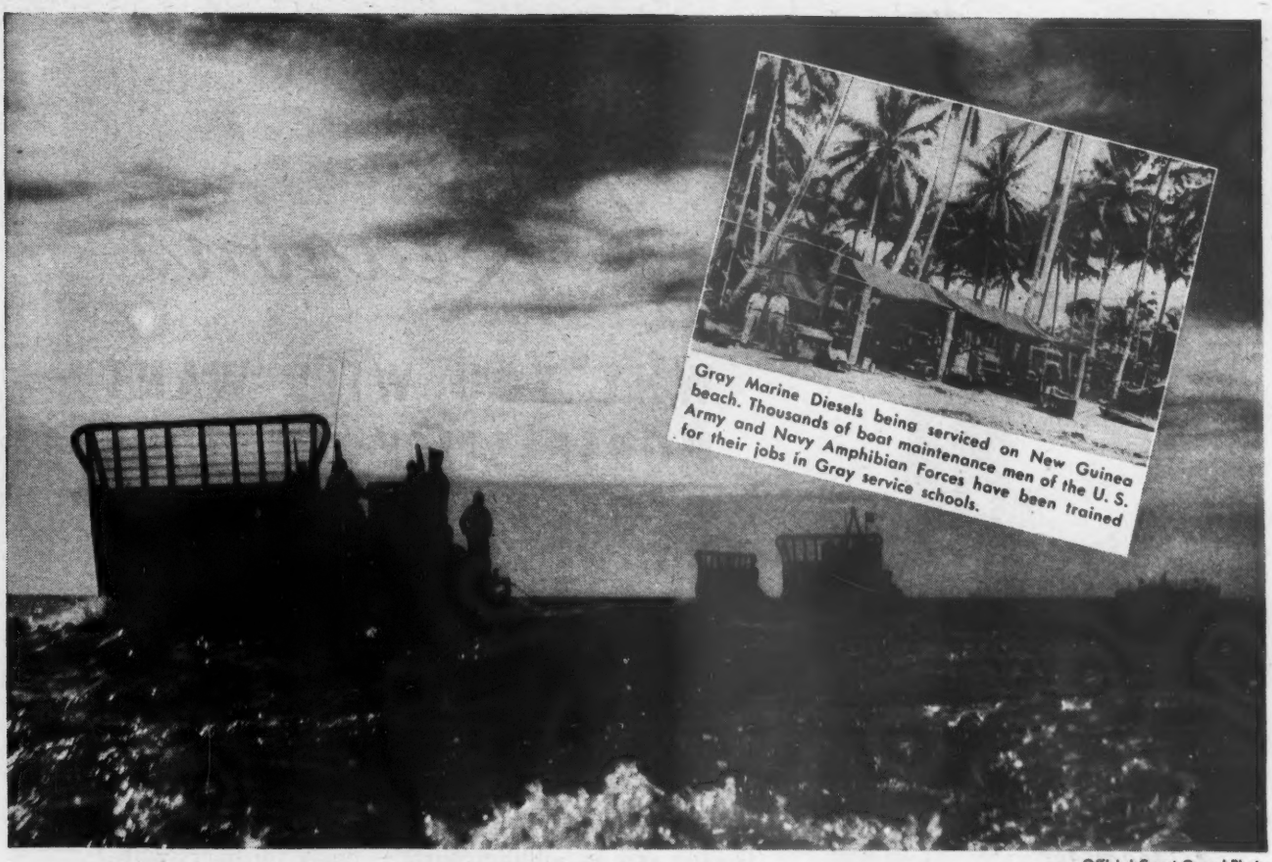
WATER-LUBRICATED Cutless bearings, developed and manufactured by B. F. Goodrich, have for years been in service in tugs, harbor dredges, ferries, yachts, speedboats, and many other types of craft—particularly those in shallow-draft service. They've been proving year after year that they will outwear other types of bearings by 4, 6, 8 or 10 times.

So it was only natural that they should be called on by boat builders all over the country, among them Higgins Industries, Inc., two of whose types are shown above, to meet the new requirements of wartime service. B. F. Goodrich Cutless bearings are now in use on all kinds of ships ranging from the small landing craft shown in the picture to the super-battleships of the new U. S. Navy.

Cutless bearings are made of a soft, smooth rubber that is lubricated perfectly by water — even the muddy gritty water of streams and harbors, or the shallow water of far-flung beaches all over the world. They're designed with grooves so that abrasive particles can be rolled into the grooves from which they are washed by the water. As an extreme example of how these bearings perform it need only be said that in landing operations, craft with bent propeller shafts and blades find continued operation possible with Cutless rubber bearings. Complete technical data is available, as are countless case histories that *prove* B. F. Goodrich Cutless bearings are the best that can be had. Just write

LUCIAN Q. MOFFITT, INC.
Engineers and National Distributors
AKRON, OHIO

B. F. Goodrich *Cutless* PROPELLER-SHAFT Bearings



Gray Marine Diesels being serviced on New Guinea beach. Thousands of boat maintenance men of the U. S. Army and Navy Amphibian Forces have been trained for their jobs in Gray service schools.

Official Coast Guard Photo

Tough AND TIRELESS

SHUTTLING tirelessly between ship and shore, snub-nosed landing craft hustle their cargoes of men and materiel onto invasion beachheads. Great quantities of the engines that so dependably power these tough, built-to-take-it boats are supplied by Gray Marine Motor Co. Biggest pre-war exclusive builder of marine engines, Gray Marine Motor Co. has devoted its entire facilities 100% to war production.

To meet the rigid standards set for engine performance and to assure unfailing dependability during vital D-day operations, prominent boat and engine builders everywhere break in and conduct trials on Texaco.

Texaco Marine Motor Oil assures full power and fuel economy, by keeping engines clean, rings free, valves active, ports clear.

Texaco marine lubricants are used by the Army, Navy, Coast Guard, U. S. Engineers, and by a majority of operators of WSA vessels.

Texaco Waterfront Dealers are everywhere. Call upon them freely. The Texas Company, *Marine Sales Division,* 135 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

TUNE IN THE TEXACO STAR THEATRE EVERY SUNDAY NIGHT—CBS

7 Reasons

WHY YOU WILL WANT MORSE STICK CONTROL IN YOUR POSTWAR BOAT!

Forward, Reverse, Throttle Control and Steering are operated and controlled by movement of only one unit — the "Stick".

In steering, 18 inches on Morse Stick is equal to 18 or more feet of hard wheeling.

Instantaneous rudder action.

Skipper knows position of rudder at all times.

Greater ease in holding course — cruise for hours without fatigue.

No effort to steer or shift transmission. Built-in hydraulic actuating cylinders do all the work — respond to the slightest touch.

Stability and ease of operation obtainable with no other equipment.

Earmark Bonds today for **FINGER-TIP CONTROL** *tomorrow*

Morse

MARINE CONTROL SYSTEM

THE MORSE INSTRUMENT CO.
25 CLINTON ST., HUDSON, O.

WHEN YOU WANT

action!

Translating the pilot's [illegible] the boat's performance is [illegible] Reverse and Reduction Gear [illegible]

A touch of the throttle and the boat leaps.
A movement of the lever and it reverses.
With Paragon transmissions, maximum engine power is always at the pilot's fingertips.

Through thirty-seven years of war and peace, Paragon Gears have served faithfully in every corner of the globe. When again you give thought to boating, see that your craft is Paragon equipped. The choice of America's leading engine manufacturers.

Paragon

REVERSE & REDUCTION GEARS

PARAGON GEAR WORKS, INC., TAUNTON, MASS. • Transmissions For Marine Internal Combustion Engines

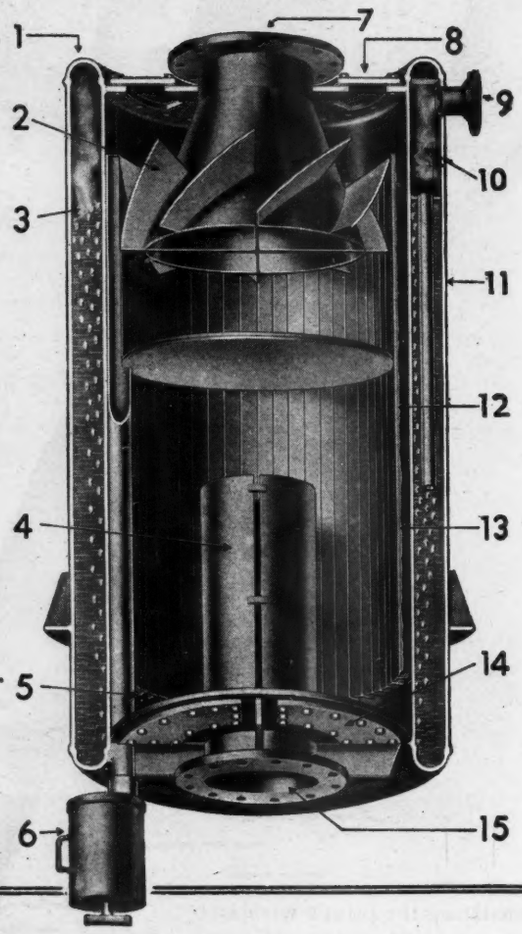
HOW CAN A SILENCER *INCREASE CRUISING RANGE* ?

In addition to supplying the entire heating load of the ship while at sea, Maxim Heat Recovery Silencers produce steam for use in evaporators to distill sea water. Hence fresh water tank capacity can be materially reduced and converted to extra fuel carrying capacity. In wartime this has meant a substantial and vitally important increased cruising range for ships so equipped. Naturally, too, because the steam is produced from exhaust heat, and not from extra fuel, this factor is an important fuel saving in itself.

Maxim Heat Recovery Silencers, usually installed on the exhaust line in the stack, silence exhaust noise, provide 100% spark arresting, and utilize exhaust heat, normally wasted, to produce steam or hot water for main and auxiliary heating uses. These units are automatic in operation, self regulating as to steaming rate, and can be operated dry. For more complete information send for bulletins listed below.

★ ★ ★

For silencing without the heat recovery feature, Maxim makes units for silencing internal combustion engine exhaust or intake, steam engine exhaust, air compressor intake, vacuum pump discharge, blower intake and discharge, high velocity steam, air or gas discharge. Engine exhaust silencers available with or without the spark arrestor feature. Bulletins on request.



1—Expansion Joint to permit dry operation.
2—Spark Arrestor.
3—High water line maximum steaming rate.
4—Bleeder Tube.
5—L shaped fins also serve as conduits for leading gases from one attenuating chamber to the other so that excellent silencing is acquired.
6—Spark Box.
7—Exhaust Outlet.
8—Cleanouts—provide ready access for cleaning of soot deposits.
9—Steam Outlet.
10—Steam Separator.
11—Heavy shell.
12—Extended heating surface—requires the minimum of attention and maintenance.
13—L shaped fins welded toe to heel, position fins for easy welding — heavy gauge wrought iron offers maximum resistance to corrosion.
14—Cleanouts.
15—Exhaust inlet.

SEND FOR
DESCRIPTIVE BULLETINS
WH 100—WH 102—WH 103

ARMY E NAVY

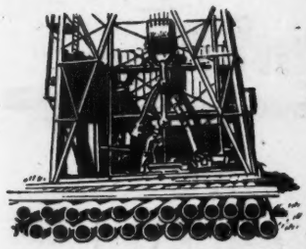
THE MAXIM SILENCER CO.
76 Homestead Ave., Hartford, Conn.

MAXIM

In the commercial fishing fleets of the Pacific, Atlantic and Gulf coasts, and in all types of work boats and pleasure craft, Cummins Marine Diesels—propulsion engines and generating sets alike—have become a byword for dependable, low-cost performance.

For the new dump trucks, shovels, compressors, locomotives, or the various other heavy-duty construction and material handling equipment you are planning to buy, specify Cummins Diesel power. Practically all of the leading manufacturers offer this diesel as optional equipment.

In the Northwest Woods, Cummins Diesels do the complete job—from show to siding. They power yarders, loaders and tugs . . . trucks that handle up to 240,000 pounds (three carloads). In this service, Cummins Diesels are the symbol for "cheap logs."



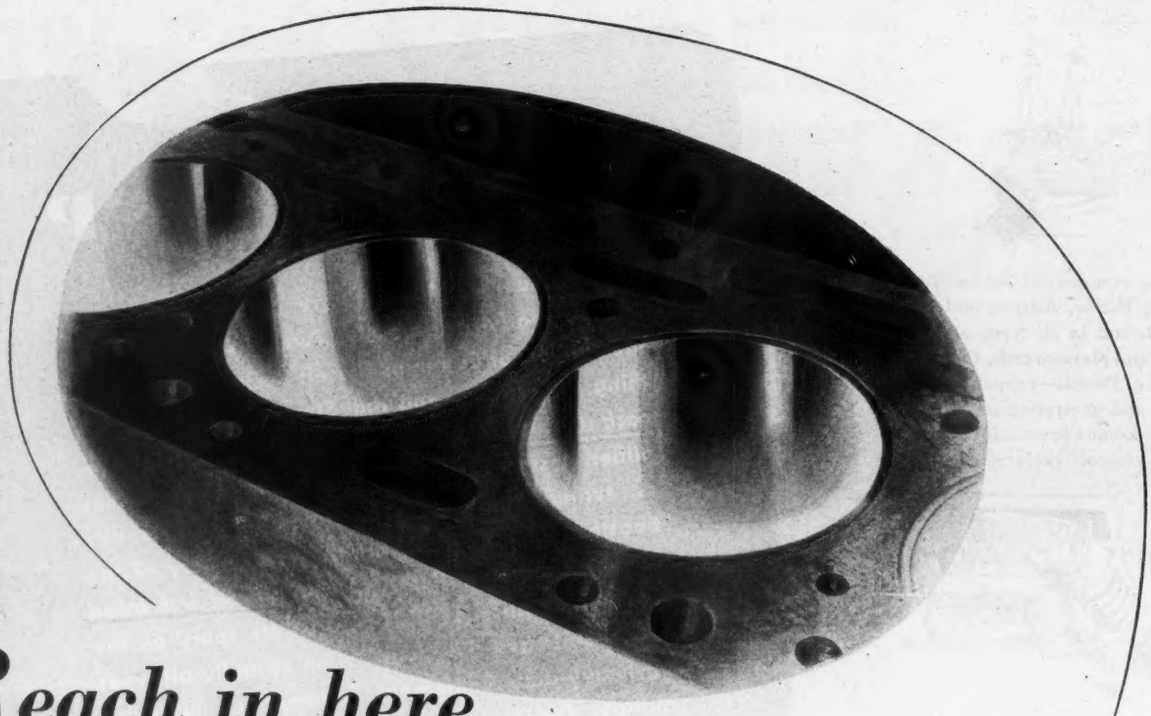
In the vast Mid-Continent area, the world's greatest oil producing territory, Cummins Dependable Diesels power more rotary and cable tool drilling rigs and oil well service units than any other make of diesel engine.

Step by Step

Tremendous weight and size greatly limited the uses of early-day diesels. Twenty-six years ago, the builders of Cummins Diesels decided to do something about that—and did! Step by step, and with *each step first tested and proved on the job*, they simplified design . . . improved construction processes . . . turned to lighter, stronger materials . . . steadily boosted the rpm. That, briefly, is the story of the modern Cummins Diesel . . . the *original high speed diesel* that, since 1932, has won its spurs on the toughest, heavy-duty jobs . . . in virtually all types of heavy-duty equipment, automotive, industrial, marine. For tomorrow, continued refinements in diesel manufacture promise a Cummins Dependable Diesel that will do your job still cheaper, still faster, still longer. So plan now to standardize on Cummins Diesel power for the equipment you will build or operate after the war. CUMMINS ENGINE COMPANY, INC., Columbus, Indiana.

CUMMINS Dependable DIESELS

SINCE 1919...PIONEER OF PROFITABLE POWER THROUGH HIGH SPEED DIESELS



Reach in here for 10,000 Extra Hours

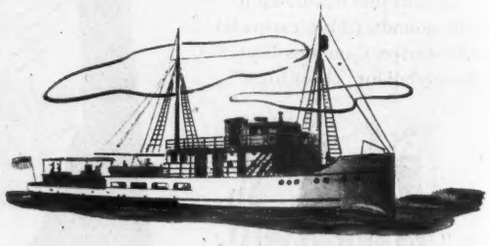
Extra hours . . . extra miles . . . are in this engine because PORUS-KROME* has been applied to the cylinder walls. This is where the greatest wear occurs in engines and PORUS-KROME extends the life of these walls 4 to 20 times.

The ability to resist corrosion is inherent in chromium and is well known. The ability to resist cylinder wear, also, is inherent in this new form of chromium . . . PORUS-KROME . . . and is being demonstrated daily in thousands upon thousands of engines in use by the Army and Navy, and in essential civilian operations.

PORUS-KROME, produced by the Van der Horst process, is different from ordinary chrome because it has tiny open pores and channels in the surface. These pores and channels serve as reservoirs to hold lubricating oil . . . and then feed it back to the cylinder walls as needed. This excellent lubrication reduces wear, scoring and scuffing to a minimum.

Both corrosion and wear . . . those two enemies of long engine life . . . can be defeated at last. You can multiply the cylinder life of your engines 4 to 20 times . . . specify PORUS-KROME in engines you buy.

*PORUS-KROME is pure, hard chromium, applied to cylinder walls and other bearing surfaces by the patented Van der Horst process. It resists corrosion and wear in cylinders better than any known metal. Records prove that it multiplies cylinder life four to twenty times.



VAN DER HORST

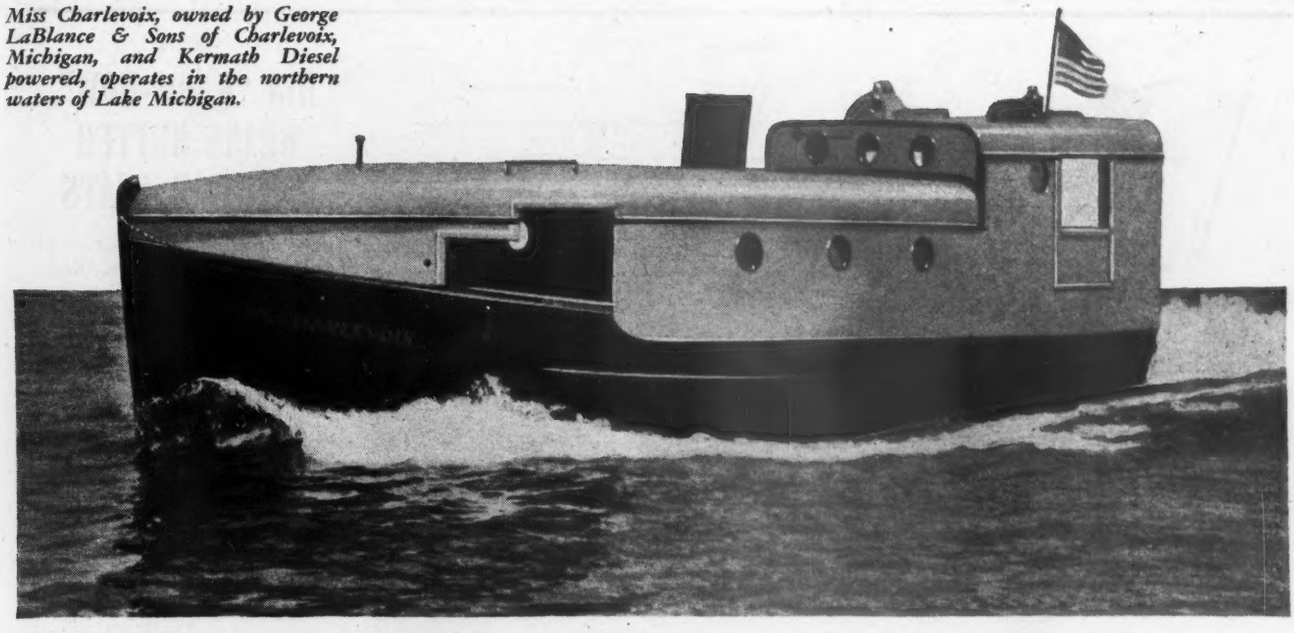
PORUS - KROME

Good for the Life of your Engines

VAN DER HORST CORPORATION OF AMERICA • OLEAN, NEW YORK • CLEVELAND 11, OHIO

AN AFFILIATE OF DRESSER INDUSTRIES

Miss Charlevoix, owned by George LaBlance & Sons of Charlevoix, Michigan, and Kermath Diesel powered, operates in the northern waters of Lake Michigan.

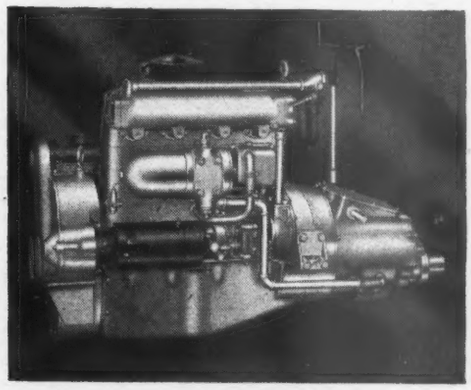


One of a Fleet of Modern Great Lakes Fish Tugs — KERMATH-DIESEL POWERED

● While we at Kermath are still devoting every hour of every day's productive time to the war, there is still the future of peace time needs and recreations to be considered.

We present in this advertisement a commercial fish tug powered with a Kermath 4 cylinder 65 h.p. marine Diesel to show the broad use to which Kermath engines are put where reliability and economy are paramount. These two important features of Kermath marine motors are equally important to the boating enthusiast wanting more efficient and dependable power for his present boat, or one visioned in the near future.

The day cannot be far off when marine engines will again be available. In the meantime, Kermath invites you to consider the many basic engineering improvements resulting from our war efforts—the time-proved reliability, the trustworthy performance records, coupled with the new economies and greater dependability which promise the added service and satisfaction you'll require when peace is ours.



The Kermath 4 cylinder 4 cycle medium duty 55-65 h.p. marine Diesel equipped with 2 to 1 reverse and reduction gear—recommended for reliability in commercial and pleasure boats.

You can obtain a descriptive book with installation diagrams, specifications and ratings of Kermath's very extensive range of marine engines—both gasoline and Diesel—to aid in planning now for future needs. Just write. There is no obligation.

KERMATH MFG. COMPANY

5893 Commonwealth Ave., Detroit 8, Mich.

GASOLINE AND DIESEL ENGINES **KERMATH** A Kermath Always Runs 25 TO 550 HORSEPOWER

Buy — and keep — more War Bonds!

HIS "KNOW-HOW" MEANS BETTER POST-WAR BOATS

Following in the footsteps of his father and grandfather, Roger Sawyer is the third generation of boat-building Sawyers in Maine. He studied electrical engineering at the University of Maine, later owned his own boatyard, knows ship construction inside out.

Roger Sawyer is our superintendent of hull construction. He has worked on our YMS Minesweepers and ATR Navy Tugs, and is now in charge of construction of commercial Draggers. His experience and skill are tremendous assets in the building of better boats for post-war American industry.

FRANK L. SAMPLE, JR., Inc.

★ *Shipbuilders* ★

BOOTHBAY HARBOR, MAINE

Complete Modern Facilities for Designing, Building, Storing and Reconditioning Yachts and Commercial Vessels up to 200 feet.

Members of: Maine Boatbuilders & Repairers Assn., and Atlantic Coast Boat Builders & Repairers Assn., Inc.

Only

PANISH REMOTE CONTROLS GIVE YOU...

Finger-tip "Bridge direct to Engine" control.

Instantaneous, tamperproof, reliable Single Lever control of both Reverse Gear and Throttle.

Complete freedom from maintenance problems and auxiliary equipment.

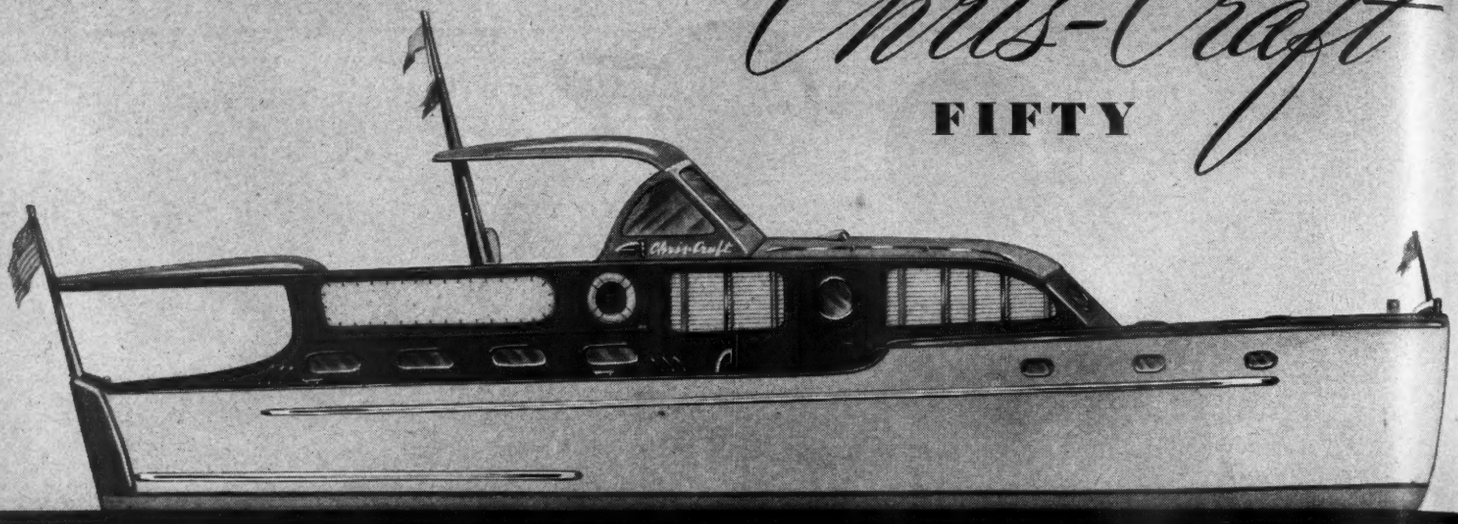
Built in safety features preventing maneuvers disastrous to your engines.

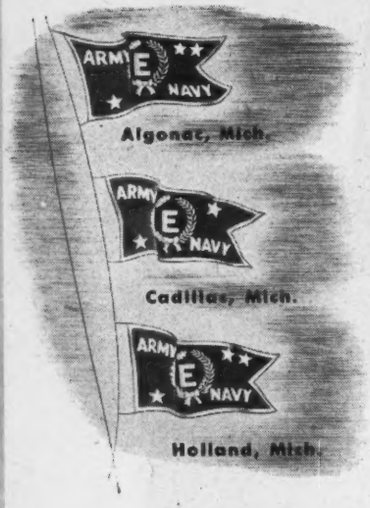
A control, Battle-tested and Battle-proven, the flawless performance of which guarantees your satisfaction under any operating conditions.

PANISH CONTROLS ARMY E NAVY **BRIDGEPORT 5, CONNECTICUT**

PANISH CONTROL MEANS FOOLPROOF CONTROL

Chris-Craft
FIFTY





Fifty feet of new-found freedom . . . private sleeping quarters for four couples . . . large, light, airy galley . . . delightful built-in dinette . . . spacious main salon for enchanted hours afloat, with inside companionway to the bridge deck . . . luxurious master stateroom aft with built-in double and single beds and built-in dressers, vanity and clothes lockers, and containing an ample toilet compartment with space for shower . . . roomy, sheltered cockpit aft . . . a flying bridge with plenty of space for sun bathing and full vision around the horizon, equipped with a spacious built-in deck seat with dunnage lockers below . . . powered with a pair of marine engines or designed to take two Diesels, whichever you prefer. *Ready after Victory.* We are 100% on war work now!

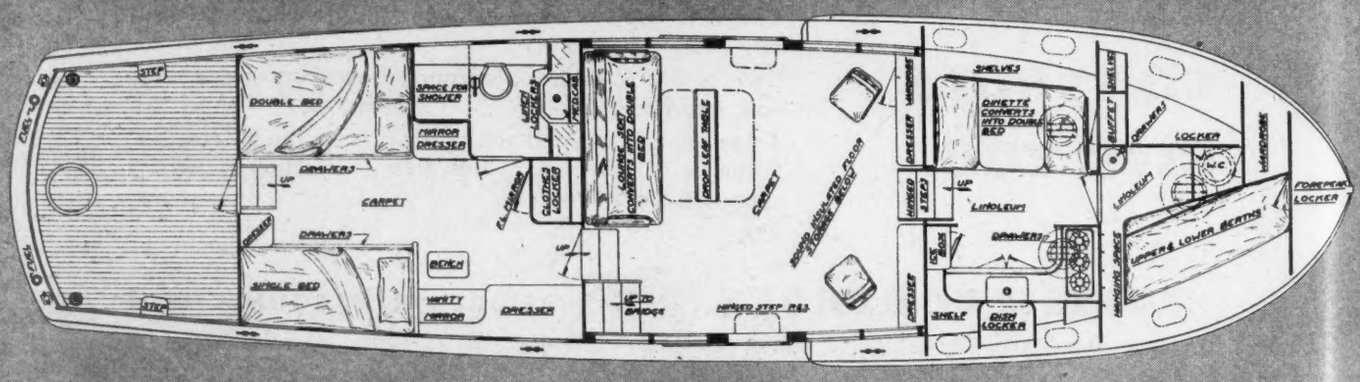
Buy U. S. War Bonds Today

Tomorrow command your own Chris-Craft

CHRIS-CRAFT CORPORATION, ALGONAC, MICHIGAN

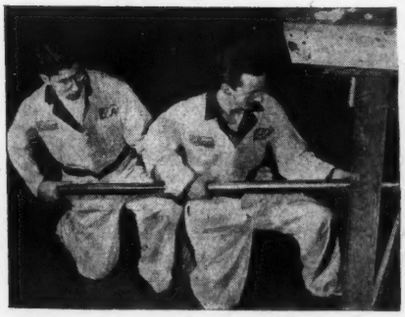
WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDERS OF MOTOR BOATS

Arrangement plan of new Chris-Craft Fifty

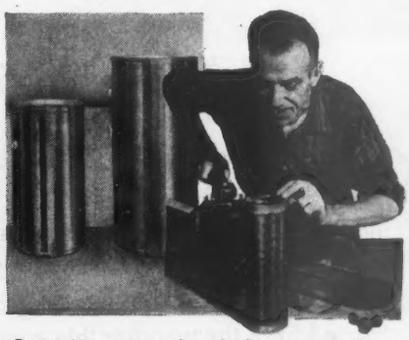


No slimy water slopping around *her* bilge. No puttering over a clogged hot engine. No waiting around in a boat yard waiting to get a bent propeller shaft replaced. No Sir! Keep dreaming, man—and fit her out with Sea-Goin' Monel wherever a sea-goin' metal is needed to make your dream-boat come true.

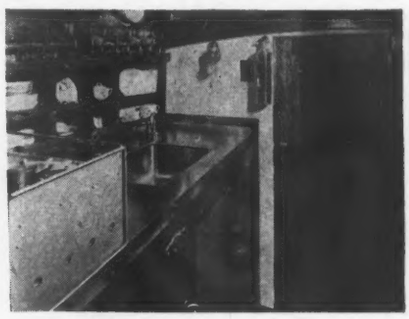
1. For instance, consider the dream of a streamlined hull, skimming along as a powerful motor throbs. Screws or nails that can't stand the bite and drag of swift seawater can mean tie-ups for repairs (on the nicest days, usually). But for less than the cost of replacing a couple of sprung planks you can have a strong, tight hull with all-Monel fastenings.



2. Now, Monel prop' shafts go into PT and other fighting craft to meet the bumps, jolts and sped-up corrosion of the coral-reefed South Pacific. Tomorrow, Monel shafts will give carefree pleasure craft the same rugged service that has won praise of PT commanders.



3. Sparkling, spring-clear drinking water, miles at sea . . . a dream? Not if the water tank's Monel! Whether it's holding waters or straining them, tough readily-welded Monel means fewer upkeep headaches. Monel also provides trouble-free gasoline tanks . . . no drips or leaks to bother the pleasure-seeker.



4. "How to win a woman's heart"... in One Act, One Scene: install a spotless, shining-clean Monel galley! Monel is the ideal metal for dozens of sea-goin' uses. Strong and tough, an unflinching enemy of corrosion, it makes pleasure craft truly *pleasure* craft.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC.
67 Wall Street *New York 5, N. Y.*

Monel
the Sea-Goin' Metal

WHEN YOU LAY UP THIS FALL...

The "38" Raised Deck Sedan will be one of the most popular post-war Matthews models. Sleeps 4 plus crew.

GIVE YOUR MATTHEWS the best of care. Put her to bed like one of the family.

It may be hard to find some items that need renewing. If so, make them do another season. Conservation is the keynote today.

Keep her paint and varnish in good shape and keep her well protected from the weather this winter. By doing so you will keep her resale value high.

We hope, conditions permitting, that we will be building new Matthews cruisers by this time next year so you can trade in your present Matthews on a new one.

If you'd like to receive our first post-war announcement when it's ready, send us your name and address today.

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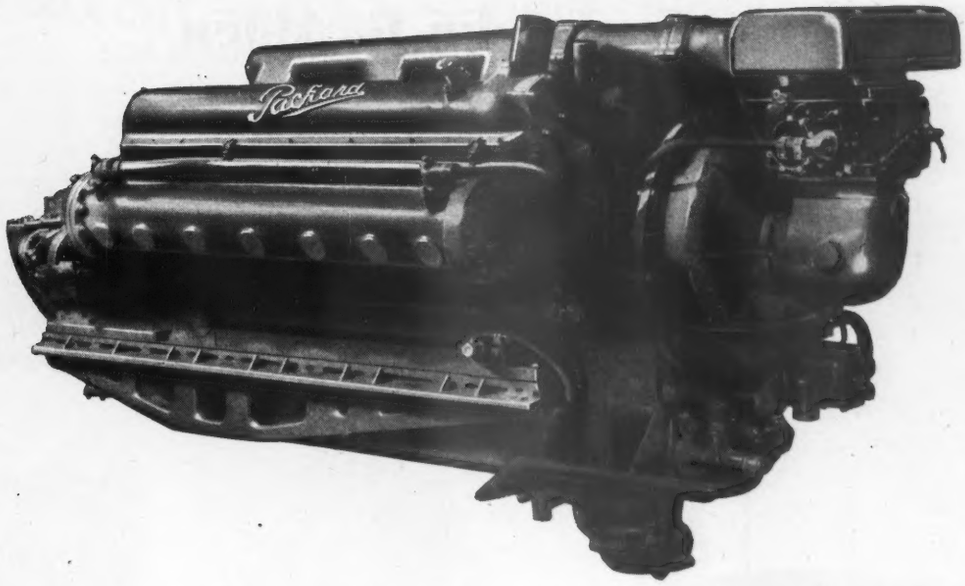
PORT CLINTON 2 • OHIO

"Wherever you cruise...you'll find a Matthews"



"Men bet their lives on it!"

The Skipper Who Won a Bet on D-Day

D-Day, off Normandy, was a hell such as few men have ever before witnessed.

As our Navy PT boats and British Motor Torpedo Boats swept in to clear the mine fields for the invading Allied armada, every man on those lightning-fast boats was literally staking his life on the *unfailing dependability* of the Packard engines which powered them.

A skipper of one of those MTB's—a graduate of the Packard Marine Engine School—wrote to us recently describing the role his boat played in the invasion. He reports:

"Your engines stood up to treatment that was sometimes inhuman.

"You can well imagine the excessive strains put upon the power plants as complicated situations arose. Yet we have not recorded one case of engine failure in all this time, despite the fact that some of the craft are nearing the 500-hour mark."

It's things like this that make us proud of the Packard super-marine engine that powers all our Navy's PT boats—glad that we have built over 10,000 of these engines—on which men bet their lives *and win!*

★ ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE ★

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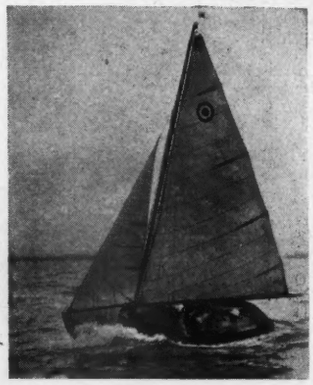
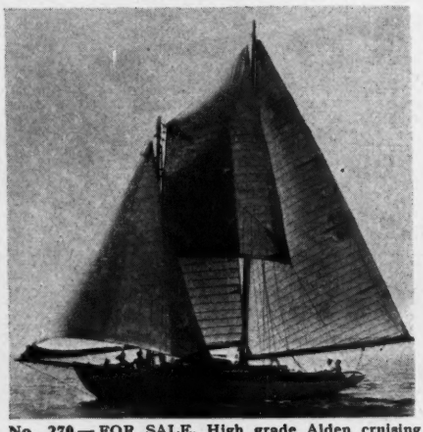


No. 2759 — FOR SALE. One of the popular 22 Square Mètre Class. 32′ 2″ x 25′ x 5′ 8″ x 4′ 6″. Built in Sweden, 1929. Completely overhauled, 1941. Hollow spars, bright mahogany deck, roller reefing boom. 2 suits of working sails, light sails, cockpit and winter covers. Rigging is mostly stainless. Has icebox. 2-cylinder Evinrude outboard motor. Location, Connecticut. Price $1,700.

No. 4882 — FOR SALE. One of the popular Herreshoff Bulls-Eyes. 15′ 6″ x 12′ 6″ x 2′ 6″. Marconi rig. 2 suits of sails. Excellent condition. Recently built. Location, Connecticut. Price $950.

No. 1416 — FOR SALE. Rugged shoal draft cruising ketch. 39′ x 30′ x 11′ 10″ x 4′ 11″. Built 1934. Has had only one owner. Fine accommodations for 5 including double stateroom. Centerboard entirely beneath cabin floor. Boat has had light usage and has been carefully maintained. A very easily handled off-shore cruiser. 4-cylinder Red Wing engine. Laid up near Boston. Price $8,000.



No. 270 — FOR SALE. High grade Alden cruising schooner. One of the best yachts of this size available. 43′ 3″ x 32′ 6″ x 11′ 8″ x 6′ 4″. Teak deck, Ratsey sails including complete set of light sails. 4 berths in 2 separate cabins. Large galley forward and forecastle berth. Very complete equipment. Monel shaft, feathering propeller, dinghy, and 6-cylinder Gray engine. Laid up in Connecticut. Price $7,000.

No. 326 — FOR SALE. Lawley built Alden Malabar Jr. 30′ x 23′ 3″ x 9′ 9″ x 5′. A very attractive boat of high grade construction. Built 1927. Has 2 quarter berths and 2 transoms. Galley forward to starboard. Toilet opposite. Headroom about 5′ 1″. Sails and rigging in good condition. New mainsail, 1944. Location Connecticut. Price $3,000.

ELDREDGE-McINNIS, INC.

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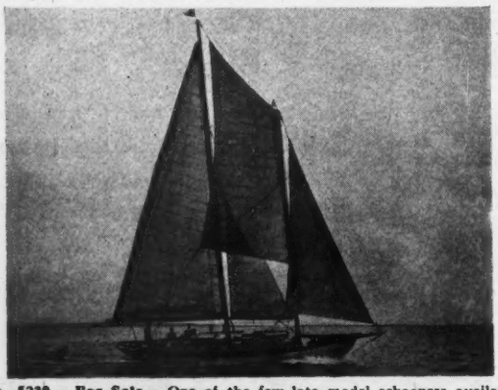

No. 5230 — For Sale — One of the few late model schooners available. 42′ 3″ x 32′ 8″ x 11′ 10″ x 5′ 4″. Built 1940. Beautifully equipped. In commission this season. Not used in Government Service.

No. 5307 — For Sale — Dawn 52-footer. Flying bridge model, with accommodations for six. Powered with twin Hall-Scott Invaders. Beautifully maintained and used sparingly.

Franklin G. Post & Son, Inc.

Builders of "Seagoin" Boats

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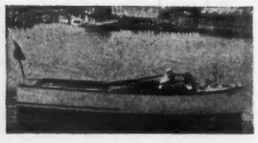
32′ Party and Sport Fishing boat, Fisherman type hull powered with 40 h.p. Palmer.



25′ Slightly used Post-designed and built Sport Fishing Launch. Heavy construction. Chrysler-Royal motor. Excellent condition.

38′ Heavily built Cabin Cruiser. Accommodations for 8. Hall-Scott motor

Also

47′ Twin-Screw Post-built Cruiser, 26′ Catboat, 25′ Cabin sloop with special long shaft outboard motor, Star boat, Class X Dinghy, 18′ Chris-Craft with new Gray 4–41 motor, one 20′ Dory equipped with 5 h.p. air-cooled Bendix motor with reduction gear and one way clutch, also several other good power and sail boats. All of these boats may be inspected at our yard at Mystic, Conn.

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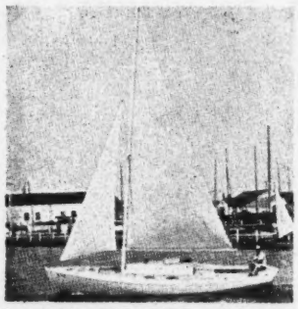
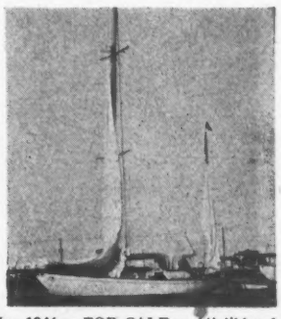
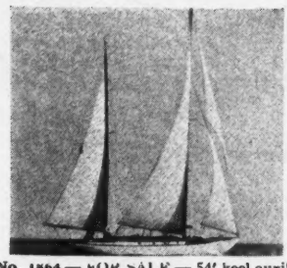


No. 1691 — FOR SALE — Geiger designed light displacement auxiliary — 29′ x 27′ x 17′ 2″ x 3′ 6″. Berths for two. High quality throughout. *For further information, communicate with* YACHT SALES & SERVICE, Inc., 1528 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

No. 1823 — FOR SALE — Auxiliary yawl, 71′ 6″ x 50′ x 15′ 5″ x 9′ 2″. Built from designs by Sparkman & Stephens in 1937. Now in commission in beautiful condition. Splendid accommodations for six or eight and crew. Full inventory of working and light sails. One of the few good auxiliaries available. *For further particulars, communicate with* YACHT SALES & SERVICE, Inc., 1528 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



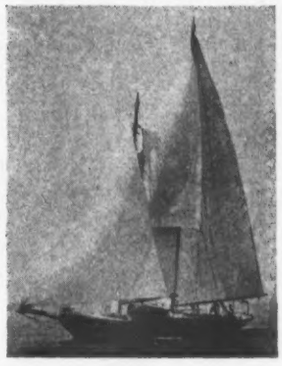
No. 1846 — FOR SALE — 44′ jibheaded auxiliary yawl, built 1937. Sleeps four. Best of materials throughout. A splendid offering. *For further particulars, communicate with* YACHT SALES & SERVICE, Inc., 1528 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



No. 1804 — FOR SALE — 54′ keel auxiliary ketch, sleeps six and crew of two, well found. *For further particulars, communicate with* YACHT SALES & SERVICE, Inc., 1528 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

No. 1608 — FOR SALE — 50′ auxiliary keel schooner, new motor 1943, splendid condition. Accommodations for five. *For further particulars, communicate with* YACHT SALES & SERVICE, Inc., 1528 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

No. 1488 — FOR SALE — 53′ Alden designed keel schooner, recently refinished inside and out. Accommodations for five and crew. *For further particulars, communicate with* YACHT SALES & SERVICE, Inc., 1528 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



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Yacht Broker

- **58′ 6″ Seawanhaka Auxiliary Schooner,** complete, in commission.
- **49′ Motor Sailer,** cutter rig, Alden design, built by Morse 1934, Lathrop 125 h.p. 1941, complete.
- **38′ Schooner,** built 1938, Kermath, sleeps four, in commission.
- **38′ Cutter,** by Lawley, completely rebuilt and Marconi re-rigged 1939, 40 h.p. Gray 1937, two berths cabin and double stateroom.
- **8 Meter One Design,** one of best available.
- **35′ Ketch,** Alden design 1937, double ender, double stateroom, two berths cabin, in commission.
- **39′ Wheeler Double Cabin Cruiser,** built 1935, Chrysler 150 h.p., sleeps eight, two toilets, in commission.
- **39′ Wheeler Deluxe Sedan Cabin Cruiser,** built 1938, Chrysler Royal 1938, sleeps six.
- **42′ Enclosed Bridge Diesel Cruiser,** built by Huckins, bronze fastened, Superior 1940, sleeps six, two toilets, shower, in commission, in South.
- **55′ Twin-screw Diesel Cruiser,** flying bridge, copper fastened, Superiors 1937, one double, two single staterooms, sleeps seven, bath, two toilets, in commission. Captain available.
- **45′ Twin-screw Dawn Cruiser,** built 1928, has flying bridge, Universal 1941 motors, sleeps six, two toilets, in commission.
- **FLORIDA CHARTER — 70′ Staysail Rigged Schooner,** with crew, for Fall and Winter.
- **48′ Ketch Motor Sailer,** Alden design, 1941, with Diesel 110 h.p. Gray, fresh water cooled, 3–1 reduction gear. Sleeps 2, main cabin and double staterooms forward and aft.

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14630 — 46′ Matthews Sport Fisherman, 2 chairs, outriggers, C-O-Two System, 15 m.p.h. Had limited Government service, now being overhauled. Can be bought as is or fixed up. A good chance.

13823 — One of very few 38′ Elco's available. Built 1937. Best condition. Laid up since war started. Very well equipped. Priced fairly. Two Gray engines.

12829 — Fast 28′ custom-built day cruiser. Room for limited accommodations. Toilet under forward deck. Kermath engine gives better than 20 m.p.h. Hardly used. Can be seen here. Bargain.

24013 — One of Alden's best 40′ motor-sailers, in commission near New York. Sails well. Sleeps 4 to 5 persons. Separate galley, gas stove, teak deck. Powered by 1941 Lathrop, 10 m.p.h. Inspectable near New York. Price is low.

33638 — 47′ sloop in wonderful condition. Hereshoff designed and built. Jib-headed rig 1943. Rigging and fittings of stainless steel. Low doghouse. Fast sailer. Gray motor. For the man who wants the best.

33022 — Converted 8-meter sloop. Built 1929 of selected materials. Sleeps four. Gray engine. Good racing record. In commission at City Island.

32630 — 36′ modern sloop built 1938. Alden design, double stateroom, galley aft, separate engine room. Over 6′ headroom. One of the best of her size and type. Near New Haven.

31840 — A 1941 Stout Fella, Jr. Best possible condition. Complete with Lawson engine, cushions, toilet, stove, icebox, etc. Not a bargain but within reason. Near Stamford.

32532 — Husky 31′ offshore gaff-rig sloop. Plain, all paint, well kept and appointed, refinished 1934. Cosy cabin sleeps three or more. Full headroom. Lycoming engine. Can be seen in Connecticut near Bridgeport.

32333 — A fine 27′ combination keel and centerboard sloop. Sleeps 3. Toilet, galley. 1942 Universal Blue Jacket. Excellent condition. Can be bought reasonably prior to lay-up. Near New Haven.

42818 — 42′ yawl, 1937, from Alden design. Teak deck, two suits of sails. Sleeps 4 aft, 1 forward. Galley forward. Gray auxiliary. Has done well in ocean racing. Near New York.

53511 — 42′ Diesel schooner. Two double cabins. Teak deck. Galley and berth forward. Refinished 1944 inside and out. Fully equipped and in commission. New sails.

53812 — Sturdy Alden schooner, 54′. Back from the Coast Guard. Sound and tight. 1936 Chrysler engine. In good shape. Can be bought as is for low figure.

13631 — 36′ Richardson built 1940, in best possible condition, many extras, twin 91 h.p. Gray engines. Except the hull a custom job. Sleeps 5. Priced firm at less than cost to duplicate.

• • • *The above is a selection from our complete list. We probably have the boat you want.* • • •

No. 902: 27′ INTER-CLUB RACING SLOOP. *No motor.* Sleeps two, toilet. A fast racing job well known at all yacht clubs. Now being commissioned and will be ready for delivery October first.

• • •

No. 854: 34′ x 9′ x 5′ 6″ a BEAUTIFUL AUXILIARY SLOOP, "Trade Winds," built in 1939. Sleeps four in two cabins, large cockpit, Gray 22 h.p. four-cylinder motor. Three sails, toilet, galley, heavy standing rigging, perfect condition. Here is a beautiful cutter, in commission, ready for immediate delivery.

• • •

No. 910: 45′ Triple cabin deck house cruiser, sleeps seven, three toilets, twin Lathrope. Splendid condition.

• • •

No. 857: A Tiffany designed and built 48′ MOTOR SAILER, powered with Superior Diesel motor, built in 1939. Sleeps seven. A very fine able offshore sailing motor sailer, as well as a fine power yacht. Just been completely overhauled and put in top condition.

• • •

No. 950: 31′ 4″ x 23′ 6″ x 4′ 8″. A fine AUXILIARY CUTTER, powered with 25 h.p. Universal Utility Four. 444 sq. ft. sail area, outside iron ballast 4280. This sloop is a very fine boat in every way.

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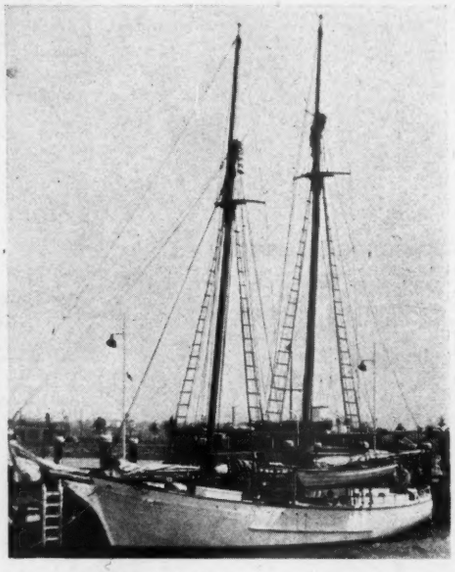

No. 1778 — **FOR SALE** — Exceptionally attractive Diesel auxiliary schooner, 49′ 4″ x 40′ 1″ x 14′ 1″ x 6′. Designed by John Alden and built in 1937. Power is supplied by 85 h.p. Gray Diesel motor, giving a speed of about 8 knots. Splendid equipment including electric windlass, 32-volt generator, one power launch, Lux fire system, and many other extras. Boat in commission and fully found. Sleeps five and two in crew. Used very little since thoroughly overhauled and refinished 1944. Fairly priced. *For further particulars, communicate with* YACHT SALES & SERVICE, Inc., 1528 Walnut Street, Philadelphia 2, Pa.

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Builders of "Seagoin" Boats
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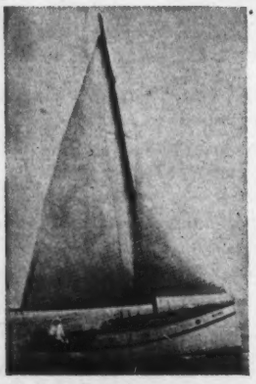
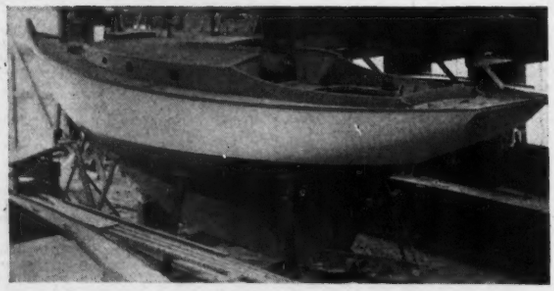
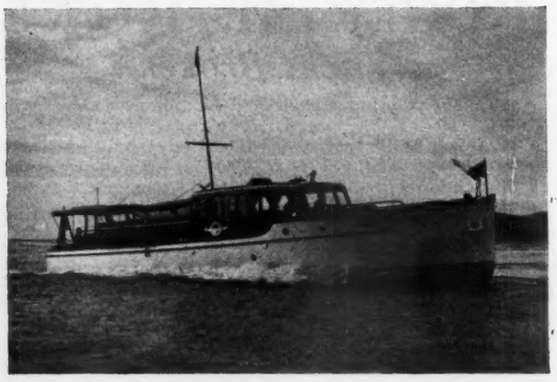


25′ "SEAGOIN" Motor Sailer, slightly used as a demonstrator. Sleeping accommodations for two persons. Enclosed toilet and galley. Excellent sport fishing boat.



39′ Alden-designed Auxiliary Cutter. Excellent condition. Only photo available shows boat under construction in 1939.



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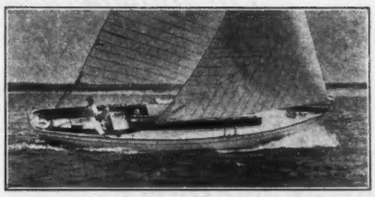
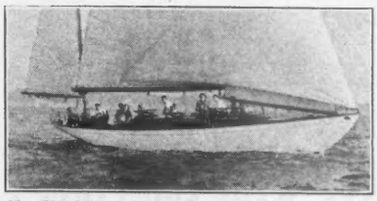


No. Y-7400 — Week ender sloop, built by Lawley from our designs in 1938. Two berths in main cabin, double stateroom, lavatory, galley, and a very large roomy cockpit. SPARKMAN & STEPHENS, INC., 11 East 44th Street, New York 17. Telephone VA 6-2325.



No. Y-8563 — FOR SALE — Auxiliary yawl, 48' 3" x 34' x 11' x 6' 10". Built 1938 from our designs. Four berths in main cabin, double stateroom, pipe berth forward. Best specifications, ample inventory. SPARKMAN STEPHENS, INC., 11 East 44th Street, New York 17. Telephone VA 6-2327.

No. Y-70019 — FOR SALE — A real single hander, built 1941. 22' 9" x 18' x 7' 4" x 3' 3". Two berths, lavatory, galley. SPARKMAN & STEPHENS, INC., 11 East 44th Street, New York 17. Telephone VA 6-2326.

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38' Matthews sport Fisherman 1929. 132 h.p. Chrysler motor installed 1941
45' T. S. Dawn cruiser, enclosed bridge deck
48' T. S. Dawn cruiser with flying bridge
50' T. S. Elco cruiser. Enclosed bridge deck
54' T. S. A.C.F. cruiser
55' T. S. Diesel cruiser
(Several houseboats 60–75')

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31' 4" Malabar Jr., sloop, new 1940. Exceptionally well equipped
35' Shuman single hander sloop
35' Nova Scotian schooner, new 1939
49' Alden schooner. Condition A-1
41' Rhodes yawl
31' Clipper-bow ketch
35' Husky cruising ketch
For Southern Charter: 70' Auxiliary schooner
80' Auxiliary schooner

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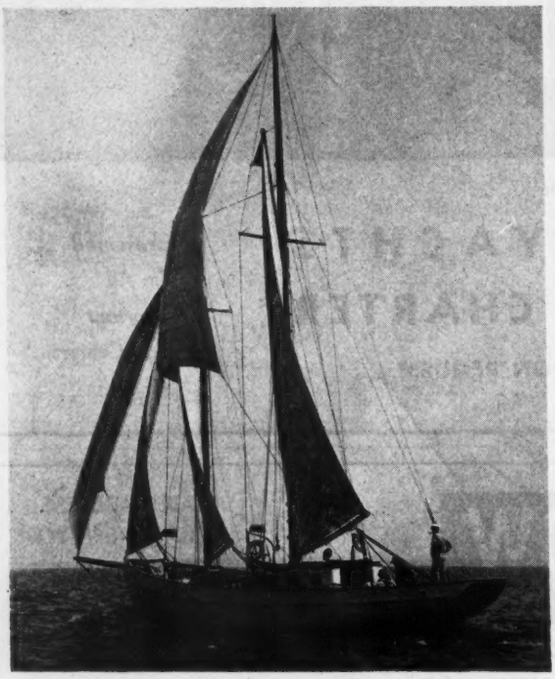

• OWNER, now in Southwest Pacific, regretfully offers for sale 54′ auxiliary schooner, BLUE WATER. Believed to be the heaviest built schooner of her size in the country and has had the best of care and equipment. Built by Harvey Gammage in 1933 for a transatlantic crossing. Ideal boat for off-shore work. Equipment, new in 1940-41, includes Ratsey sails, Universal 90 h.p. cruiser six motor, Iron Horse generator, Bludworth direction finder, Western Electric 25-watt radio telephone, Lux CO2 system, Shipmate range, etc. Now laid up in the water at Miami, Florida. *For details write* Mrs. Allan P. Carlisle, East Islip, Long Island, N. Y. Telephone Islip 1028.

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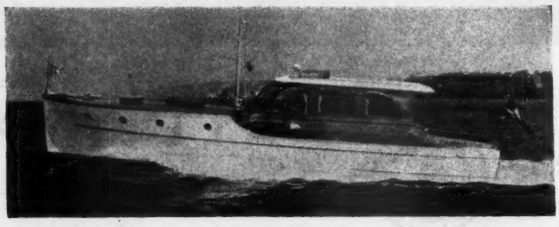

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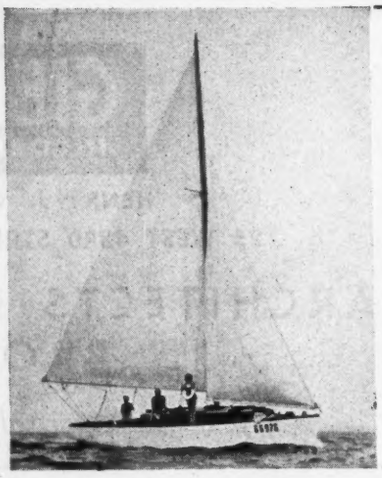

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For Sale — Cheap: 27' open Chesapeake skipjack. Good sails, little used. Hull needs work. Located in Connecticut. Reply Box 10-6.

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I have $1000 for purchase of day cruiser or small standard overnight cruiser. What have you to offer? Give full particulars. Reply Box 10-12.

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Want auxiliary sloop in good condition, about 35' x 11' x 6', sleep four, and near Massachusetts or Rhode Island. Swap lake cottage on Route 140 or cash, about $3000. Reply Box 10-14.

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Wanted: Wee Scott or similar sailboat in good condition. Reasonable. Send description. Reply Box 10-17.

For Sale: Auxiliary, sloop rig Atkins No. 351, double ender. 36' 9" x 31' x 10' 7½" x 5' 3". Sleeps six, Airfoam cushions, stainless rigged, sails by Larsen, 5-ton lead outside ballast, bottle gas, Willis range. Built 1940. Price $5000. Reply Box 10-18.

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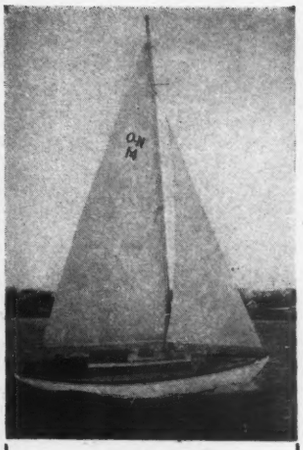

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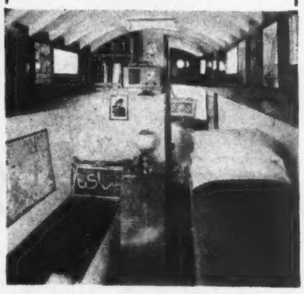

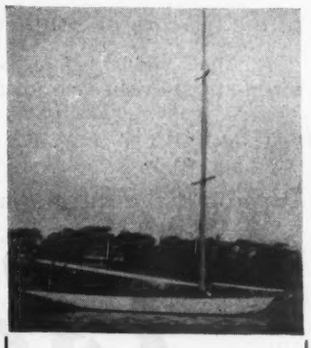

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FOR SALE 47' Ketch, *Wind Quest*, fully equipped, 25 h.p. Universal, good lines, heavy and staunch construction, Marconi rigged. Can be inspected at Dunham's Shipyard, City Island, N. Y. Needs some work on tanks and seacocks. Owner will supervise and deliver next spring. Long Island Sound, painted and varnished to suit for $6,000. Write for photo and fuller description if not convenient to inspect. Reply Box 1003, care of YACHTING, 205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

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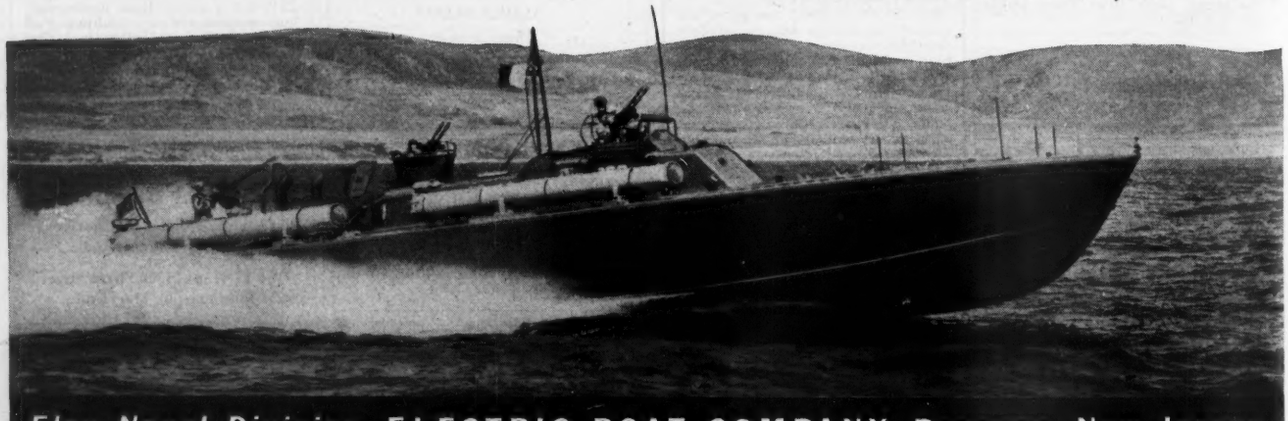

Elco Naval Division, **ELECTRIC BOAT COMPANY,** Bayonne, New Jersey

Yachting

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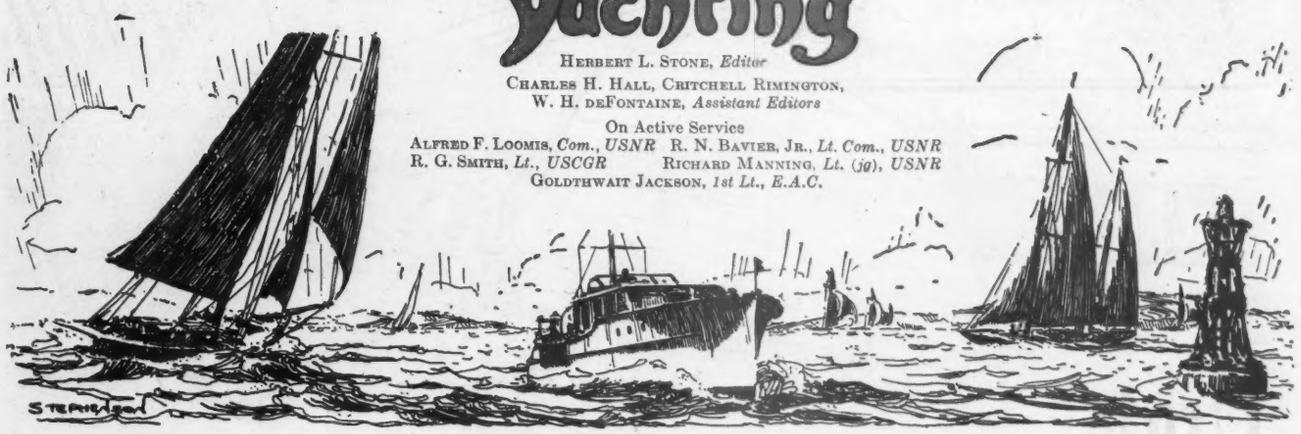

VOL. LXXVI OCTOBER, 1944 NO. 4

A LOOK INTO THE FUTURE

THE yachting season is over for those of us who live north of the fortieth parallel and it is now possible to look ahead a bit. As we lay the boats away in anticipation of another summer, the question we are most frequently asked is when building of new craft for yacht use will be possible. Naturally no one can yet answer this one definitely. Already there are signs that the day is not too distant. Small yards that specialized in wooden building are getting clear of their war work, and here and there one has started on a boat or two with material already on hand. We hear that priorities on some materials essential in boatbuilding are already being eased and will be lifted further when the war in Europe is over. Conversion to peace production in certain lines is already under way and boat manufacturers are crystalizing their plans for the future, awaiting the go-ahead signal. This signal may not come at the same time all over the country. Rather, it will be given locality by locality as the war pressure eases. It is, therefore, our guess, for what it is worth, that during the winter or early spring, it will be possible to order and get built an individual boat here and there, and that some standardized boats of small size will begin to appear on the market. By this time next autumn, we hope that anyone who wants a new boat will be able to find someone to build her.

WHEN YOUR COPY IS LATE

DON'T just bawl us out, but consider for a moment the existing situation brought about by the war. Every branch of industry is affected by the manpower shortage, and among them the printing industry, which is not classed as essential, has been hit especially hard. With the loss of many men to the Armed Services, and others to essential war industries, every printer in the country is faced with an acute shortage of men, and particularly of skilled pressmen and machine operators. This has resulted in the slowing of schedules on nearly every type of magazine except the news weeklies. But this is not all. Both the post office department and the railroads are carrying an overburdening load and second class mail is not always handled as rapidly as it has been. Express companies and trucking firms which carry the magazines are in the same boat. The big news distributing organizations can deliver to the newsstands only twice a week instead of five times, as formerly. And so it goes, right down the line. Delays are inevitable.

Undoubtedly many sins of commission and omission may be charged against us but this is not one of them.

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From a painting by Benjamin T. Stephenson

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Under the Lee of the Longboat.

By SPUN YARN

WHEN last heard from I had just borrowed a survivors' pocket bubble sextant and was having a lot of fun taking sights from a known position to determine the probable accuracy of the gadget. I mentioned that George Wheelwright, who is a NATS navigator, had shot the sun from my Penguin dinghy and obtained an intercept that was only six miles out, whereas I, who am inexperienced with bubble sextants, had had an error of 22 miles in my line of position. . . . Well, I've been familiarizing myself with the survivors' instrument, taking sights ashore, afloat, and in the air, and can make a better report. From one of the Plexiglas side windows of a Douglas Skymaster I took sights that compared favorably with those taken by the plane's navigator with his million-dollar Pioneer sextant complete with two-minute averaging device. From the blister of a Catalina plane, flying along a shore line with recognizable landmarks, I got a discrepancy of only two miles. From a Liberator, working from the co-pilot's seat, a sight gave me an error of about five miles, and from the blister of another Cat I got a lucky shot that actually cut my known line of position. (I'm not mentioning various and sundry sights when the bubble was not centered that threw me for a loss of 60 to 100 miles, as anybody, even with the most precise instrument, is liable to make a bust now and again.)

Getting down to the water again, I took along the sextant when I made a little trip in a pontoon barge, and my first sights were God-awful — two or three degrees out and all of them in the same direction — toward the sun. Study of the dilemma seemed to indicate (and I say seemed advisedly) that the slow pitch of the barge in a lazy sea introduced a lag in the movement of the bubble that accounted for the error. Anyway, with more care in taking a second string of sights I got results that were Four O. All of which being the case, I wouldn't hesitate to use this instrument in an ocean race, although when the heat was on in the closing hours of the race I'd probably break down and use my old reliable. Whether or not the pocket bubble sextant will be made available to civilians after the war I have no way of knowing. I'm making a note of the name of the manufacturers — G. Felsenthal & Sons, of Chicago — just in case.

Thanks to a variety of circumstances, sailing has been at a pretty low ebb. Another Penguin has been built to match my first, but the carpenters have been so busy that they haven't had time to turn the mast or fit the hardware. When I wrote to George Barnes of the Skaneateles Company for the hardware and another sail he replied that he was unable to provide another Gosling sail, but that he had a couple of larger sails that he was sending along as a gift. These have arrived, and if the second boat is ready to go before the autumn gales set in we'll have some spirited racing. In the meantime, I've tried one of the outsize sails on the first dinghy and she really ghosts in light airs. Trouble is, the boat has been hauled out for painting and out again because a barge crushed her gunwale, and the routine duties which in my sad case pass for fighting a war have curtailed my leisure time. But there'll come a day.

Old 'Erb always discourages any tendency of mine to comment on what's going on outside the field of sport, but boy oh boy, have the GI's been going to town in la belle France! I've informally volunteered for the billet of Port Director of Paris, and have been turned down so hard my head still swims. Guess I didn't make it sufficiently clear that only a stern sense of duty prompted me to suggest this sacrifice. However, I had my fun on the night the master race was kicked out, drinking to the free French who were dancing in the streets of Paris. I've seen them on a Bastille night in peace time blocking the traffic with their impromptu dancing, and I'd have given a month's pay to be there when the sweet air of freedom blew away the foul scent of Nazi occupation.

It's time, my bravos, that we began to think again about cruising and ocean racing. I commence to think, even, that there's a faint possibility of the Fastnet's being run in 1945. Could be, could be. Most of the mines will have been swept by then and, if they haven't, the danger zones will have been thoroughly taped and can be avoided. Boats in which to sail the race? I venture to say that a lot of ocean racers have survived both the original blitz and the insane, last-gasp visitation of the flying bombs. There'll be enough Yanks still on duty in England to muster a crew for a chartered boat to provide international competition. There'll be qualified Limies by the hundred — RNVRs, returned prisoners of war, RAFs in the air-sea rescue trade, Royal Engineers on duty in home stations. Yes, sir, if somebody in the Royal Ocean Racing Club with a gift for organization starts the ball rolling, a fair-to-middling fleet could be got together on some sort of community basis.

Happening to be in Gib not long ago (how I do get around!) I hopped a jeep down to the Gibraltar Yacht Club to have a spot of gin and look at the sail boats gathered there. There were

(Continued on page 86)

FULL SPEED AHEAD

. . . for Victory

The world gasps in wonder at America's terrific war production output. At the speed with which we built an Army of ten million, and the world's largest Navy.

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IN THE WIND

▶ "We wish to record for posterity," writes Chief Bosun's Mate Frank T. Morr, "the deathless words of a young bosun's mate of the watch when he was ordered to rouse out all hands at 0200 to receive a ship coming alongside. This was after a particularly trying day of loading stores. The petty officer modified the order to suit the occasion. 'All hands on deck!' he bawled. 'The port watch will stand by to repel boarders. The starboard watch will stand by to swab up the blood.' "

▶ Bayard Dill arrived in New York recently from Bermuda *via* London and Toronto, his smile as charming as ever and his sense of humor unimpaired by the tragedy of war. While he was here he sailed with Billy Luders in the latter's new experimental job. She's a trifle larger than a "Six" but like one of that class in general appearance. Cap'n Dill was delighted with her performance and thinks she'd be an ideal model for a new one-design class. She sailed beautifully under all conditions whether with a loose-footed mainsail or one bent to a boom, two types of which Billy is experimenting with.

▶ News was belatedly received of the death on Timor, in 1941, of Alain Gerbault, that inscrutable, taciturn lone navigator who was probably the only man in history ever to turn his back on a national reception acclaiming him as a hero. Volatile, exuberant France was desolated by his chilly indifference to her enthusiasm for his exploits. . . . "Six years earlier," reported Al Laney in the Herald Trib, "he had sailed away in his tiny boat measuring less than *ten yards*."

Almost a thirty-footer, hey?

▶ Generally speaking, American designers have had it all over the English in the matter of designing racing craft. But the late William Fife's *Clara*, a 20-ton job, was "unbeatable in America" in 1885 and '86, according to William P. Stephens, former editor of *Lloyd's Register of American Yachts*. And Fife's cutter *Minerva* was queen of the 40-footers a few years later — so dominated the class that "anything to beat the *Minerva*" became a byword with yachtsmen of that era.

He wasn't so lucky with the *Shamrocks*, however. . . . The first of those ill-fated America's Cup challengers lost to *Columbia* in 1899.

▶ For aplomb and poise I suggest that Harry Feitig of Philadelphia is without a peer. Mr. Feitig, while swimming at Ocean City, New Jersey, encountered a large and friendly porpoise, weight about 200 pounds. Embracing the creature, Feitig dragged it onto the beach, exhibited it to astonished anglers, then hauled it back into deep water and bade it farewell.

▶ Of the 11,000 members which the United States Power Squadrons boasted before the war, some 2,500 are in service abroad, mostly commanding small craft; another 3,000 are in the Auxiliary and Temporary Coast Guard Reserve and many of the remainder are engaged in ship construction or teaching navigation and seamanship courses.

▶ Happy sign of the return to normalcy in yachting was the Cruising Club cruise which had Essex, Connecticut, as its objective. About 60 members, all told, were along and a good time was had, you may well realize. A year or two ago only about three boats made the trip.

▶ I learn from the chatty and entertaining publication of Sheridan Shore Yacht Club, "Sheridan Shorts," that Gordon Jones recently encountered Woodie Pirie at a bistro in foreign lands. And that this meeting was confirmed by Mun Goodman about a week later, who said he had been informed by Woodie that "Commander Gordon Jones has been nearby, so near, in fact, that we enjoyed a steak dinner together — a delicious one — on board his ship."

Later, Walter Stockton quoted as follows from one of Gordon's letters:

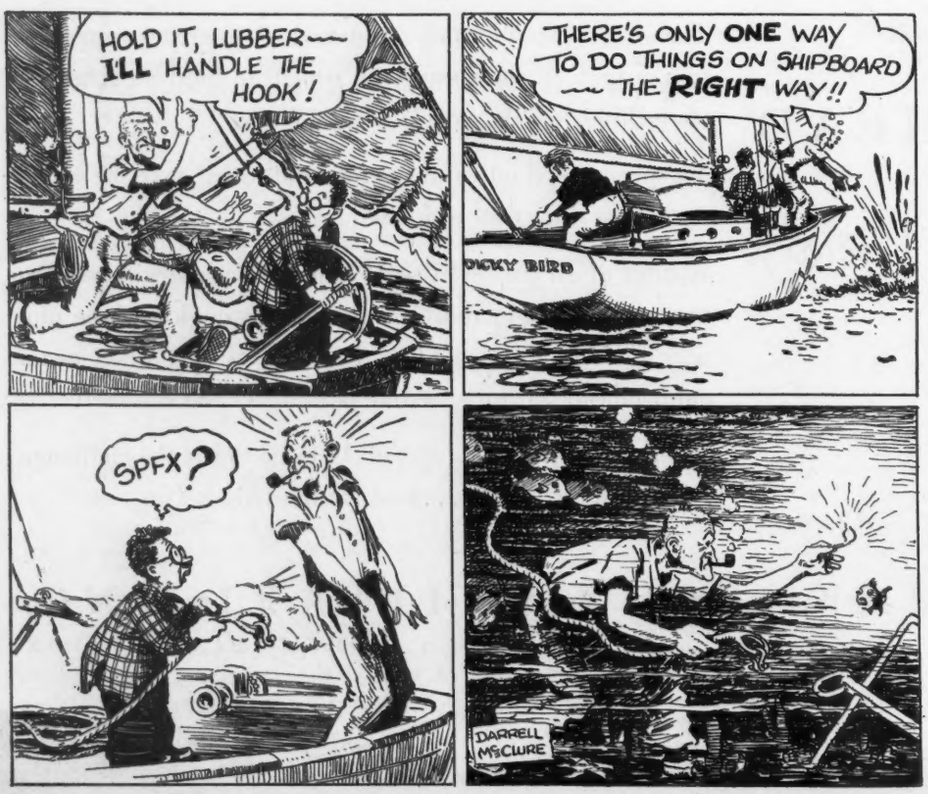
"You know, we were peacefully lying at anchor yesterday afternoon, basking in the brilliant sunlight and murmuring a few words of thanks when an occasional cloud head blocked it off. It is unimportant where we were, but I'm sure that a ten-mile circle would have enclosed enough Jap gold teeth to satisfy my gal's desire in the matter of necklaces.

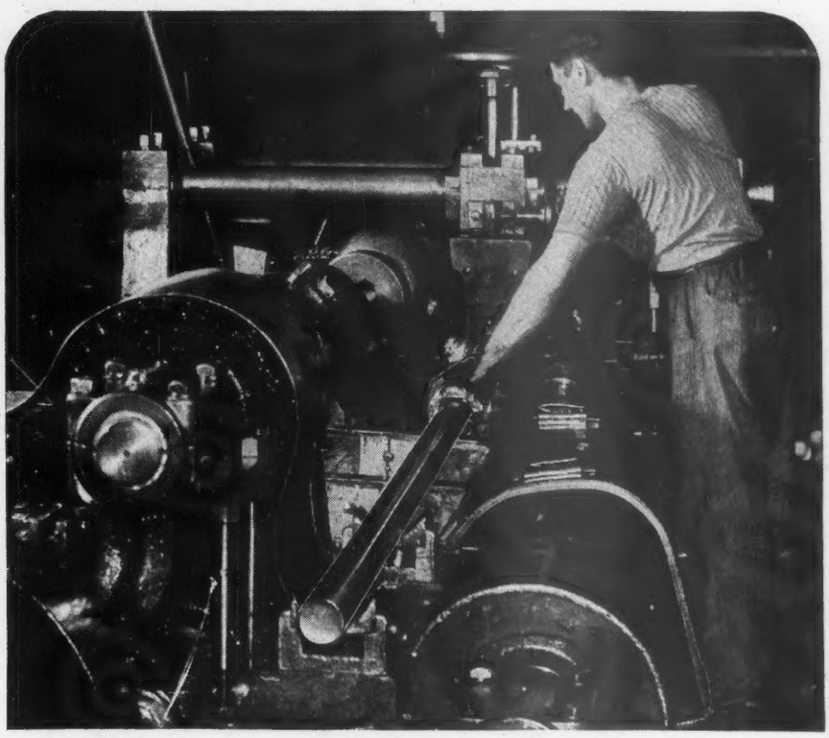
"Anyway, as I nodded in the sunshine I noted an impudent little mine sweeper sneaking along past our bow. I perhaps wouldn't have noticed her had she not come so close that we would only have had to rear back on our anchor to turn her into a flapping beetle. I was somewhat tempted to do it but feared such a prank might give encouragement to Tojo so I went back to sleep, only to be awakened by a blinker message from one Ensign R. D. Stockton. Ah me, how time passes. I remember him best as a good-looking dinghy boy."

▶ One of the most amazing episodes in this fantastic war was that of the flyer shot down in the South Pacific and rescued by a submarine which was under fire from a Jap battery. The sub commander, instead of surfacing to pick up the airman, and thus exposing himself to the Nip shells, let enough of his periscope show to give the aviator a handhold. When the youngster got the idea he grabbed for it and was towed a couple of miles out to sea until the sub was out of range of the shore battery and could safely surface and take him aboard.

— TELLTALE

Cautious Conrad Casts the Killick


HOLD IT, LUBBER — I'LL HANDLE THE HOOK!
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO DO THINGS ON SHIPBOARD — THE RIGHT WAY!!
DICKY BIRD
SPFX?
DARRELL McCLURE



Straightening a 2¼" shaft for a landing craft.

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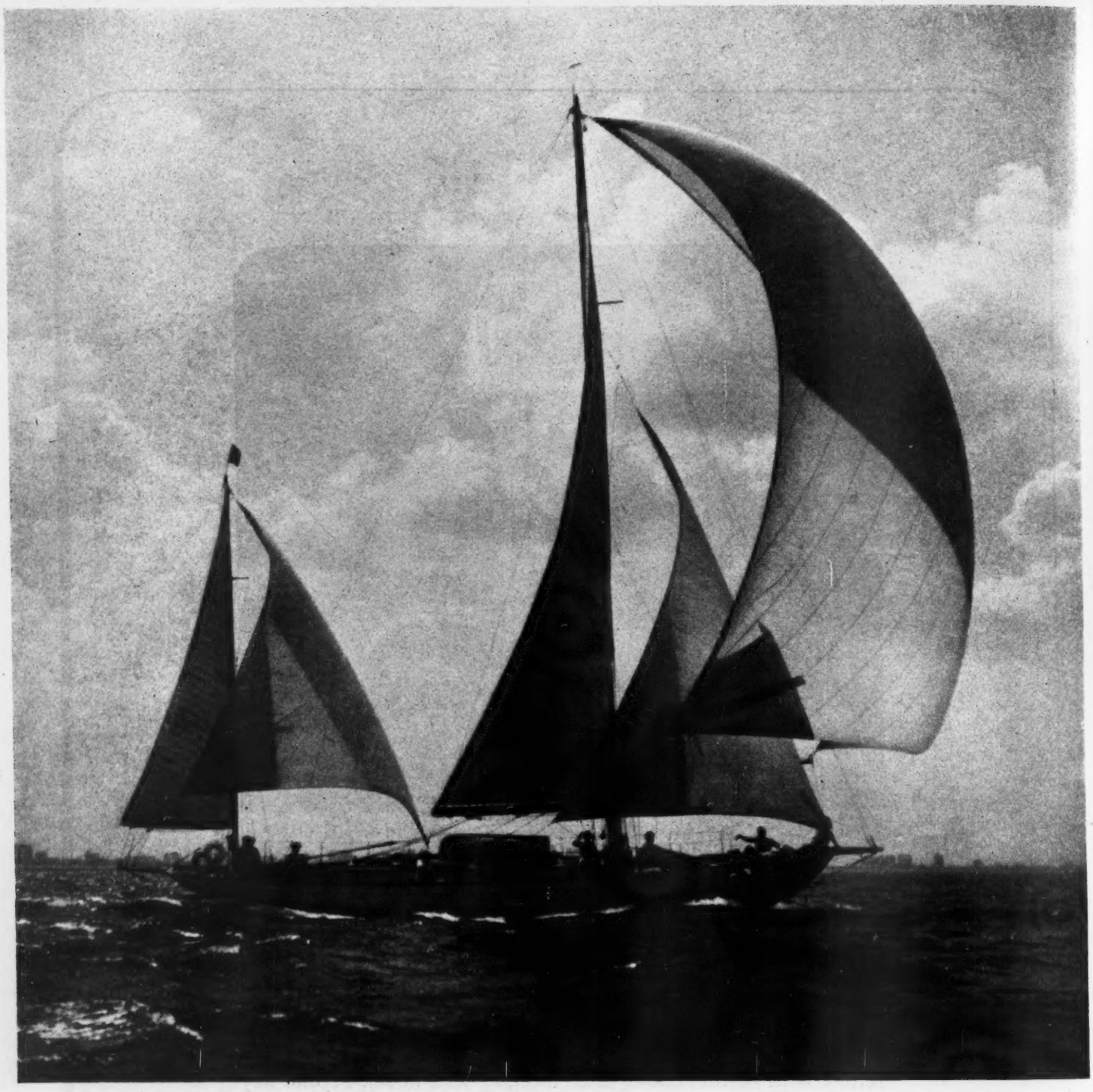


WHITE SAILS CROWDING

"Southern Cross," Robert P. Benedict's famous yawl is here shown with everything but the skipper's shirt pulling like an express train. Designed by John Alden, this 54' 10" o.a. auxiliary flies the burgee of the Jackson Park Yacht Club and has been a notable contender in many a Great Lakes race

Clyde Fargo Photo

YACHTING

Volume LXXVI OCTOBER + 1944 Number 4

"Our circle of light caught the raw edge of the exposed coral, with the white of the surf breaking along its front. In the middle of this storybook background a fine ship lay dead."

GREAT BARRIER RESCUE

Australia's Great Barrier Reef Continues to Take Its Toll of Ships and Men

By GEORGE N. WALLACE, *Captain, A.T.S.*

SLOGGING north in an eight-knot Army tanker up the northeast coast of Australia to New Guinea appeared to be just one of those stupid jobs anyone would want behind him. In the first place, it was December, 1943, which was many months too late for Jap planes in that area. Moreover, enemy subs could not operate effectively inside the Great Barrier Reef, the channel behind which we were using. So no excitement could be expected from that source. And it was midsummer, the time for good hot Australian weather. All that remained was the tedious and tiring hour-by-hour work of piloting through the reefs of the main channel. Just a lousy job that had to be done.

That's the way it had been all the way up from Brisbane. It was just before daylight on either December 14th or 15th, I've forgotten which, as we started to swing through the flashing white sector and then the green, red and fixed white sectors of Archer Point light. Not that Archer Point has anything to do with the incident, nor did we ourselves have a difficult time of it during what followed. This chiefly concerns another ship that we were able to aid and it is her story that I want to tell. Archer Point was just the start of as mean a two days and nights as it was my misfortune to spend while traveling north and south along the east coast of Australia, inside the Great Barrier Reef.

Nor is Archer Point typical of the Reef. True, it has as nasty a collection of submerged coral, several times flung thwartships across the channel, as you will find throughout the 1200-mile run of the Reef. However, there is an adequate lighthouse there without which an attempted night passage at that spot would be foolhardy. This type of aid to navigation can be expected at only a pitifully few of the many other Great Barrier danger points.

The reason Archer sticks so in my mind is because there we met the beginning of the bad weather and it was there that I first realized what we might be facing. Perhaps it was just a hunch but rain squalls had started to sweep us and several times I was on the point of letting go the anchor because, whenever the range light was obscured by the rain, there was no way of telling just when the turn to clear the next reef-end should be made and a quarter-mile error meant a pile-up. But judgment urged me to keep going if at all possible.

Here we were in an Army tanker, bound north to New Guinea, heavily laden with needed aviation gasoline. That was reason enough. But it was also a damned bad spot from a sailor's angle. No safe place to drop an anchor or to let go a second one and veer chain. No lee if the wind continued in the northeast and kept increasing. Then, too, I had that hunch.

Back on the southeast coast of the States it would have been more than a hunch for I would have known what to expect. There, with southeast squalls coming harder and harder and a bad acting barometer following a bad sky of the night before.

thick and high, towering black against the sunset, I would have expected trouble. But the northeast coast of Australia is barely inhabited and then only in spots. Consequently, there is no accumulation of weather lore. A bad storm can strike through a narrow lane and no one sees it or hears about it. Hence, it goes unreported. The squalls that were hitting us were northeast, not southeast, and that was confusing. It occurred to me that north of the Equator squalls from the southeast often meant something quick, hard and nasty. Therefore, south of the Equator and under somewhat similar conditions, I might look for similar stuff from the northeast.

Maybe it was all just coincidental but at least Archer Point served its purpose. It woke me up and made me aware of a possibility. So out came the charts again. If things grew worse, where would a proper lee be found and where in the whole mess of half submerged islands and reefs would there be another Menemsha Bight or a Fort Pond Bay or Lynnhaven Roads to run to? From the meager information the chart had to disclose, I thought I could visualize it 70 miles away. An island was there, with its six fathom line close to the beach, a crescent shaped bight and above that a pinnacle of some 600 feet height to break the force of the wind. Perfect — if no sudden, wide shift of wind should catch us with our pants down! Fortunately, the island was almost on our course; so if we could get there in time and then find it was not needed we wouldn't be out of pocket.

We went for it in ever-thickening stuff, passing up lesser havens on the way from sheer necessity. Matters continued from bad to worse and we had to hit the jackpot of selections or none at all. I did not care to look forward to a pitch black night with the ship mucking around confined and dangerous waters. Soon the rain came in solid tropical sheets. Now and then, the slit of an opening between squalls offered the chance to slap the pelorus vane on the next step in the chain to the sanctuary.

There was no great sea inside the Reef, just a sharp, breaking, precipitous slop that washed across the long flat well deck of the deep laden tanker. She was like a half submerged rock jogging pugnaciously along. The steel doors in the superstructure opened on to the deck and they took the brunt of the beating. If a man went forward to the high forecastle, he did it without his clothes, bent double facing the wind and hitting the high spots between Niagaras. By four-thirty that afternoon, we had worked up to our anchorage and groped our way in. The lead line went to work, quite uselessly as usual because the floor of the sea inside the Reef must have been the inspiration for the original billiard table. The bottom is absolutely flat except for the vertical walls of the scattered reefs which clutter the channels. There's no warning. One minute, plenty of water; the next minute, you're picking coconuts. But we finally saw the surf line and let go the hook. Almost directly overhead was the cliffhead. It was mostly hidden in scud and looked for all the world like a Santa Claus beard streaming in the gale.

At water level, we were comparatively quiet and found the holding ground good. But at 10:00 p.m., the wind backed four points and a new note of viciousness was heard. The shift soon brought a heavy roll washing directly through Cook Passage all the way from the Coral Sea and piling around our end of the island. We gave her another ten fathoms, which brought the stern directly abeam of a small clump of rocks forming one end of the bight. Still all right! But another two to three point shift would mean up anchor in a hurry. Things were black and the only way to be sure of holding was by constantly feeling a slack lead line over the side. That was the way we stayed until 5:00 a.m. when the second shift of wind jumped us suddenly. It was time to go and we left, facing the problem of remaining within a small area until daylight could show us anything that raised its head above water for use as a guide. Reefs and cays were strewn in every direction so that not more than a five-mile straight-away was offered.

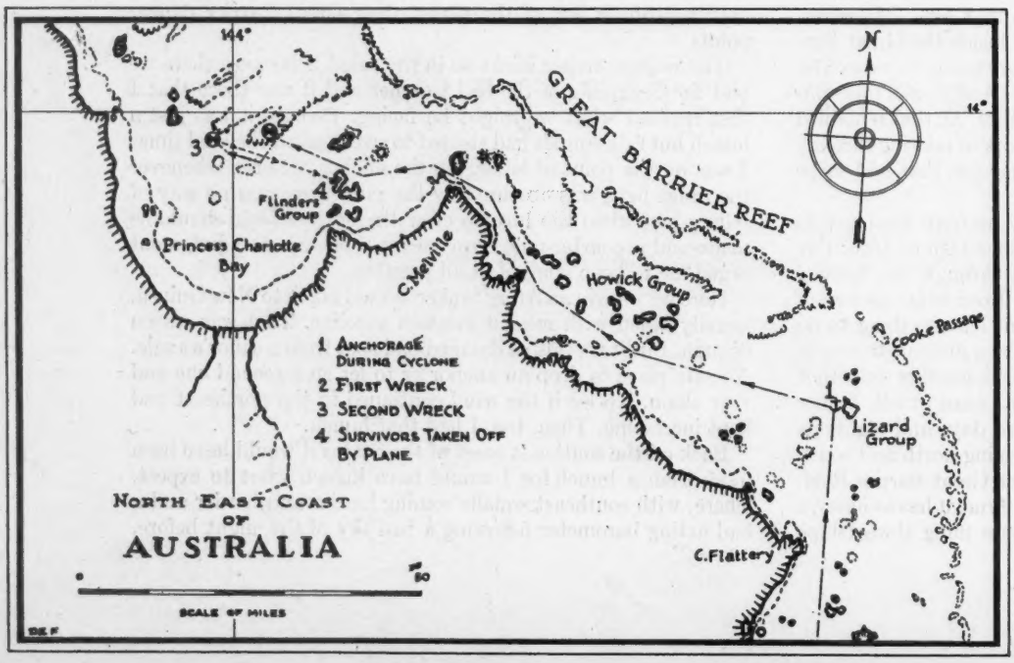
However, as we cleared the northern tip of the island, a star or two broke through overhead and within a half-hour the wind was no more than a gale. By the first gray of daylight, it had died to a two-reef breeze and in no time at all we had our bearings, could open up the Diesels to cruising speed and were on our way at the beginning of a sparkling new day.

Then Omar, the radio man, came up to the bridge and told me of frequently repeated calls for certain shore stations which went unanswered. They must come from some ship because they were near at hand. He'd picked it up and should he cut in and try for the message? Knowing the difficulty of raising these stations at certain times, and since no S.O.S. had been sounded, I told him to let things ride for the time being. He was back within the hour and just as persistent in the belief that the continued call should be answered, so I told him to go to it. I had wanted to avoid all of the decoding, thinking this was probably just another routine message. But maybe Omar had his hunch, too.

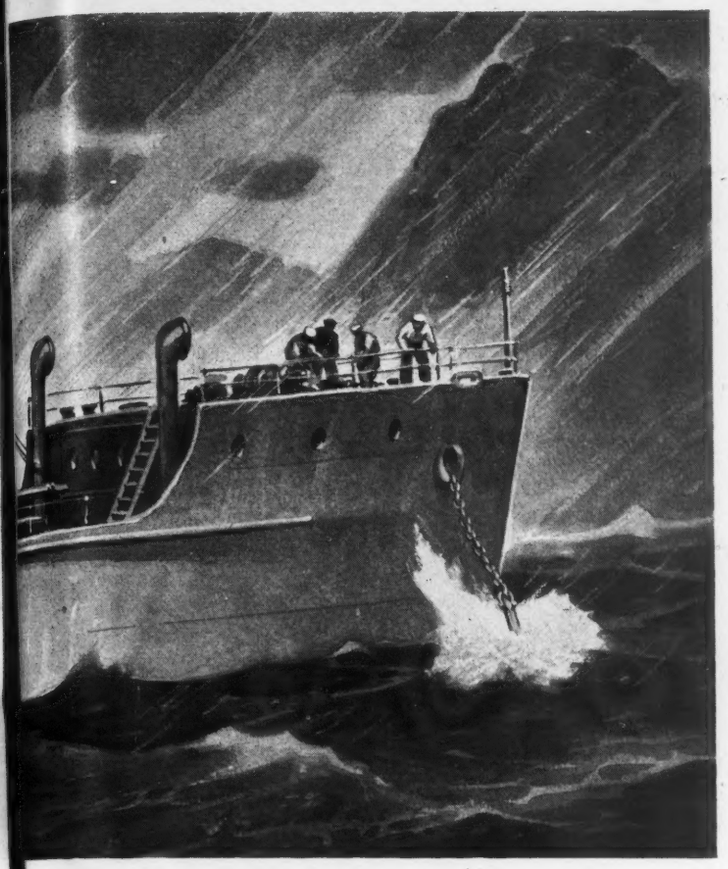
By the time we had all of the signal down, acknowledged and decoded, another hour had elapsed. In the meantime, we were plugging along steadily in a day which had grown hot, dry and clear as crystal. The only thing remaining of the disturbance was a lumpy sea and a towering black mass piled up in the sky to the northwest.

The message was from an Allied ship high and dry on the Reef, some 80 miles north of us. She was asking for immediate assistance. We gunned the motors and, by 2:00 p.m., as we finally cleared a particularly nasty passage, we raised her stack still belching smoke. She was on our starboard bow and that meant on the main shelf of the Reef itself. To have been placed there by the wind it would have had to have been exactly in the opposite direction to what had hit us. I began to realize how close to the center of things we had probably been. We headed for the ship and by four we were at the lead line again and worked to within a half mile of her.

She was so far out of water that she looked as if drydocked for repairs; her entire propeller was exposed. She was a good sized freighter, perhaps 350 feet long. There she was, in not over four feet of water, resting on an even keel and looking quite snug and complacent. If we could have removed the two rusty anchor chains which streamed out to the south and installed window boxes full of geraniums, to all outward appearances we would have made her a typical Sailors' Snug Harbor. But she was a good quarter-mile from fair water. Something awfully big had put her there.



"Enemy subs could not operate effectively behind the Great Barrier Reef, the channel behind which we were using."



"We finally saw the surf line and let go the hook."

We went to work by blinker:

"Do you need assistance?"

"No, thanks, but report us to Cairns or Townsville and ask them to communicate."

"Are you seriously damaged?"

"No, we do not think we are badly holed and we have supplies and water."

"What can we do?"

"We believe there is another ship 20 miles north. We could get her blinker for a while. She is in a bad way and without means of communication. That is why we have been calling. Can you help?" To myself I said: You're a good sport, skipper, to worry about others now.

"Yes, immediately, and good luck!"

And off we were again. There were only a few hours left before the tropic night would shut in, as final as the pulling down of a blind, making any hunting ground just another proverbial haystack. Skirting along the Reef for the most part, we made a small island at 20 miles distance at just about sunset, having sighted nothing on the way. This island would serve as a jumping off place for our search. Judging from the direction in which the dragged anchor chains of the other ship tended, the wreck would be north of that. Nothing loomed in the gathering dusk except a rounded lump of a rock on another reef, five or six miles distant. Behind this would be the main Barrier Reef. The lump would serve as another fixed point in our search, so we headed for it. Then, too, that lump should be investigated. A half-hour later we could barely make it out and were about to pass it up and check our time and distance run from there to the Reef, when suddenly a glimmer showed like a match at a great distance. A minute or two later it appeared again, so dim and small that it was more an infinitesimal break in the gathered gloom than anything as definite as a light. But it lasted long enough for a quick glance across the compass bowl to give a hit or miss bearing and our blinker stabbed the night with a promise of the help so sorely needed.

Were there dead and injured aboard? What job of immediate aid was required? The closer we could work in, the quicker could aid be furnished. But how to get closer? Daylight had gone. We had no large scale chart. Here was a ship on a reef. Was she at one end or in the middle? Our searchlight was a low-powered one and, as usual, the lead line could give no useful information. In the meantime, we kicked ahead dead slow on one engine while continuing to fire questions by blinker. No answer. We tried again and finally a response came, so slow and feeble that the quavering gleam told its own story of monumental effort and difficulty: "Failing batteries."

We acknowledged. Then our reply "Can you guide us in?"

"Yes."

"We will head for you. Sheer us to our port or starboard as required."

Acknowledged.

Quickly the tiny gleam ordered starboard and we swung two points. A pause, and there came again the order to starboard. We swung again, bringing the reef and wreck on our port hand and now close aboard. Finally, our searchlight picked up the gleam of the surf. By God, we *were* close! Nevertheless, there was still water under us. A good man there, with the tiny flashlight. Then, as we continued to inch along, our light finally rolled up the curtain on a scene as startling as ever I've glimpsed. It was the perfectly staged picture of how a proper shipwreck should really appear. Our circle of light caught the raw edge of the exposed coral, with the white of the surf breaking along its front. In the middle of this storybook background, a fine ship lay dead.

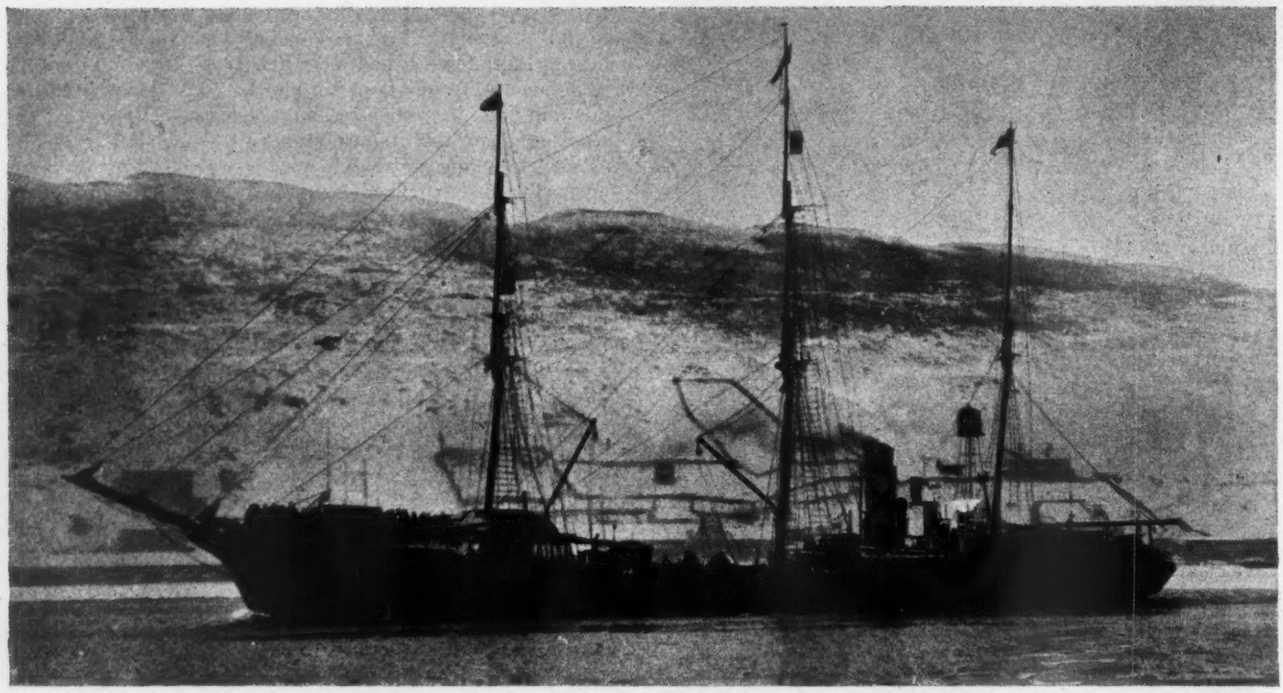
She was clear over on her starboard side which was all submerged. Her port side was horizontal and on it were dancing figures of men. Some were waving, others just lying there like mummies in their shrouds. From a needlelike jury mast we saw the red, white and blue squares of the code flag *W* "I require medical assistance" — and we had no doctor aboard! Over went our anchor. The lifeboat was already launched and towing astern. In it piled First Officer Gerhardt with a crew. He was back shortly with his report.

She was a Royal Australian Air Force supply ship out of Darwin, with Captain Dawson commanding. Ten dead or missing, a number of badly injured among the 34 survivors. She had struck at ten o'clock the night before at the height of the cyclone.

I remembered the ship well. In Sydney the previous October,

(Continued on page 104)

"After the 'duck' departed, a big Catalina appeared over the crest of the island."



The famous Newfoundland sealer "Terra Nova." A bark-rigged vessel, she came into prominence when she rescued members of the Scott South Pole Expedition in 1904

THE GRANDE DAME OF THE SEALING FLEET

One of the Last Ships of the Great Wooden Sealing Fleet Has Now Passed Into History

By FRANK L. COWLES, JR.

THE ancient sealing toast, "Bloody decks, and many of 'em!" echoed in dozens of small fishing villages along the rocky coast of Newfoundland recently, in tribute to one of the country's greatest sealing steamers, the *Terra Nova*. Loss of the ship was announced in a brief news bulletin — in effect the obituary of the once great fleet, for with the *Terra Nova* gone, only one of the colorful wooden sealers remains.

News of the loss of the famous three-master brought a surge of memories to grizzled old-timers — how she battled wind and ice for half a century hunting the valuable hair seal; how she rescued members of Scott's Expedition to the Antarctic from icy graves 40 years ago; and how she led the sealing fleet out of St. John's harbor each spring while sirens screamed and townspeople cheered from the wharves.

To Newfoundlanders who follow the sea — and that means nearly all the island's 300,000 inhabitants — the *Terra Nova* was more than just another sealing steamer. She was the symbol of an era, now passing into history, when sealing was the biggest, riskiest and best paying occupation in this old British colony. Thousands of Newfoundlanders sailed aboard her during the 60 years she went to the ice fields and, though the rigors of the voyage were unbelievable, skippers had no difficulty in signing a full crew on the *Terra Nova*. Men have been known to walk miles over the frozen ground, dragging their packs behind them on small sleds, in the mere hope of getting a berth in her.

On her last voyage, the *Terra Nova* was engaged in the vital work of supplying the United States Army's bases in the far north — work for which no modern steel vessel was considered fitted. Details of how she went down have not been revealed but, after long service in the seal fishery, it was appropriate that the ship met her end gallantly, while still on "active duty."

The *Terra Nova* first won fame when she was sent to the relief of the icebound Scott Expedition in the Antarctic in 1903 and, after that, many honors came to her. The sealer is commemorated by a monument at Cape Town, and a bay and mountain in the Antarctic are named for her. She is believed to be the only ship so honored. Built in 1884 at Dundee, Scotland, by the firm of Alexander Stephen and Sons, the *Terra Nova* was, like most ships of her day, put together solidly and well. A vessel of 774 tons, she was bark rigged with auxiliary steam power. Her owners, Messrs. Stephen and Sons, brought her to St. John's the year after her launching, to be used in the seal fishery.

Steamers were still a comparatively recent innovation in seal hunting when the *Terra Nova* came through the Narrows of St. John's harbor and dropped anchor in the busy port. The seal fishing industry was an old one even then, dating from the eighteenth century, when villagers used nets to snare young harps which drifted close to shore on the ice pans. Later, when the value of seal oil, leather and fur became more apparent, fleets of schooners were used to hunt the seal herds on the drifting ice. At one time the number of vessels participating in the hunt totalled nearly 400, with 13,000 men employed to man them. The coming of wooden steamers, however, made such a large fleet unnecessary, and it gradually decreased in size.

The seal "hunt" is aptly named, for when the fleet left in the spring it had to search among the vast expanses of the ice fields until the herd was found. The young seals which, because of their thick layer of fat and rich oil are the most desirable, are born on the whelping ice late in February. The seals drift south with this ice until the end of March, when they head north again. The following fall, the herd makes its way south to the feeding grounds, which are believed to be located in the vicinity of the Grand Banks. The seals move north again near the end of January to reach the whelping ice, which might be located

anywhere from the southern part of Labrador to the northeast coast of Newfoundland. Seals also whelp in the St. Lawrence River, usually in the neighborhood of St. Paul Island. In the past, one or two Newfoundland sealing steamers always went to the St. Lawrence, although this was considered a more risky venture than taking seals from the northeast coast patch.

The profit a sealer makes during a season depends entirely on her luck in locating the herds. Sometimes a vessel will return nearly empty, while the next ship will be loaded to the gunwales with pelts.

Before the days of wireless, which was first used on sealing ships shortly after the turn of the century, the return of the fleet would be a matter of great interest and speculation. Watchers posted on hilltops searched the distant horizons for the first sign of a sail or smoke smudge, and a flag signal would be run up to inform the waiting town of the fleet's approach. The use of radio, by which daily ship-to-shore contact is possible, took much of the excitement out of the return of the sealers.

The fleet, at the time the *Terra Nova* joined it, consisted of about 20 auxiliary sailing ships, which each year left for the ice fields in a group. The names of these ships, *Aurora*, *Walrus*, *Ranger*, *Viking*, breathed the spirit of the men who manned them and the ventures for which they had been built.

In her long career, the *Terra Nova* was to see the day when modern ice-breaking steamers, preceded by airplane scouts and equipped with radio sets and life-saving devices, would take over the field. These ships brought in as many as 50,000 pelts in a single season, compared with the *Terra Nova's* average "crop" of about 20,000.

Adventure, tragedy, superstition and courage always have been a part of the hazardous occupation of sealing. The danger only began when the ships finally reached the massive, drifting ice packs where the seals were found. The ship made her way slowly through lanes in the ice until a lookout, stationed in the "barrel" or crow's nest, shouted, "White coats ahead!" Then the hunters left the ship, working singly and carrying gaffs which they used to kill the seals and drag them over the ice to the ship. It was considered a great honor to kill the first seal. Back at the ship, the tail was cut off, and the man who made the kill was invited to the captain's quarters to "wet the tail." Officers of the ship toasted the guest of honor with glasses of strong rum, into which, following an ancient custom, the seal tail had just been dipped.

A sealing crew, equipped with ropes and long gaffs, prepares to take its catch back to the ship

Danger was always present or lurked just out of sight. Sometimes hunters were separated from their ships by fog or blizzard and perished before they could be rescued. Ships often became nipped in the shifting ice and a method called "rolling" was used to free them. Members of the crew, from captain to cabin boy, gathered along the starboard rail and, when a signal was given, dashed across to the port rail. Sometimes the vice-like grip of the ice was so powerful that it nearly crushed a vessel before she could be freed, or it forced her completely out of the ice and left her marooned until a break occurred.

Other perils faced the sealing fleet each year and occasionally the entire crew of a ship has been posted as missing. Many deeds of heroism and much suffering and hardship have occurred at the ice fields; though many of these have never been brought to light, a number of tales of disaster have been told and re-told until they have now become part of the lore of the fleet. One of the worst of these disasters occurred over 100 years ago, when 14 ships of the fleet went down with heavy loss of life. Another tragic incident took place in 1898, when 48 members of the *Greenland's* crew died after long exposure on the ice. The crew, 154 men in all, had fanned out over the ice in search of seals when a sudden blizzard swept out of the north. The ship became jammed in the ice pack and heeled over until her lee bulwarks touched the ice. Then a rift several miles wide formed in the ice pack, preventing the men from reaching their ship. While the storm raged, no boat could be lowered to rescue the marooned men. During a lull, however, 100 of them were brought back but the storm sprang up again before all the others could be rescued. When at last a boat could put out to pick up the remaining men, all had succumbed to the intense cold.

In 1914, 80 members of the *Newfoundland's* company were found on the ice, frozen to death, and in the same year the *Southern Cross* disappeared in a gale with her entire crew, 170 men in all. Four wooden steam vessels became jammed in the ice and were demolished in 1896, a year which oldsters here recall had "a very stormy spring."

Though sealing has always been filled with danger and discomfort, this has never deterred the hardy Newfoundlanders, who have wrested their living from the sea for generations. Masters of sealing vessels usually had to turn away men when signing on a crew, rather than recruit them. The gamble of the seal hunt appealed strongly to these robust fishermen, for they sometimes earned in three weeks more than they could have received in a year at a safer occupation.

The old-time seal hunt was a struggle all the way, from the time the ships left St. John's until they returned, battered and dirty and evil-smelling but filled with valuable seal pelts and oil. The overworked phrase, "iron men and wooden ships," was never more applicable than in those days. As one man described it, "They willingly crowded, 150 or more of them, into the holds of small wooden ships, living in an atmosphere which, with the ship well loaded, was thick with the rancid smell of fat and the mixed and not always pleasant odors of cooking food." The crew ate the fresh seal meat during the voyage and thus reduced the amount of food it was necessary to stow aboard. Seal flippers have been regarded as a delicacy in Newfoundland for years and, in some of the shops of St. John's, tinned seal meat is still for sale. Those who haven't acquired a taste for this strong meat, however, probably would turn up their noses at it.

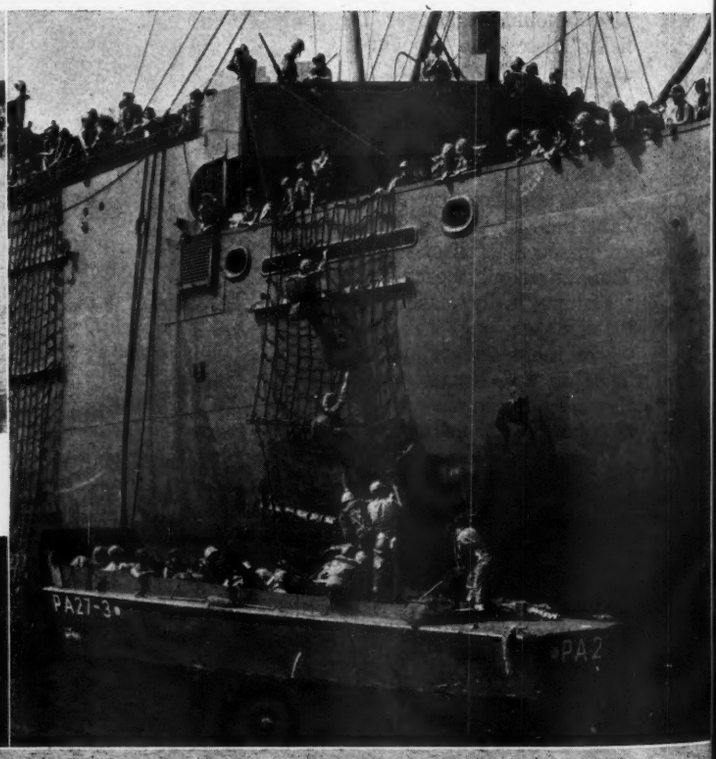
Until the turn of the century, crews who shipped aboard sealing steamers paid for their "berths to the ice." This may seem curious to today's merchant seamen until it is pointed out that the crew was customarily given half of the proceeds of the catch, the other half going to the owners. Payment of this berth money, which at first ranged from $2.50 to $7.50 but was later increased to as high as $17.50, was long a sore point with the sealing crews. When their pleas for a reduction went unheeded, they staged a strike and, as a result, the "tax" on berths was lowered. Later increases in the cost of getting a berth brought about another strike in St. John's in 1902, when an estimated 4000 men came ashore to hold a big demonstration. The men demanded more money for the seal fat and complete cancellation of berth payments. The strike lasted for two days, at the end of which time the demands of the men were met.

The sealing fleet, in the old days, always left St. John's in a group on March 5th. The government forbids sealing steamers to leave port before this date or seals to be killed before March 13th, in order to protect the industry. The young seals are

(Continued on page 84)

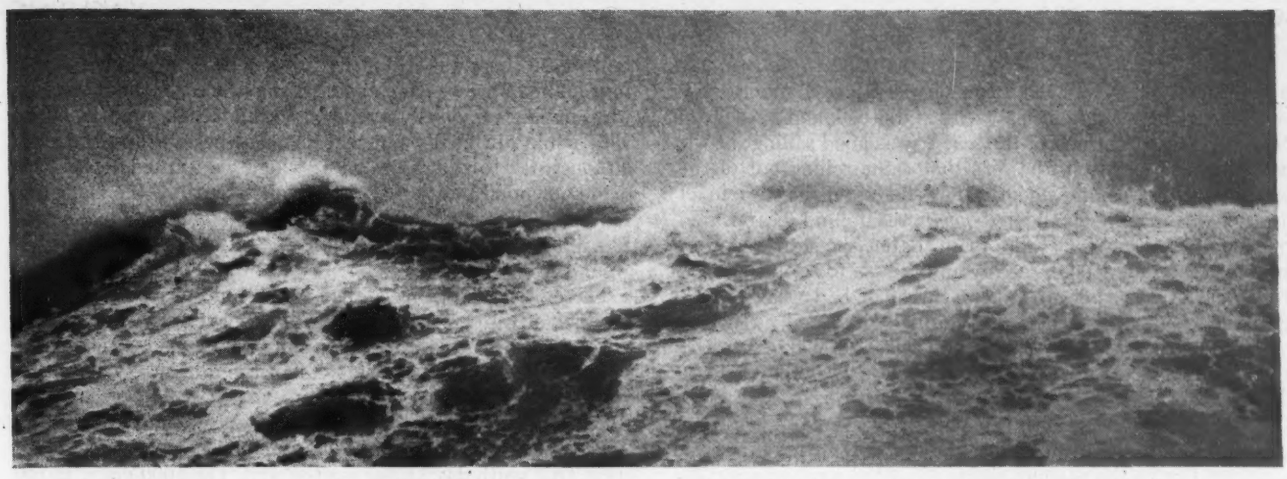
In these days of mechanized combat, it is interesting to observe that even the much maligned burro plays a rôle in modern global warfare. Here, with apparent reluctance, certain members of the infantry's four-footed "supply train" are led ashore from a portable dock after having been transported to a European beach head. Signal Corps, Coast Guard and U. S. Navy Photos

SEAGOING LOGISTICS
—getting ashore the hard way!



Above, unloading a jeep at a South Pacific base via a method not in the books. Right, members of the K9 Corps disembarking from a troopship

Above, Coast Guardsmen endeavoring to free an invasion barge caught fast on the beach at Empress Augusta Bay, Bougainville. Right, an unconventional "troop movement" somewhere in the Southwest Pacific



The seas were rapidly becoming large and steep, and "Temptress" developed an ugly habit of hanging on the crests

PASSAGE SOUTH

There is Rarely a Dull Moment in the Gulf Stream

By CARLETON MITCHELL, JR., *Lieut., USNR*

BUOY 5 rested calmly on the glassy Chesapeake. So did we. Occasionally a breath would shove us along for a few yards but, just as surely, the tide would slide us back. That buoy would overtake us easily, a tiny riffle at its bow, and we'd drop astern cussing lazily. It was like poking your head from under the covers of a stopped Pullman car, seeing another on the next track moving, and wondering which really had way on. For three hours our log line hung vertically and we were never more than 200 yards from our rival.

It was the afternoon of Saturday, October 22nd, 1932. The barometer stood at 30.03, the log was stationary at 50, the puffs from the north were warm, and we had begun a passage from Hampton, Virginia, to Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, for further outfitting preparatory to a winter in the Bahamas.

By 1800 the log somehow indicated a gain of ten miles and Cape Henry Light bore S½W. Sounding indicated only six fathoms. The tide slowly crabbed us in towards the beach, so we turned on the motor. It seemed a bad way to begin a deep water passage. We didn't mind the fact that *Temptress* had an ancient engine which belched clouds of smoke and filled the cabin with a reek of hot oil, or that we vibrated mercilessly when we attained five knots — it was just that we felt we were setting a bad precedent. But, at the same time, we hoped to round Hatteras while the weather held good and it seemed pointless to remove sea lashings from an anchor. Had we had an efficient crystal ball in operation, we would have known that our annoyances were but a foretaste of things to come.

Temptress was a comfortable ship, with all that that implies. She was old, she was beamy, she was undercanvased, she was slow — but she was comfortable. She was comfortable below, where her cabin had a lived-in quality rarely encountered in small yachts; she was comfortable on deck, where one man could lash the wheel and do almost any chore without having to call the men below; and, most important, she made her crew feel comfortable when the going got heavy. *Temptress* was built around 1890 and rigged as a cutter; before '32 she had been altered to a ketch without shifting the position of the mainmast, and, although her sails were jib-headed, they were hoisted on masts intended for a gaff rig. She was slow, all right. As Si said: "She goes to windward like a haystack." She was 45 feet over all, 31′ on the water line, 12′ beam, and drew 5½′, carrying her keel all the way forward. She had a graceful stern, a clipper bow and a lengthy bowsprit, the latter her one real fault in heavy weather.

Temptress was owned and sailed by the late Dr. A. C. Strong, member of the Cruising Club of America, known up and down the coast as "Si." He lived aboard fifty weeks a year, following the same halcyon schedule: the Bahamas in winter, the Chesapeake or Long Island Sound in summer, with a coastwise or blue water passage (depending on the crew) each spring and fall. Si had a vast store of knowledge, based on experience, and studied the books of other small boat sailors. His time was devoted to preparing for an ultimate cruise to the South Seas, where he expected to live out his life sailing among the islands. Unfortunately, he died after building his dream ship and without ever getting canvas on her. Si was a fine skipper and a miraculous seagoing cook. To him cruising was a way of life. Despite the shortcomings of *Temptress*, she pleased him and suited his needs, which is all that a man can ask of a boat. The third man aboard was Don Hilton, the finest sailor and shipmate I have ever known. He was a graduate engineer and mathematics was his hobby, so he acted as navigator for the passage.

The motor stayed on for two hours, when a gentle breeze came in from the southwest and Si thankfully shut off the gas. My watch until midnight. The next day began with a beautiful but pale sunrise. The wind, which had freshened slightly, slowly backed toward the south and died. There was no land in sight but steamers passed, hull down to the westward. Our desired course was S½E, to lay Diamond Shoals Lightship, but the light breeze that came up after lunch dictated a full-and-by course averaging SE. It was a beautiful day; the sea was deep green and calm. We had lunch on the cabin table, and no water spilled from full glasses. Two stowaways, small birds resembling sparrows, kept us company most of the day. They had joined ship during our game of tag with the buoy and were quite tame, coming close to the helmsman but refusing food and water. After making a thorough inspection of the ship, they spent the night under the port dinghy; in the morning, I found one perched on a peg in the galley. In the afternoon, they flew to the main spreaders, chirped to each other as they took bearings, and departed due west. At 1500, the breeze freshened from the south and we put about on a course of SWbyS.

We tacked again at midnight. The breeze picked up to Force 4 but still came out of the south. At 0900, I came on watch in a driving rain to find the first fair slant of the trip. But it was not for long, both the wind and rain died, leaving us wallowing in a lumpy sea. At noon, Don was able to get a sight. Our log read 188, and our position was entered as 35° 41′ N., 75° 11′ W. This added up to 30 miles of southing in 24 hours; from 8:20 p.m. to 8:00 a.m. we had made good only 8 miles.

On the fourth day out, I took over at 0300 to find a fresh breeze from the NNW. The course was SWbyS and the barometer was high. It was clear, with stars thick and a wedge of moon hanging at the rim of the sea. It was good sailing; at the beginning of the watch, the seas that came rolling out of the darkness were black and smooth; they slid under the stern in an unending procession, shouldered *Temptress* up and disappeared to leeward in a thunder of dim foam. Later, the stars began to fade, the eastern sky became gray and the sea took on the color of slate. The sun came up a fiery threat of bad weather and again the sea altered its color, and gradually its mood, as though to assure us that the sun was false. The water changed to the unbelievable blue of the Gulf Stream and our wake lay astern, white and sparkling.

The breeze lightened with the sunrise and by noon we were slatting around in a dead calm. The log showed a gain of 75 miles but, due to the Stream, sights indicated a net of only 30. It was warm and we stripped down to shorts. Not a breath of air stirred until midnight, when a faint air came from the south.

At six the next morning, I came on deck to find that the previous watch had furled the main. Periods of calm were broken by heavy squalls. Even under short canvas, *Temptress* buried her lee rail and the rain was so thick that I could hardly see the bowsprit. By 1130, we were hove to, with a snorter from the southwest bearing down. At first, neither wind nor sea were really bad enough to warrant heaving to but we weren't getting anywhere in our efforts to go to windward. It was like riding a hobby horse under a cold shower. *Temptress* labored: you had to knock her off a couple of points to get her moving, then, as you brought her close, the first sea would lift her so that she would plunge into the second and stop dead on the third, and it became necessary to ease her off again. Once hove to, she rode easily some six points off the wind. Because her mainmast was well aft, and because of her deep forefoot, she lay to beautifully under the staysail sheeted to windward and with the wheel lashed. We made ready a storm trysail on the main but never had to use it.

By afternoon, it was blowing a gale and the wind held steady throughout the night and all the next day. The seas built up to a respectable size but remained long and regular. A steamer that passed close aboard seemed to be making heavier weather of it than *Temptress*. It was comfortable below but rather messy. Si kept the hot meals coming on schedule but not without minor accidents. Coffee grounds and oatmeal somehow found their way to the cabin floor and thence into the bunks; an occasional dollop dropped a bucket of brine down the companionway when the man on watch (who spent most of his time below) made a check topside. Bunks became soggy and there wasn't much point in changing clothes, because at least those we were wearing had body heat. Ventilation was inadequate and our kerosene pressure stove failed to dry the cabin.

Shortly before midnight, the jib washed out its lashings along the bowsprit and we had to crawl out to make it fast. It was a black night, not even a star was visible and securing that balky canvas was a cold job. The bowsprit was burying itself under solid water. We started with one hand for the ship and the other for ourselves but didn't gain much because the stiffened canvas kept washing or blowing from our grip. Drastic measures were necessary, as we soon began to grow numb from our alternate dunking and fanning. Finally I twined my legs in the lubber's net, got a grip around Don's waist and the bowsprit, and he used both hands for the ship. Looking down, I could dimly see the whole forefoot: it would hang poised for a second, then slice down and fling two wedges of spray. Don worked under as much as above water and finally secured the stubborn sail.

After midnight, the wind began to haul and abate and by dawn of the 28th we had a strong breeze from the NW. We made really good progress for the first time of the passage, sailing under reefed mizzen, trysail and staysail. As *Temptress* stood up well, we added the jib: five minutes later it blew out of the boltropes. There was still plenty of weight in the wind. Twenty-four hours later, we were again rolling around without steerage way, having previously averaged six knots for some 18 hours. This noble run finally put us somewhat below Cape Hatteras, although far to the eastward of where we wanted to be. Don made our noon position about 20 miles south of the Cape and 140 miles offshore. We had logged over 500 miles to make good 130. Forty hours of drift while hove to had cost us plenty of ground.

There was a light breeze that afternoon, but from the south. We took advantage of the sun to dry everything below, as well as to clean the cabin and galley thoroughly. Bed sheets in the rigging, pillows on deck, blankets on the dinghies, wet clothes everywhere; we looked like a rummage sale.

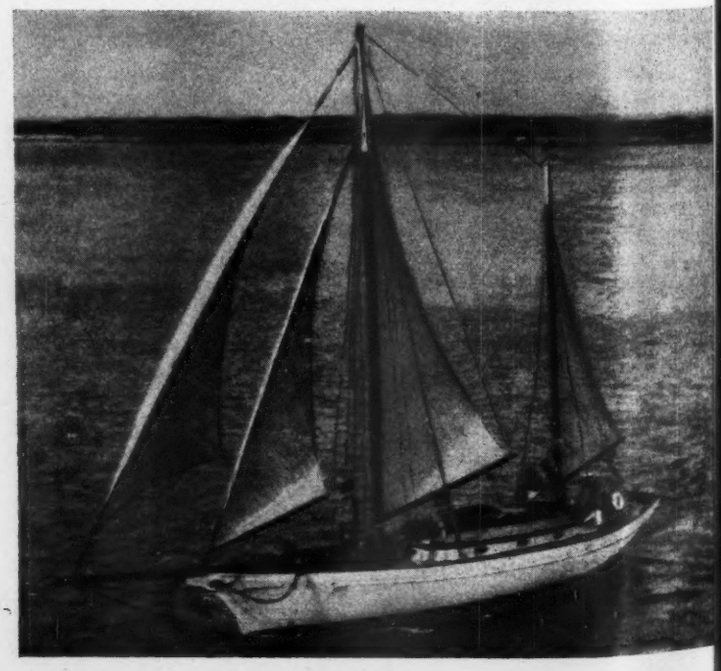
Dawn of the 30th found us becalmed and we stayed that way most of the day, being unable to make even a balloon staysail draw. Our tenth day at sea started well. The 1000 entry in my log begins: "At last! Perfect weather! We are running WSW wing and wing, with everything aloft, including some bed sheets in the main rigging. The sun is bright, the following sea small, and all's right with the world." *Temptress* slid along without any fuss and we soaked up the sunshine. I had the 3:00 to 6:00 morning watch (we stood three on and six off) and it was so perfect that I didn't turn in after breakfast. By 1630 the northeast breeze had freshened to an estimated Force 5. During the noon to three watch, *Temptress* averaged 5.3 knots and later, after Si patched a hole in the staysail and it had been reset, we stepped up to 6.2. This apparently was close to the ship's critical speed as we were never able to drive her much beyond that figure. Yellow patches of Gulf weed drifted by and we had the feeling that at last we were getting south.

At noon of November 1st the log read 717 miles, the wind had headed us by moving around to the SW, and our course was W by N. We had made some progress during the previous 24 hours, but it was discouraging to strip down to mizzen and staysail and begin a slog to windward. It was cold and wet on deck; a steep little sea kept driving spray in the helmsman's face. Occasionally the bow flushed a flying fish but the feeling of moving south had departed.

I spent my midnight-to-three watch commencing that night huddled in a vertical flooding rain, with not a breath of air in the sails. A confused sea rolled us mercilessly; the sheet blocks rasped along the travellers to end with a metallic crash and a slat of canvas. Below, Don and Si slept peacefully. The rain ceased after dawn. It became a beautiful day, but remained windless. From midnight to noon we logged only 11.3 miles. We had lunch on deck under a cloudless sky. The water was an incredible blue and tin cans tossed overboard seemed to take minutes to sink out of sight.

During the six-to-nine watch we got another change in the

(Continued on page 89)



"Temptress" was old, she was beamy, she was undercanvased, she was slow — but she was comfortable

OCTOBER, 1944

A CRUISE THAT FAILED

Reasons For the Failure of a "World Cruise" and an Examination of Its Difficulties

By ROBERT FRENCH

"Robert French brought the venerable 56-foot schooner 'Babboon' home to San Pedro late in June from Hawaii, 'farthest west' of the intended world cruise on which the former Burgess 'Forty' started last January. French was the only member of the 'Babboon's' original crew to stay with the ship." — from "West Coast Bubbles" by Waldo Drake, YACHTING, June, 1936.

THIS is a somewhat belated analysis of why a cruise failed, with some suggestions as to how a similar situation might be avoided in some of the many long ocean voyages that are already being planned for the postwar years. Perhaps the time that has elapsed between the actual sailing and this writing will allow a less emotional approach — if any phase of yachting can be discussed without passion.

The elements that make for the success of a long cruise may be divided into three main heads: suitable boat, suitable crew, and suitable finances. These factors are variable within wide limits but the balance of their relationship can determine the ultimate degree of success. It was an improper balance of these factors that caused the untimely end of the cruise of which I write but, before getting into an analysis of that unbalance, I should like to recite the factual history involved.

One afternoon in November of 1935, four young fellows went to see the motion picture "Mutiny on the Bounty," which had just come out. While still in that escapist fog which surrounds one fresh out of a movie, somebody said,

"Boy! Would I like to go to the South Seas!"

"Let's do it! Gee, those native girls!"

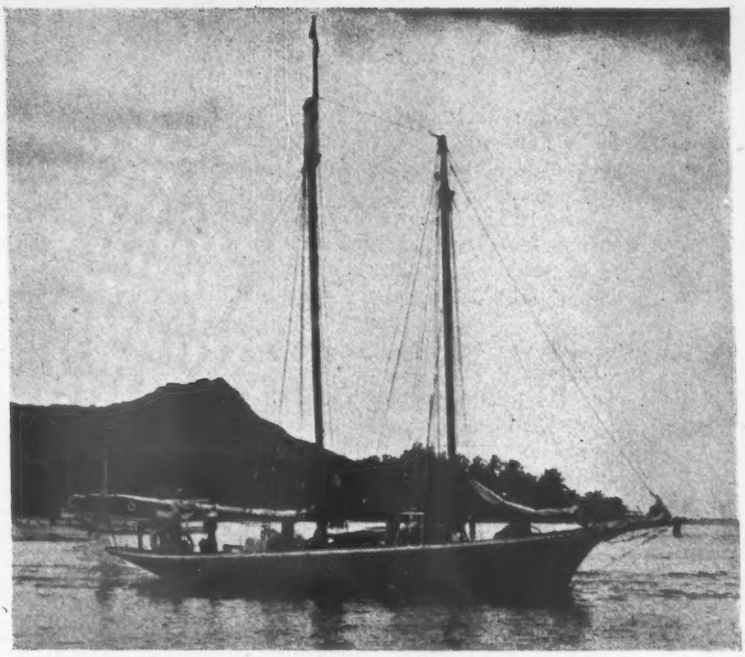
"Yeah, and rum — we'll live on fish!"

"I know a guy who knows all about boats, how to run 'em and everything!"

So they came over to my office and asked me if I'd be interested in going along as skipper, none of them knew a thing about boats. I didn't know them well but business was rotten and the rum and fish idea sounded pretty good; and, anyway, who would pass up a chance like this. My own offshore experience was not extensive, but was enlarged by a passionate interest, over a long period, in every phase of yachting from design to navigation. A trip to the Orient as able seaman in a tramp freighter which included getting tamely shipwrecked, and a season on the Great Lakes, including the Chicago-Mackinac Race; on the Pacific Coast, five years in the Six-Metres and two years in the "Eights" without missing a race. On top of this, a lot of miscellaneous cruising which, in Southern California, is essentially open sea work.

They were the most enthusiastic kids I ever saw. We sat around till midnight telling each other about all the places we'd go and about all the hell we'd raise, and wound up with the plan of a 'round-the-world cruise to last about three years. They must have consulted their parents that night, because the next morning we started out to look for a suitable boat.

We had good luck, for within a week we had bought the *Babboon*, a 56′ and 40′ by 14′ by 8′ 10″ schooner, designed by Edward Burgess and built by Lawley in 1888. Two brothers put up the purchase price and took title to the boat; the rest of us made such contributions toward expenses and expendable supplies as were commensurate with our current resources. More about the boat later; but let it be understood now that she was as sound and able a craft as might be desired for real offshore work. A slight modification of rig, a little yard work, fitting out,



With Diamond Head in the background, "Babboon" heads to sea. Designed by Edward Burgess, and built by Lawley in 1888, she is as sound and able a craft as could be desired for offshore work

and a couple of shakedown cruises occupied about a month. Then we were off on the first leg — to Honolulu.

Six days out found us about 90 miles from home, due to calms. Then followed about 1000 miles of sailing in variable winds, mostly to windward, before we picked up what little of the NE trades prevail in January. The passage was uneventful and was made in 24 days — not remarkable time, but pleasant enough from a sailing standpoint. It was, of course, beset with all the standard annoyances of life in a small boat and, in addition, had the special disadvantage of a green crew which seemed to have neither the desire nor aptitude to learn even the first principles of seamanship. The trip also had all the pleasures inherent in handling a smart sailer over a long distance and the ineffable satisfaction of making a perfect landfall.

In Honolulu, a cottage was rented and the boat virtually abandoned. Once ashore, arguments that had been held under control at sea broke into the open. As a result, one of the crew returned home. Seeking to bolster the efficiency of the crew, I obtained the services of a young friend who had little sea experience but was naturally adapted to the life and could learn quickly. He came by steamer from Los Angeles to replace the man we had lost.

After about two months in Honolulu, we sailed for Hilo, a passage of about 200 miles which took four days. We planned to stay there a week but actually stayed a month. During that time, the tendency of the original crew members to disperse became more pronounced. One of the crew flew back to Honolulu and got married, leaving the ship. Another was requested by his family to come home. He did; that left the *Babboon* with a crew of three — one of the initial party, my friend, and myself.

We had decided by then to omit the South Seas and go directly to the Philippines by way of Wake and Guam. We sailed from Hilo for Wake Island at noon, made a few miles offshore and were becalmed. I don't know where the trades were but there we sat for three days in sight of Hilo. During this time, the remaining member of the original crew lost his interest in the venture and declared his intention to discontinue the cruise. As he was by that time the nominal owner of the boat, I conceded. With the coming of wind we proceeded to Honolulu, whence he returned home by steamer. I recruited two inexperienced but willing boys, and set out to take the *Babboon* back to Los Angeles.

This passage took 25 days and included some spirited sailing weather, plenty of wind and plenty of calm. The boat was turned over to the two owners, who sold her almost immediately. How different the end of this story might have been had there been a breeze the day we left Hilo!

So ended the "world cruise" of the *Babboon*, less than six months after the start. Of this time, only some 58 days were spent at sea. A total of eight men, comprising five different crew lists, served the ship.

Now, looking backward at the cruise to its beginning, the chances for success appeared good. First, there was an excellent vessel; second, an enthusiastic crew; third, there was sufficient money. Why, then, did the cruise fail? If the answer can be found, perhaps it will apply to other cruises and serve as a guide for others who are planning an extended trip.

I have said that the suitability and interrelation of the three elements of boat, people and money determine the success or failure of a long cruise. Perhaps an analysis of these elements as they apply to this cruise will indicate both the reason for the failure and a solution of the difficulties.

Let us start with the first element: a suitable vessel. I do not wish to enter into the never-ending controversy as to what is the ideal world cruiser. However, the experienced yachtsman looks for certain things in a boat for this purpose. She must have seaworthiness, comfort, safety, sail-carrying ability and a number of other equally important qualities — all of which should be conservatively appraised. Assuming that one cannot afford to have such a vessel especially designed and built to suit his particular requirements, he will be fortunate indeed if he is able to find a suitable boat that is for sale at a price he can afford. It is unlikely that the ideal boat will be found; therefore compromises must be effected. The final choice resolves itself into weighing one available boat against another, neither of which may be the buyer's idea of perfection. Under these conditions, it is almost certain that some alterations will have to be made to the rig and accommodations. Expenses for such work should be reckoned in with the purchase price.

We were lucky in our search in finding the *Babboon* almost immediately. While old, she was admirably adapted to offshore work. Throughout her long and honorable career, she had had excellent care. At the time we found her, she was owned by Hugh Angleman, of the Wilmington Boat Works, and was in top-notch condition. She had a large gaff main and a 16-foot bowsprit. With the aid of Nick Potter, the rig was redesigned for strenuous offshore work by using a jib-headed main and cutting eight feet off the bowsprit. This was a minor operation entailing but little labor and did not appreciably affect her sailing ability.

When built in 1888, for Charles Francis Adams and Arthur Adams, she was a cutter, carrying about 3100 square feet of sail. Subsequently, she was converted to schooner rig; after our alterations, she had only about 1100 square feet. Even with this drastic reduction, she was still an excellent performer. Returning from Honolulu, she did 198 nautical miles in a noon-to-noon (23½ hour) run. She often turned in runs of over 150 miles in 24 hours in moderate weather. The only time that she was reefed in the entire trip it was blowing so hard that the fore boom showed signs of giving way — which provided the only reason for reducing sail. Then she was strapped down flat and made over 600 miles to windward in four days! She was flush decked with a clipper bow, moderate freeboard, a sharp entry, slack bilges, a fine run, and too much draft (8′ 10″.) Her tremendous lateral plane helped her to windward and yet she would move remarkably fast in light airs.

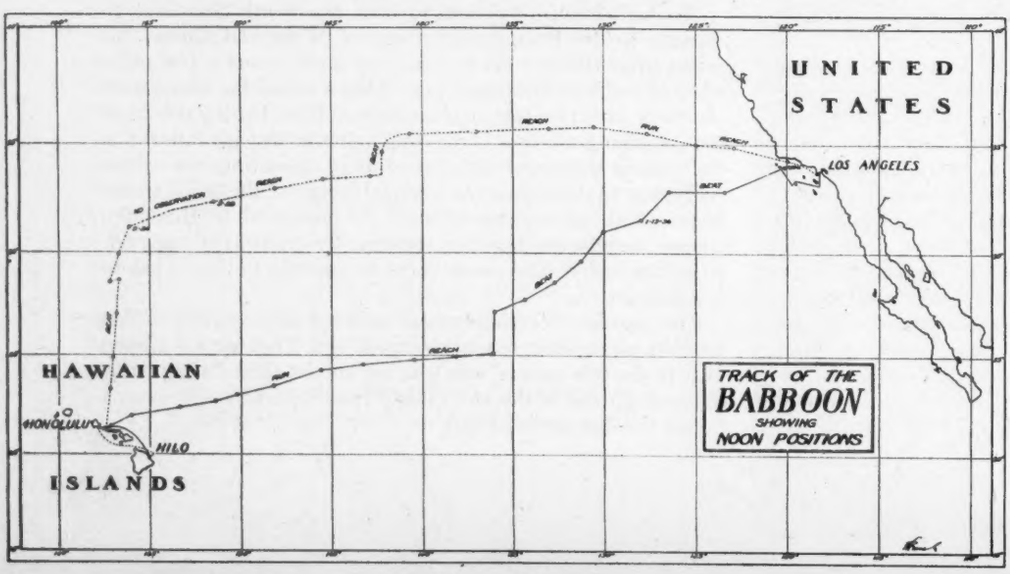
During a blow, a really dry bunk was mighty scarce

Probably all schooners with a deep forefoot require a good deal of steering when running before a strong breeze. The *Babboon* was no exception, yet she never gave the feeling that she was out of control. Her low center of gravity made her rather uneasy in a calm but gave her plenty of sail-carrying power. Seldom were oilskins necessary because of spray, and she never pounded — ever!

Life in a small yacht is usually made miserable not by one outstanding defect but rather by the sum of a number of small annoyances. Chief among these on the *Babboon* was a leaking deck. The leaks were persistent and seemed to move about and no amount of fixing would eliminate them entirely. There is hardly a more delicious feeling than crawling into a warm, dry, bunk after a trick at the wheel in bad weather, but in *Babboon* during a blow, a really dry bunk was rare to the point of being non-existent.

In this cruise, it was not the defects of the ship that caused the failure of the trip. A summation of her good points and bad shows a large credit balance. She was well suited to the work at hand. Her cost and operating expenses were well within the financial limits of the party. She was not, however, properly suited to the crew. Each member of the original party, except myself, had come from a rather luxurious home life, with little outdoor experience — and no experience with living in cramped quarters with others. *Babboon* would have been a dream ship to many a world cruiser but, for this particular group, she wasn't nearly big enough or refined enough. There just weren't enough comforts aboard to make her seem homelike to them. So we find that, although *Babboon* was a fine ship in her own right and her relationship to available finances was favorable, she was not correctly related to the crew.

My advice to prospective world cruisers about the type of boat is simple: if you can't get the boat you want, get the best you can but in any case let her have a tight deck. *Get a boat that suits the crew.* If they're all ex-Six-Metre men, better find something that will get to windward. If they are inexperienced, comfort is a vital factor. If they are all experienced yachtsmen — well, at least you'll have something to argue about.



Now for the second factor: the crew. A crew is composed of individuals and those individuals must somehow be welded together into a congenial group. Perhaps tolerance is the outstanding virtue of the individual crew member for a long cruise. Other virtues might be: a willingness to do his share, a lively interest in many subjects and, above all, a love of boats and the sea that is not a passing infatuation.

I would not care to enter into a detailed character analysis of each member of our crew. In the first place, I do not feel qualified to do so. Secondly, this would result in a revelation of my own foibles! Let it

be said, merely, that the original group was lacking in tolerance and, to a greater or lesser extent, the other virtues aforementioned. To most of them, *Babboon* was regarded as a means of transportation rather than as a ship. Her passages became a means to an end rather than pretty much an end in themselves. Politically, the ship functioned as a democracy, each member having a vote on policy. As the skipper, I had in addition full authority in technical matters. I believe that this is a good way to operate but aboard *Babboon* peace and good will were not always present, nor were they ever unreservedly absent.

To myself, who rather dislikes firearms, the intense preoccupation of the boys with guns seemed out of place and dangerous in a yacht and took away attention from the proper upkeep of the ship. The extent of the armament that got aboard was almost unbelievable. The arsenal included: five service revolvers, five army rifles, three rifles, three shotguns, two air pistols and 12,000 rounds of ammunition. These occupied the best locker in the ship and seemed to require constant attention — and a lot of oil on the cabin floor. It's just a damn shame we weren't cruising in Japanese waters on December seventh.

The next best locker was crammed with camera equipment but the only pictures I have of *Babboon* on this cruise were presented to me by a Chinese boy in Honolulu.

Now I'm not decrying hobbies or divertissement when cruising but the equipment can certainly take up a lot of room and, unless it is of constructive use, it can become a nuisance. When I think of the times I had to dig out the sextant case from under a pile of guns, or found it shoved into a corner somewhere, I think maybe I should have foreseen at such times the early failure of the cruise.

Another point that seemed of little interest was learning seamanship. A good deal of the course to Hawaii is off the wind, often running wing-and-wing, and learning to steer calls for close attention. I don't know what the world's record for jibing is, but sight unseen I'll bet my bottom dollar on our performance over that course. Inch-and-a-quarter boom guys, made fast to the anchor bitts, boom tackles to the rail and slacking peak halliards couldn't make up for the inattention of some of the hands that held the *Babboon's* wheel. We jibed in all possible ways and in a few that looked impossible, such as jibing both the main and the fore while wing-and-wing. Fortunately the foresail had vertical cloths and a bolt rope up the leech; otherwise it would have been split a dozen times. It wasn't a bad sail, either. Once she was brought up into the wind with the preventers set, she sailed backwards fairly well although a little hard to steer.

The preoccupation of the boys with guns seemed dangerous and out of place on a yacht

Arriving in Honolulu harbor, we drank up the one bottle of hooch aboard and were filled with brotherly love for a while. I think everyone had a fine time in the Islands, so fine that perhaps the "joys" of life afloat began to look a little dim, and one by one the steamer took them home as recounted earlier. When the last man flunked out and the world cruise was definitely ended, I was mightily discouraged but agreed to sail the boat back to Los Angeles. My young friend was still with the ship and enthusiastic about sailing anywhere. We cast about for some good sailors but ended up with two totally green hands who impressed us at least with their adaptability. One of these was a Korean about 20 years old who was born in Hawaii. He was one of the darndest liars I have ever known and one of the most interesting.

Out of a number of prospects, we picked the two we did mostly because we liked them. However it was, this new group functioned together beautifully and the trip home was in a happy ship. The new boys were willing workers and eager to learn. After a week at sea, they could reef, hand and steer and made up for their inexperience with enthusiasm for sailing and seamanship. Each of them had knocked around a bit and had learned how to entertain himself and all their amusement hadn't been store-bought or ready made.

Now, there had been crews aboard the *Babboon* that didn't click, and here was a crew that did. How come? Frankly, I'm not exactly sure. The last crew aboard, the one that clicked, was *selected*. All the other groups aboard were assembled arbitrarily. Politically we were a limited monarchy on the homeward leg — there was only one boss. Looking back over the history of seafaring, that system has been proved successful. I guess every ship should have a skipper whose word is final in all things.

So, in choosing your crew for a long voyage, if you can't get the people you want, get the best you can but, in any case, let them be tolerant. Get experienced sailors if possible, for they will know in advance the grief to be encountered in a small yacht and how to make the best of it. Avoid the nervous type, or the man who is always in a hurry, or the man with a supersensitive nature. Beware of the green hand who may be temporarily overcome by the romance of the sea and far places. Have a skipper; let him have full authority in all things, and let him be tolerant. Get people who suit the boat, all of us can stand a good deal of luxury but not all can live happily for long in a boat that offers scant comfort. Get practical people if you can; I know people whose impracticality is a large part of their charm but the desirability of this source of interest is shortlived in a small yacht. For instance, one man in *Babboon* traded three of our five sheepskin coats for a brass cannon. It was an excellent little cannon, all right, and made a brave noise but it wasn't much comfort on a cool night at sea.

Element three, finances, was the only item that was satisfactory in *Babboon*. I don't mean by this that unlimited capital was available or that it was evenly distributed among the original crew members but merely that the financial condition was workable and did not have much bearing on the failure of the cruise.

Possibly the element of available money is variable within wider limits than the other two factors discussed. The deficiencies are more easily overcome — not so much by getting more money as by doing without. A capable crew can do so much of the maintenance of a boat that actual expenditures on a long cruise can be modest. I have found that the people in out of the way places are hospitable and that they do not expect lavish entertainment in return.

I have talked with many who think they can start out on a world cruise with little or no credit balance and earn their expenses en route. Also, I have talked with some who have had actual experience and they say that earning money is practically out of the question when once out of the U.S., unless one wants to compete with labor at about 40 cents a day. Writing professionally may net some income but is not a readily negotiable commodity.

Te Rapunga arrived in Honolulu while we were there. She had been 87 days at sea from Australia and had had an extremely hard trip due to serious leaks in the hull. The crew was worn out, depressed and broke; but they all grabbed typewriters and started to write like mad. At best, it must have been several weeks before they could have obtained any cash from this effort. An old gentleman came into Honolulu alone from Los Angeles in a 36-foot Block Island boat. He, too, was tired, discouraged and broke; and he found he couldn't write well

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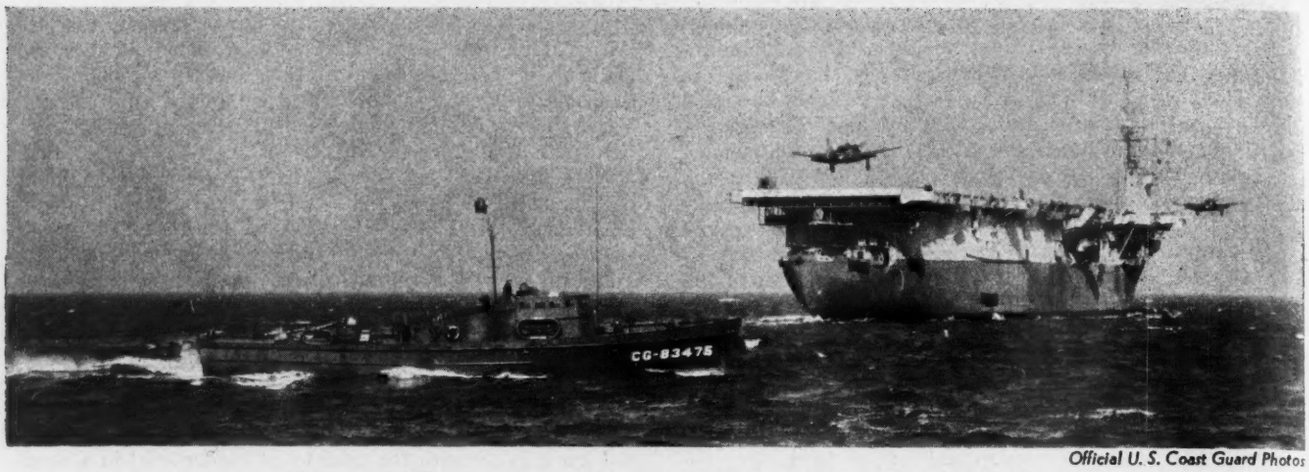


Official U. S. Coast Guard Photos

Among the many exacting duties of the Coast Guard's Wheeler-built 83-foot cutters is aircraft rescue operations for the Navy's training carriers

GUARDIAN ANGELS OF THE CARRIER FLEET

The Coast Guard's Versatile 83-foot Cutters Are "Crash Boats" for the Fledging Pilots

By SANDFORD SMITH, *Lieut. (jg), USCGR*

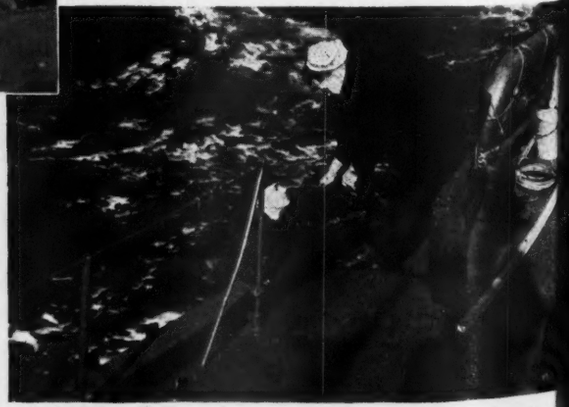
RESCUING fledgling pilots whose wings have dipped too low, cutting in and about the "flat tops" and effecting the rescue of men and the salvage of equipment is one of the little-known tasks of the Coast Guard's 83′ cutters. Fair weather or foul, day or night, such duty is all in a day's work for these "crash boats" attached to the U. S. Fleet-Air Command. During the early months of training, when the present procedure had not as yet been attained, only one cutter was assigned to duty with each carrier. It was then that the teamwork and split second efficiency of the Coast Guard crews repeatedly paid enormous dividends.

It was a cold, blustery day, with a heavy sea rolling up the Chesapeake, when the orders came in from the carrier to rendezvous for the day's operations. Lines were cast off and the Coast Guard vessel left her moorings and headed for location "X." Rolling, pitching, with her bow under water more than half the time, her decks constantly drenched by icy spray, she slid through the cold gray waters of the bay toward the appointed meeting place. After an hour and a half's steaming time, during which she was at times lifted and shaken by the angry waters as a terrier shakes a rat, her crew cold and drenched by icy spray and water, the cutter came to under the lee of the carrier, awaiting orders.

With complete disregard for the adverse weather, the order came for routine operations. Hours of patrolling back and forth in the wake of the carrier, pounded and shaken yet constantly on the alert, found the crew worn and tired. Suddenly came the instant which justified the hours of seemingly aimless maneuvering. A plane had just taken off from the heaving deck of the carrier when suddenly the motor conked out. In an effort to give the crash boat all the time possible to get to the scene, the pilot pulled the nose up sharply and then sent the plane into a long glide toward the immediate vicinity of the Coast Guard vessel. Here was a "crash!"

Meanwhile, aboard the cutter, aches and pains were forgotten as she leaped ahead as if shot from a rifle. In a matter of seconds, and with every man at his post, the boat reached the scene of the accident. Hardly had the grinning, relieved pilot been hauled aboard when the alarm was given for the second time in less than five minutes. Another unlucky pilot had mistimed his final contact with the rolling deck of the carrier and his plane bounced toward the sky again but with the landing hook affixed to the cable. For an instant

(Continued on page 102)



Left, harpooning a fallen plane so as to buoy it for future salvage operations. Above, spotting a "crash." Right, a pilot is hauled aboard a cutter

Official U. S. Coast Guard Photo

"Danmark" under all plain sail. She is now based at the U. S. Coast Guard Academy, New London

THE TRAINING SHIP "DANMARK"

Built to Train Young Danes, She Now Serves the U. S. Coast Guard

By RICHARD F. GOENNEL, *BM 1c, USCGR*

IT WAS April 10th, 1940, that the full rigged ship *Danmark*, laying in Jacksonville Harbor, Florida, was to sail for Copenhagen, her home port, completing a world cruise begun in 1939. On April 9th a farewell party was given for the officers and cadets by the German-American Club. Amid the gayety the music coming over the radio was interrupted with a news flash announcing that the Nazis had invaded the Danish homeland. The less said about the remainder of that evening, the better. Rather than continue as planned and risk certain internment for his crew and confiscation of his ship, the captain thought it best to remain in Jacksonville. There she stayed for two years, during which time most of her crew worked ashore. A small number stayed aboard, keeping the ship in repair until the Coast Guard took her over for a training ship.

In December, 1941, Coast Guard officers, cadets and enlisted men were sent to Florida to sail her north to continue her career under the American flag. Her new base was the Coast Guard Academy at New London. Six of the original officers and six cadets stayed with the ship and are now instructors in various classes held aboard. Captain Knud L. Hansen, the *Danmark's* original skipper, is still in command of the vessel.

It was no simple matter to select vessels for the enormous training program then being organized to keep pace with our rapidly growing naval and merchant fleet. Ships formerly used for training now had more important work to do and substitutes had to be found. The *Danmark* is perfectly adapted for this work, having been built for training cadets in the Danish Merchant Marine.

She is a full rigged ship built in Nakskov, Denmark, in 1932. Her dimensions are: Length over all, 210′; beam, 30′; draft, 17′; displacement, 1700 tons. The main truck is 135′ above the deck and the main yard is 70′ long. The sail area is 18,000 square feet. The hull is of Swedish iron and all the woodwork is teak. She has made 14 knots under sail.

Below, she is divided into six watertight compartments. There are watertight doors in the bulkheads and every compartment has a companionway leading to the deck fitted with steel emergency hatches. Officers have their own staterooms aft. Furthest aft is the wardroom, beautifully appointed and paneled with mahogany. Also located aft, down deep, is the 250 hp. Diesel, of Danish manufacture. After ten years it is still performing well. Forward are the three large cadet compartments extending the full width of the ship. In each compartment are swung about 40 hammocks and on each side are long tables used for meals and studying. The tables are fitted with fiddles which need not be used except in a breeze as the *Danmark* has quite a bit of initial stability. The galley is on the main deck. The food is excellent, as it is in most Coast Guard vessels — not fancy, but well cooked and balanced.

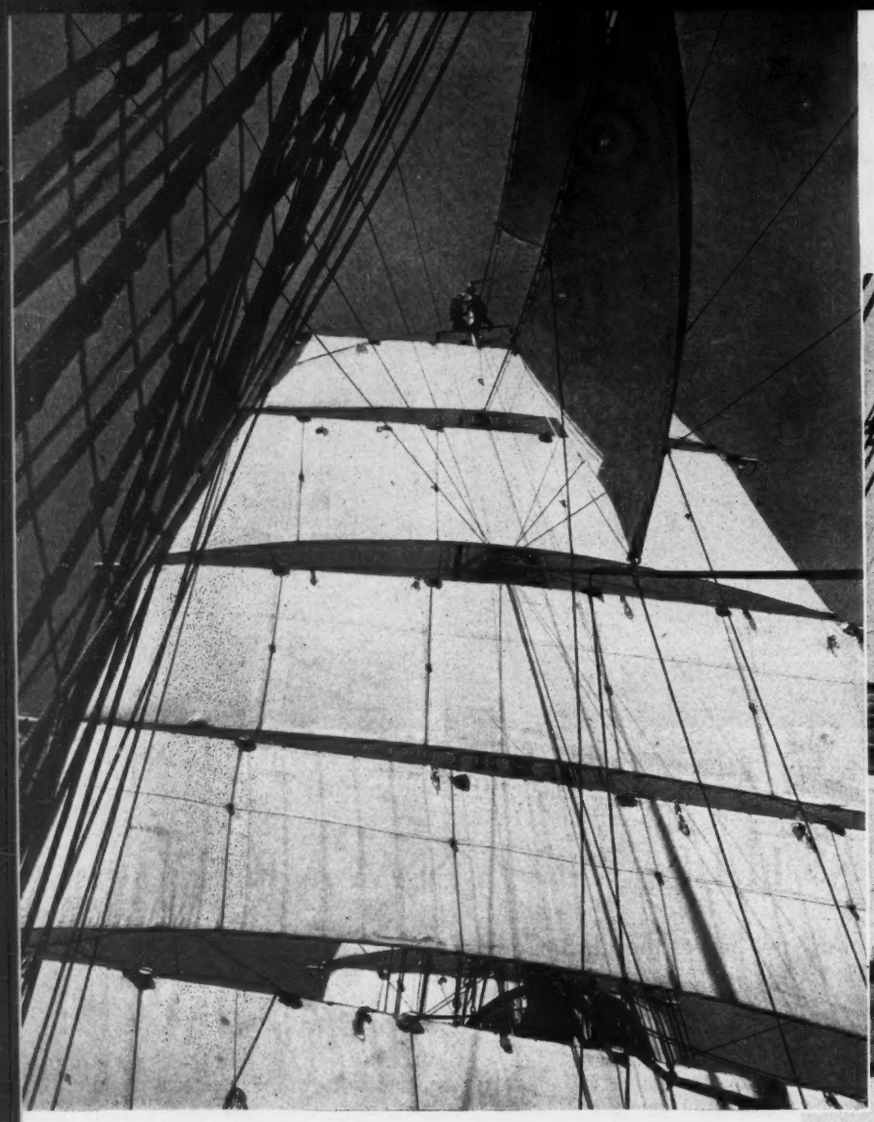
The head is forward under the fo'c's'le and is the favorite meeting place for a smoke and exchange of "scuttlebutt." Seasick mariners who wonder about the glory of sailing gather there. They are uneasy aloft, seasick on deck and everyone is ordering them about. Climbing up and down rigging, handling braces, buntlines and clewlines, hoisting out boats and pulling an oar in every imaginable weather condition, besides making sailors teaches a man to take anything and challenges any commando course.

The Coast Guard Reserve Officers' Training School program takes four months, the last of which is spent aboard one of several vessels attached to the Academy. Cadets are selected for various vessels by their instructors some time during the first three months. Those going aboard the *Danmark* are in for thrills few can experience today. The first impression of the number of lines is confusing enough without sleeping in a hammock and hearing strange commands. Going aloft is great fun for some. For most, however, it is an ordeal even at anchor, not to mention climbing around on swaying ratlines and out on swinging yards while under way, trying to work balky canvas into a decent furl. If it were not for a few well timed shouts from on deck, the boys would not get aloft at all. However, after a week aboard they are quite agile if not too eager. It is interesting to follow the progress of the cadets and their change in attitude between the time they first come aboard with an active curiosity that has

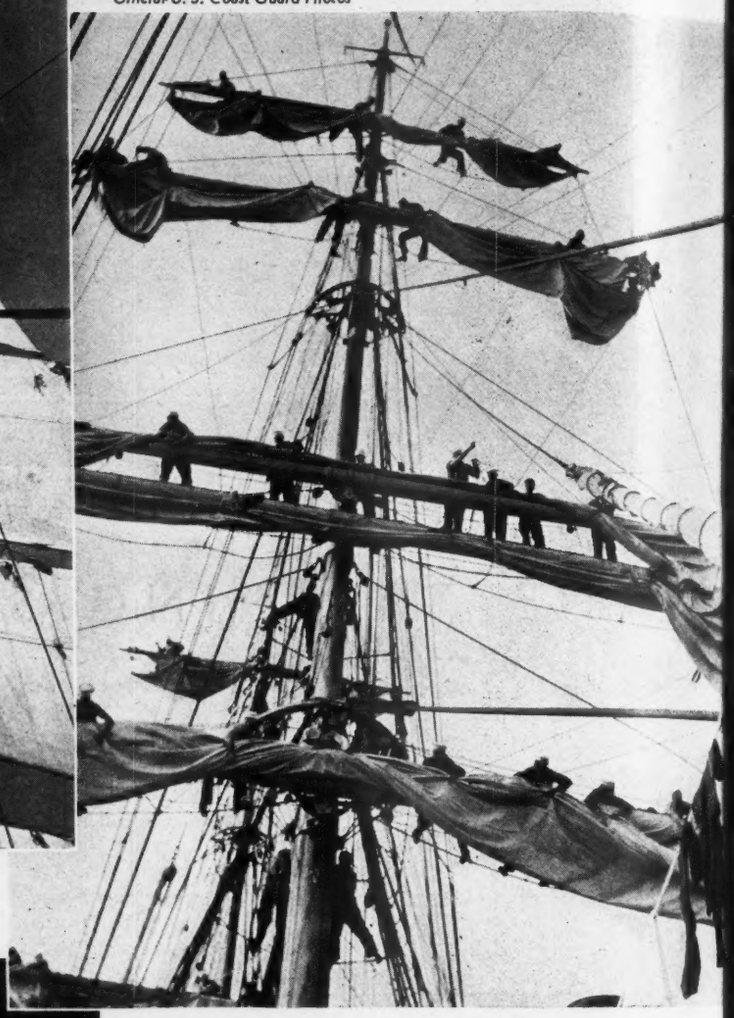
TRAINING IN SAIL

Below, the first time aloft is great fun for some of the cadets; for others it is an ordeal. After a short time aboard they scramble up the ratlines like old hands

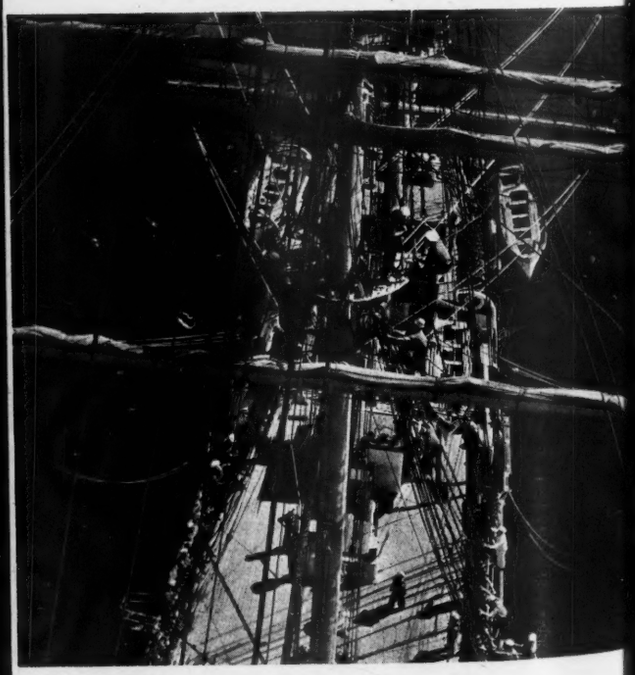
Official U. S. Coast Guard Photos

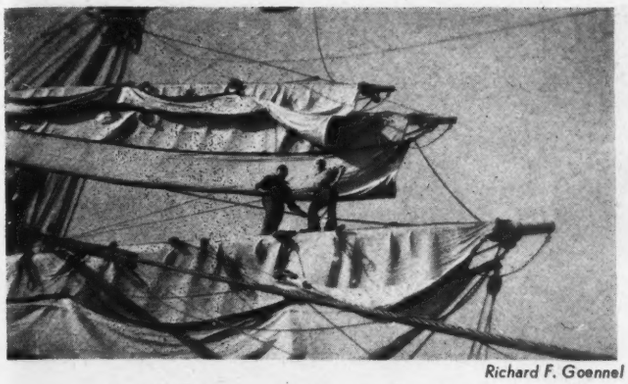


Above, the "Danmark's" total sail area is 18,000 square feet. Below, her decks are a beautiful light cream color



Below, built to serve as a training ship, the "Danmark's" wide decks make an ideal nautical classroom





Richard F. Goennel

Square sails loosed and "hanging in the gear"

them interested in everything, and graduation day when they are "paid off" (with a commission). What they learn most of is teamwork and its value. They soon realize that when several of them are pulling on the same line it is a lot easier if they all pull together. People often ask: "How can four months' training make an officer in a profession that really takes a lifetime to learn?" Well, the facts speak for themselves. Coast Guard Officers and men have made a record to be proud of in every Allied campaign.

During the last month, the Cadets put into practice the theory they had heard so much about during the first three months. A typical day aboard starts with the call of "All hands" at 0545. Amid grunts and groans of aching bodies, bare feet drop to the cold deck. Hammocks are lashed and stowed. A dash forward to the head, a brief wash with (usually) cold water; then the ship gets her scrubbing. Hoses are broken out; decks are wet down and scrubbed with sand and lye, until backs are near breaking. When dry, the decks are a beautiful light cream color, especially on the poop where the boys, knowing they work on the Captain's domain, seem to raise an extra blister or two in their efforts. "Soogeeing" paintwork, polishing brass, chipping and painting are constantly being done by those not on watch. That accounts for the ship's gear being in such excellent condition.

All this work builds up quite an appetite; the boys really dig into some high class chow, not the proverbial salt horse usually associated with sailing ships. This sort of diet adds several pounds to each boy's weight in spite of the exercise.

Towards 0800 it is time to change clothes for colors. All hands come to attention; colors are made and the ship again becomes a scene of activity. Cadets are given assignments as navigator, officer of the deck, and the other duties usually held by officers in naval vessels. Anchor is weighed and the ship is under way again. Lookouts are aloft and men are in the chains, heaving the lead and chanting the depths. Courses are plotted, steered, bearings taken, all under the supervision of officers. If there is a favorable wind, sails are used but early morning finds little wind on Long Island Sound. Consequently, the Diesel is usually in action during these early hours.

At any time may come the call, "Man overboard!" and another drill is in progress. A life buoy with flag attached is thrown overboard to simulate a man. The cadet officer of the deck gives all the orders; he had better not make a mistake. The crew assigned to the lifeboat tumble aboard one of the two boats always kept swung out. They are lowered away and off they go. The first attempts are quite a mess, the sea painter is fouled around someone's neck, the boat plug has washed out, some hero has his finger in the hole, oars are all fouled up, and the cox'n for some reason is facing aft. Finally, the boat is clear of the ship with a long pull ahead, usually to windward. While she shortens the distance to the buoy, cadets aboard the ship are reeving the falls through snatch blocks. They then stand by, waiting for the boat's return. Eventually, the mission completed, the boat comes alongside, sometimes under the wrong fall when the boys have to pull around to the proper one. After several attempts, the sea painter is made fast, the boat brought alongside and the falls hooked. Those on board the *Danmark* hoist the boat to the tune of a bo's'n's pipe and secure the gripes.

Duties are changed regularly; those in the galley are now the life boat's crew, lookouts become navigators, the helmsman is O. D. This rounds their experiences. During the afternoon, lectures are given by the officers on meteorology, ship handling and other subjects which can't be learned from a book but which the officers aboard know from experience.

When going to windward under power, the yards are braced up to offer the least wind resistance. If the wind lifts a point or so, the stays'ls and headsails are set; if it hauls more, additional sail is made. This constant handling of gear familiarizes the boys with seamanship.

Tacking a square-rigger is an interesting and exciting experience in a fresh breeze. One day the *Danmark* came uncomfortably close to Plum Island. We were boiling along on the starboard tack under full sail from courses to royals with the yards against the backstays, doing about ten knots. Even in the sheltered waters of Long Island Sound there was quite a sea. Every fourth or fifth sea came over the lee bulwarks and some spray over the weather side as she heeled over and ate up the miles. The seas cascaded through the hawse pipes and ran aft along the deck; the men had to hold on to keep from sliding into the flooded waterways.

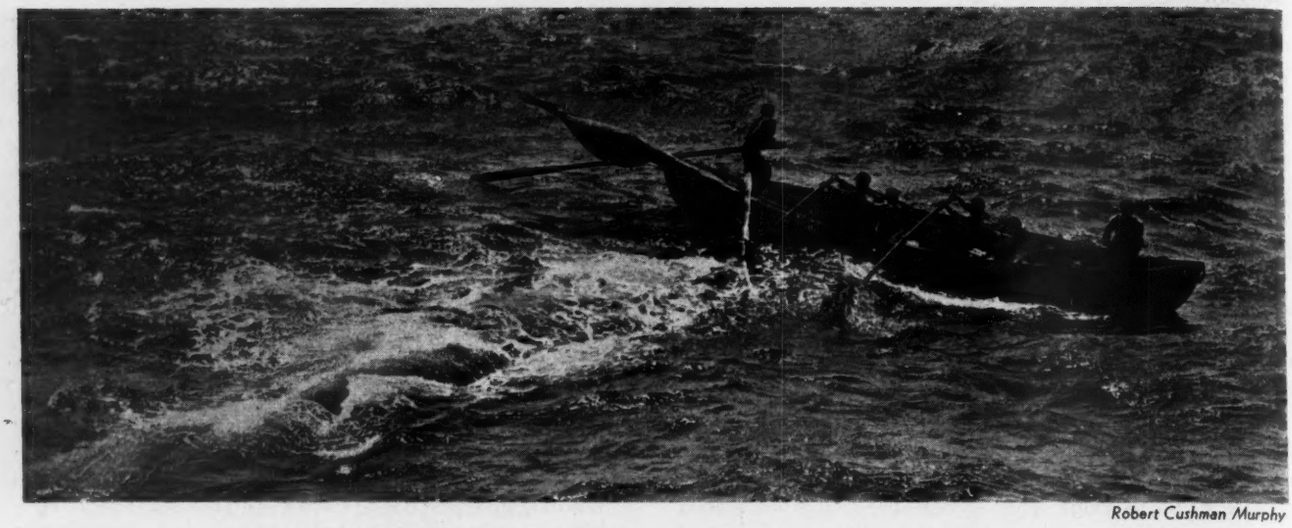
The course we held should have weathered the buoy off Plum Island. The helmsman, steering by compass, did not notice the ebb tide setting us down. The lookout aloft could not make himself heard above the hum in the rigging and the crashing of the seas. She was a glorious sight from aboard and must have been a treat for anyone fortunate to be on hand with a camera. The regular crew had not been idle all this time, because the captain, knowing what was happening, had us busy making ready to tack. Although a comparatively modern ship, she has no winches for braces and halliards. We were faking down the braces well up on the weather side of the deck out of the reach of boarding seas, and easing off lifts, buntlines and clewlines and clearing signal halliards.

By now the buoy was close aboard, ahead and to windward. The order we expected came: "All hands stand by to tack ship!" roared the Captain, the man with the loudest voice aboard. Quick as monkeys all hands ran to their stations! Because of a well trained crew and cadets who were full of spirit, we were able to carry sail as we did. At the next command, "Helm's-a-lee," the ship headed up into the wind with a thunder of slatting canvas. She plunged and had a strange motion without the steadying effect of the sails. Then came more orders: "Clew up mainsail." This is not necessary on some ships but in this case the foot of this sail is so low its gear may catch

(Continued on page 104)

Richard F. Goenne

Decks are scrubbed every morning, a backbreaking job



Robert Cushman Murphy

A whaleboat towing the carcass of a sperm whale. It was in three boats such as this that the survivors of the "Essex" made their memorable passage

NINETY DAYS IN A WHALEBOAT

Part II—An Uninhabited Island, Again to Sea and Eventual Rescue

By CHESTER SCOTT HOWLAND

DECEMBER 18th. The wind increased today and by twelve o'clock blew a gale, veering from SE to ESE. Again we were compelled to take in all sail and lie to. At night, however, it died away, and the next day, the 19th, proved very moderate and pleasant weather and we again commenced to make a little progress.

December 20th. This was a day of great expectations. About seven o'clock, while we were sitting dispirited and dejected in our boats, one of our companions loudly called out: "There is land!" It appeared at first a low white beach. We ran down for it and at 11:00 a.m. we were within a quarter mile of the shore. It was an island about six miles long and three broad, with a high, rugged shore surrounded by rocks; the sides of the mountains were bare but the tops looked fresh and green with vegetation. Upon examining our *Navigators* we found it was Ducie Island, lying in latitude 24°: 40 S, longitude 124°: 40′ W. None of us knew whether the island was inhabited or not, nor what it afforded, if anything; if inhabited, it was uncertain whether by beasts or savages. Armed with the musket and pistols, I, with three others, effected a landing upon some sunken rocks and waded to shore. Upon arriving at the beach, it was necessary to lie down for a few minutes to rest. We had passed through 30 days of terrible suffering, our bodies wasted to mere skeletons by hunger and thirst, and death itself staring us in the face. After resting, we went in different directions in search of water. I had not gone far before I discovered a fish, about a foot and a half in length, swimming along in the water close to the shore. I commenced an attack upon him with the breach of my gun, and struck him as he ran under a small rock. With the aid of my ramrod I brought him up onto the beach and immediately fell to eating. My companions soon joined me and in less than ten minutes the whole was consumed, bones, skin and scales.

With full stomachs, we imagined we could now attempt the mountains where, if in any part of the island, we considered water would be most probably obtained. I accordingly clambered with excessive labor, suffering and pain up amongst the bushes, roots and underwood of one of the crags, looking in all directions. My strength did not enable me to get higher than about 20 feet. I returned to the shore and one of the men reported finding a rock from which he was able to suck a few drops of water. That night we slept ashore and in the morning made a further effort to locate fresh streams. Our hunger and fever steadily weakened us all. A few crabs were found and quickly devoured. Our lips were cracked and swollen, literally baked by the blazing heat of the sun. A thick glutinous spit infected our tongues so that we could speak only by great effort and then inarticulately. We chewed leaves to obtain their bitter juices.

In the course of our rambles along the sides of the mountain, we now and then saw tropic birds of beautiful figure and plumage, occupying small holes in the rocks from which we plucked them without difficulty. Upon our approaching them they made no attempt to fly nor did they appear to notice us at all. These birds were cooked over fires which we made on the shore and eaten greedily. We found a plant growing in abundance in the crevices of the rocks which we chewed with the meat of the birds. These, with birds' nests, some of them full of young and others of eggs, served us for food, and supplied the place of our bread. But water was nowhere to be found. Our extreme weakness prevented us from exploring any great distance, lest by some sudden faintness from over exertion we should not be able to return and at night be exposed to attacks of wild beasts. Another night of misery was before us without a drop of water.

Some believed it wise to leave the island but we decided to remain another day and this proved to be a fortunate choice. One of the men, wandering along the shore at low tide, discovered water running from a rift in a large rock. At high tide, the sea covered the spring with a depth of 6 feet and only at low water was the place accessible. We quenched our thirst and filled all our kegs. We remained at Ducie for several days but soon determined there was no food supply sufficient to sustain us for more than a short time. We did not intend to eat any of the limited amount of bread in our boats except when forced to sea. We had a conference and, after consulting our *Navigators*, decided to set sail for Easter Island which we found to be ESE from us in latitude 27°: 9′ S, longitude 109°: 35′ W. All we knew of this island was that it existed as laid down in the books; but of its extent, productions or inhabitants, if any, we were entirely ignorant; at any rate, it was nearer by 850 miles than the coast and could not be worse in its productions than

the one we were leaving.* The 26th of December was employed in preparations for our departure. Our boats were hauled down to the vicinity of the spring and our casks refilled with fresh water.

There had been considerable talk among three of our companions about their remaining on this island and taking their chances there and, as the time drew near for the boats to leave, they made up their minds to stay behind.

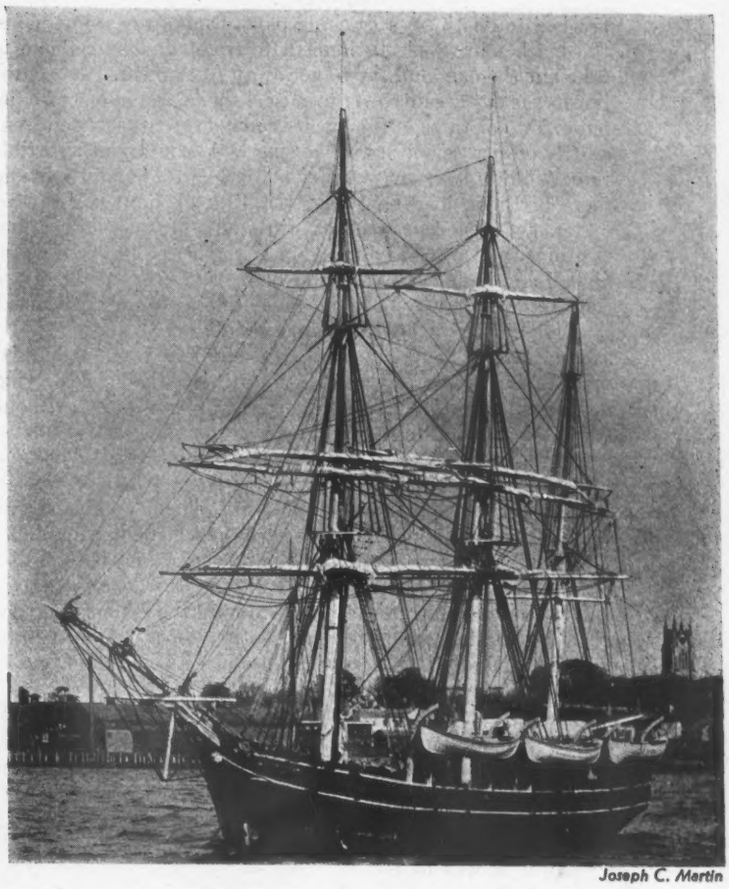
Their names were William Wright, of Barnstable, Massachusetts, Thomas Chápple, of Plymouth, England, and Seth Weeks, of the former place. We left them with every article that could be spared from the boats. The captain wrote letters to be left on the island giving information of the fate of our ship and stating that we had set out to reach Easter Island, with further particulars, intended to give notice (should our fellow-sufferers die there and the place be ever visited by any vessel) of our misfortunes. These letters were put in a tin case, enclosed in a wooden box, and nailed to a tree, on the west side of the island near our landing place. This island had been visited before for we found the words "Ship Elizabeth" carved into the bark of this tree.

December 27th. Before we set sail I procured for each boat a flat stone, and two arms-full of wood with which to make a fire in our boats. At ten o'clock we made all sail and steered around the island. As we sailed away we saw a number of sharks not far offshore but all efforts to take them proved ineffectual. We did catch a few small fish about the size of mackerel. A few men went ashore again and brought back a few birds and then we set sail and steered directly for Easter Island. During that night, after we had got quite clear of the land, we had a fine strong breeze from the NW; we kept our fires going and cooked our fish and birds. We continued on our course, consuming our provisions and water as sparingly as possible, without any material incident, until the 30th, when the wind hauled out ESE, directly ahead and continued so until the 31st when it again came to the northward and we resumed our course.

On the 3rd of January, we experienced heavy squalls from the WSW accompanied with dreadful thunder and lightning. We commenced from Ducie Island to keep a regular reckoning and, on the 4th of January, we found we were to the southward of Easter Island; the wind, prevailing ENE, made it impossible to get on to the eastward. We abandoned our plan to make Easter Island. Our birds and fish were now all consumed and we had begun again upon our short allowance of bread. It was necessary to shape our course in some other direction. We decided to steer for the island of Juan Fernandez, which lay about ESE from us, distant 2500 miles. We set our course accordingly. The two succeeding days we had light winds and suffered excessively from the intense heat of the sun. The seventh brought us a change of wind to the northward, and at twelve o'clock we found ourselves in latitude 30° 18′ S longitude 117° 29′ W. We continued to make what progress we could to the eastward.

Today, January 10th, the first death came to our boat. Mathew P. Joy, the second mate, suffered from the privations we had experienced much beyond any of the rest of us and was removed to the captain's boat under the impression that he would be more comfortable there. But he manifested a desire to be taken back again and at four in the afternoon he died suddenly. On the 11th, at six o'clock in the morning, we sewed him up in his clothes, tied a large stone to his feet and, having brought all the boats to, consigned him in a solemn manner to the ocean. This incident threw a gloom over our feelings for many days. In consequence of his death, one man from the captain's boat was placed in that in which he died to supply his place, and we stood away again on our course.

On the 12th of January, we had the wind from the NW; it commenced in the morning and came on to blow a gale. We were obliged to take in all sail and run before the wind. Flashes



Joseph C. Martin

The New Bedford whaleship "Kathleen." She was one of the three whaleships known to have been sunk by whales

of lightning were quick and vivid and the rain came down in cataracts. The gale, however, blew us fairly on our course. We were apprehensive that in the darkness of this night we should be separated and made arrangements for each boat to keep an ESE course all night. About eleven o'clock neither of the other boats were seen. It was blowing and raining all this time as if the heavens were separating. I hove my boat to the wind and lay drifting about an hour expecting every moment that they would come up with me but, not seeing anything of them, I put away again and stood on the course agreed upon, with strong hopes that daylight would enable me to discover them. When the morning dawned, our companions were gone! By our observation we separated in latitude 32°: 16′ S, longitude 112°: 20′ W. The 14th of January proved another squally and rainy day. We had now been 19 days from the island and had made only a distance of about 900 miles. I reduced our allowance to an ounce and a half of bread for each man.

We were just able to move about in our boats. To escape the torrid rays of the meridian sun we would lie down in the bottom of the boat, cover ourselves over with the sails and abandon her to the mercy of the waves. Upon attempting to rise, the blood would rush into our heads and an intoxicating blindness come over us. It was reported that one of our blacks planned to steal from the provision chest while I slept and I promised to shoot him if I caught him making any such attempt.

On the 15th of January, at night, a large shark unsuccessfully attacked the boat.

On the 16th of January, we were surrounded with porpoises in great numbers. They followed us for nearly an hour. The 17th and 18th we were becalmed and lay helpless beneath the frightful heat of the sun. We began to think that God had deserted us at last. A death of agony and torment appeared certain for us all. We gave up hope.

The night of the 18th about eight o'clock we heard the terrible noise of whale spouts near us. We could distinctly hear the furious thrashing of whale flukes in the water and anticipated being

**Only 250 miles, a little SW of Ducie's Island, lay Pitcairn Island. Living there was Alexander Smith, the only survivor of H.M.S.* Bounty. *With him were the wives and children of the* Bounty *mutineers who had been killed 16 years before. This island has provided a living for its colony of people during a century and a half. It is difficult to understand why the officers in the* Essex' *boats did not make an attempt to reach Pitcairn for it seems that Captain Folger's discovery of the* Bounty *remnant in 1808 must have been reported in Nantucket some years before the* Essex *sailed in 1819.*

crushed to death by a crashing blow. One of my companions, the black man, took an immediate fright and begged me to take out the oars and try to get away from them. I consented but it was out of our power to raise a single arm in our own defense. Two or three of the whales came down near us and went swiftly off across our stern, blowing and spouting at a terrible rate. After an hour or two, they all disappeared and we saw no more of them. The next day, the 19th of January, we had extremely boisterous weather with rain, heavy thunder and lightning, which reduced us again to the necessity of taking in all sail and laying to. The wind blew from every point of the compass within the 24 hours and at last, towards the next morning, settled at ENE, a strong breeze.

January 20. The black man, Richard Peterson, manifested today symptoms of approaching death. He had been lying between the seats in the boat utterly broken down, without being able to place his hand to his head for the last three days. He refused his allowance, saying he was ready to die. He became speechless and at four o'clock he was gone. I had previously conversations with him on the subject of religion and he begged me to let his wife know his fate if ever I reached home in safety. The next morning we committed him to the sea, in latitude 35°: 07′ S, longitude 105°: 46′ W.

The wind prevailed to the eastward until the 24th of January when it again fell calm. We were now in a most wretched state of debility, hardly able to crawl. Our ounce and a half of bread, which was to serve us all day, was in some cases greedily devoured as if life was to continue but another moment; at other times, it was hoarded up and eaten crumb by crumb at regular intervals during the day, as if it was to last us forever. Boils began to break out upon our bodies. In my agony I cast a vacant stare about the boat until my eyes rested upon a bit of tough cowhide, which was fastened to one of the oars; I eagerly seized and commenced to chew it, but there was no substance in it, and it only served to fatigue my jaws.

Robert Cushman Murphy

A stern view of a whaleboat. While these small craft were unusually sturdy, they were hardly suitable for an extended open water passage

During the three following days, the 25th, 26th and 27th, the wind held to the eastward. We had at the end of these three days been urged to the southward as far as latitude 36° into a chilly region, where rains and squalls prevailed; we now calculated to tack and stand back to the northward. After much labor, we got our boat about and so great was the fatigue attending this small exertion that we all gave up for a moment and abandoned her to her own course. Not one of us had strength sufficient to steer or trim the sails to enable us to make headway. After an hour or two of relaxation, during which the horrors of our situation came upon us with a despairing force and effect, we made a sudden effort and got our sails so that the boat would steer herself. We then threw ourselves down. We could now do nothing more; our strength and spirits were exhausted.

The 29th and 30th of January, the wind continued west and we made considerable progress until the 31st when it again came ahead. On the 1st of February it changed again to the westward and on the 2nd and 3rd blew to the eastward; and we had it light and variable until the 8th of February. Our sufferings were now drawing to a close.

We expected to die.

Today Isaac Cole went mad. He had been lying motionless for hours on the bottom of the boat. Suddenly he leaped up and ran forward and hoisted the jib screaming that he would never die. He shouted incoherently as if at some ship on the sea off our bow calling for water. He then fell back into the boat and for six hours groaned piteously, his eyes staring wildly toward the sky. At four o'clock he died in the most horrid convulsion I have ever seen. His eyes rolled out of their sockets and his rigid muscles burst through his dry parched skin causing him to bleed frightfully. We kept his body all night and in the morning my two companions began to make preparations to dispose of it in the sea.

I told the men we should keep the body for food! Our provisions could not possibly last us beyond three days. I knew that hunger would at last drive us to the necessity of killing one of ourselves. We set to work as fast as we were able to prepare it so as to prevent its spoiling. We separated the limbs from the body, and cut all the flesh from the bones; after which, we opened the body and took out the heart and then closed it again — sewed it up as decently as we could, and committed it to the sea. We first ate the heart and then ate sparingly of a few pieces of the flesh; after which, we hung up the remainder, cut in thin strips, about the boat to dry in the sun; we made a fire and roasted some of it to serve us during the next day. We did not know who would next be eaten. The next morning, the 10th of February, we found that the flesh had become tainted and had turned a greenish color. We concluded to make a fire and cook it at once to prevent its becoming so putrid we could not eat it at all; by this means we preserved it for six or seven days longer. Our bread during this time remained untouched; as it would not be liable to spoil, we placed it carefully aside for our last moments. About three o'clock this afternoon a strong breeze set in from the NW and we made good progress considering that we were compelled to steer the boat by management of the sails alone; this wind continued until the 13th when it changed again ahead. We contrived to keep alive by sparingly partaking of our flesh, cut up in small pieces and eaten with salt water. On the 15th, our flesh was all consumed and we were driven to the last morsel of bread consisting of two cakes. Our limbs were swelled very much. We were still, as near as we could judge, 300 miles from the land. Our only hope was a continuing favorable wind. On the 17th in the afternoon, a heavy cloud appeared to be settling down in an E by N direction from us which, in my view, indicated the vicinity of some land which I took for the island of Masafuera.

At about seven o'clock February 18th, while I was lying asleep, my companion suddenly called out: "There's a sail!" I stood up and made out a vessel about seven miles off standing in the same direction with us. Our fear was that she would not discover us, or that we might not be able to intercept her course: we, however, put our boat immediately, as well as we were able, in a direction to cut her off; and found, to our great joy, that we sailed faster than she did. Upon observing us, she shortened sail and allowed us to come up to her. The captain hailed us, and asked who we were. I told him we were from a wreck, and he cried out immediately for us to come alongside the ship. I made an effort to assist myself along to the side, for the purpose of getting up, but strength failed me and I found it impossible to move a step further without help. Our cadaverous countenances, sunken eyes, and bones starting through the skin, with the ragged remnants of clothes stuck about our sunburnt bodies, must have produced a strange appearance. The sailors commenced to remove us from our boat and we were taken to the cabin. In a few minutes, we were permitted to taste of a little thin food made from tapioca, and in a few days we were considerably recruited. This vessel proved to be the brig *Indian*, Captain William Crozier, of London. We were taken up in latitude, 33°: 45′ S longitude, 81°: 03′ W. At twelve o'clock this day we saw the island of Masafuera and on the 25th of February we arrived at Valparaiso.

(Continued on page 95)

THE BOY GETS HIS BOAT

By ELON JESSUP

KEEP your shirt on," Bill told the boy. "You can't rush a boat."

Nights mostly and sometimes of a Sunday, it would take a heap of time to shape even a little boat. There are so many different considerations. First, there is the type of water she'd be used in. He'd taught the boy quite a lot about handling a 12-foot skiff in a six-mile tide. To be sure, the poky old flat-bottom skiff with a 5-horse outboard had her points. You needed her comforting stability. You also needed a boat that could sit on top of the water like a duck to miss the countless thinly submerged rocks. But a skiff was hardly a sea boat.

What could give you the shallow draft and stability of the skiff in a round bottomed boat? Some sort of foolproof, general purpose craft of 12 feet length which might upon occasion be called upon to do a job of work, as well as to lead a life of pleasure. Then, too, the boy's heart was set on a boat that would slip through the water fast. When bucking a six-mile tide or running from breakers, you needed the power for actual safety.

A round bottomed boat of the dinghy type in midsection was clearly indicated. But how about the forward and after sections? Bill remembered what a following sea would do to the stern of the presumably foolproof skiff. It could lift you right up in the air and pretty nigh bury the bow. Put plenty of power behind one of those dives and it wouldn't be nice. He'd once seen a speed boat not only dive like that but top matters off by turning a complete somersault. Aft she was as flat as a skiff, like so many speed boats. Forward she was all flare, but the flare ran a surprising distance aft before dying out. Flare is all right, but carrying it so far aft looked to him like too much of a good thing.

He figured the boat he was about to build would reverse the process. She would carry the bottom flatness and beam well forward into the flare instead of having the flare running well aft into the flatness. There'd be plenty of flare, but kept in its place up under the bows. There'd be beam something like one of those old-fashioned cat boats. There'd be a turn of the bilge that would be about as hard as they come. All this wouldn't make the job of planking any easier but, if you got what you wanted, what of it?

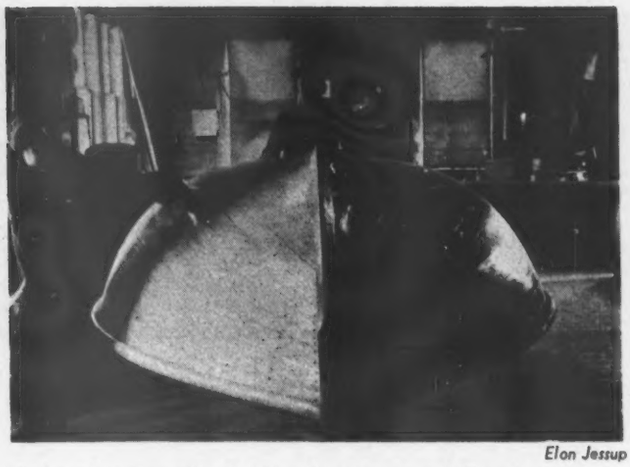
Bill strolled into Sid's carpenter shop and picked out a block of soft pine, sawed off a foot of length and proceeded to whittle out a model. He'd never built a boat before but there was little about boats and their natures he didn't know. He was convinced the process need not be at all complicated if you knew what you wanted and weren't in too much of a hurry.

To be sure, every boat has to have some sort of plan and Bill conceded sketchily to convention on an old piece of wrapping paper. But this, with the model, was about as far as he chose to go. They showed a boat of 11′ 6″ over all length with 5′ 2″ beam at the widest — which his friends unanimously agreed might be classed as "some beam."

Materials available had influenced plans to a certain extent.

"He started the motor and got away. You could see the bow gradually ascend like the end of a rising crane."

Elon Jessup



Elon Jessup

The boat by now was headed down the home stretch. Then she was given her priming coat of paint

He had an assorted collection of 12′ white cedar planks of half-inch thickness. He went for the type of construction that builders sometimes call the "strap frame," entailing a set of molds to build on — stray pieces of lumber hammered together and shaped to fit the form of the boat. Four such molds were set up. They had to be strong and well braced or the whole structure would snap out of line when a plank was sprung on.

Members of the backbone are carefully fashioned from white oak and then set up — keel, stem and stern. The many steamed frames, also white oak, are assembled in place. So far, the boat's beginnings have sat upright. It is now time to turn her bottom up to receive the planking.

As the keel rabbet follows a straight line, Bill got away to a promising start in fitting the garboard strake. Another builder would probably have fitted the sheerstrake next but it suited Bill to keep on going. Despite the formidable amount of beam and flare, the job seemed to progress without any special complications. It has been said that when a well executed job is finished, the planks above the water line ought to look as though they were running parallel, which of course they aren't. A substantial amount of width to the ends of the planks is another test of good workmanship; many an amateur cuts the ends down so narrow that there's hardly room left to take a fastening. Bill's finished product conformed to the best professional standards.

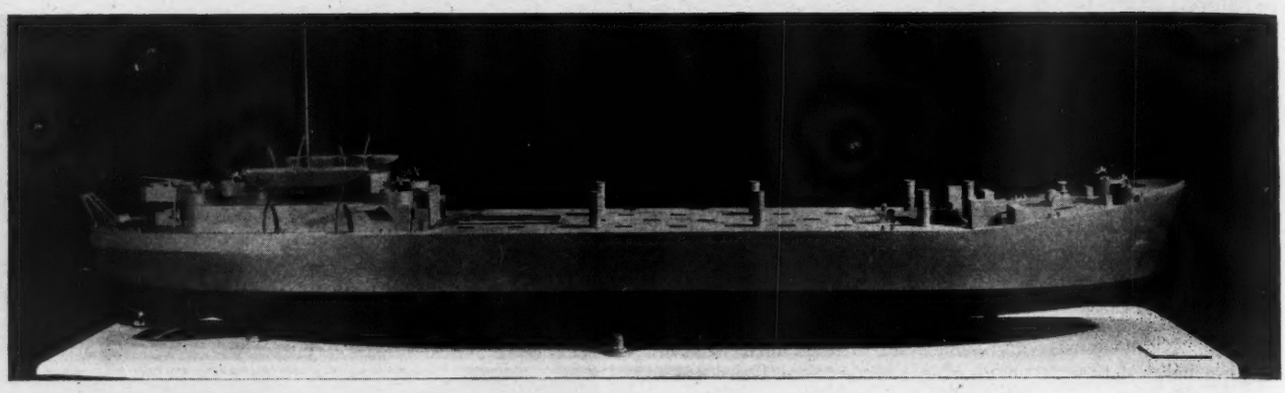
Tight seams would have been possible, some might have said preferable, with half-inch planking. Bill had deliberately gone for the caulked seam, considering it gave greater amount of leeway in construction and lessened the chances of splitting a plank while pressing to close a seam. The test would come later. It did. Three months after the boat's launching she had yet to leak a drop.

From the start, he'd adhered to fussy notions about fastenings, which included profound respect for the destructive work of electrolysis. Not a speck of iron would be permitted to enter the wood. By some turn of magic he'd unearthed a mine of 1500 copper rivets. As the boat neared completion, he figured that about 1400 of the lot had been used.

Bill had said that you can't rush a boat. Here was all the evidence needed. Consider a single rivet of those 1400. After the hole has been carefully drilled, you tap in the small copper nail — hoping each time it won't turn on the oak, as sometimes happens. You fit a burr over the projecting point. You nip off the point. You tell the boy to hold the iron a mite firmer against the head. You then hammer lightly to clinch the nail over the burr. You can't rush a boat.

The weeks dragged on. Meanwhile, Bill, Jr., yearned for something a little out of the ordinary in outboard motor control. His days in the stern were over. Up forward with a bright bronze wheel and throttle within easy reach would be more to his fancy. In the picked over pile of a junk shop he disentangled an old wheel of about the requisite size covered by several layers

(Continued on page 96)



A demonstration model of an LST. This is on a scale of ¼ inch equals one foot and is one of the simpler models

SHIP MODELS GO TO WAR

How the Use of Models Has Speeded Up the Shipbuilding Program

By W. H. de FONTAINE

THE BLACK gang aboard any one of our old four stack destroyers of World War I thought that they had a pretty complicated mass of machinery to nurse. And they did, for packed within the palpitating hull were 25,000 shaft horse power. Consider, however, the great, modern, single stackers into whose engine rooms (which, incidentally, is only about 3 per cent larger than those of the earlier ships) over double the shaft horse power, with all the auxiliary machinery, is crammed. This engineering marvel called for designing of the most exact nature and, as the class was to be mass produced, it was doubly important that every possible error be detected and eliminated in the preliminary planning stages. Not only had the new ships to be designed from keel to truck but also methods had to be devised by which the incredibly complicated structure could be clearly visualized by men, many of whom were inexperienced in the design and construction of any type of naval vessel. Keenly aware of the difficulties involved, it is to William Francis Gibbs, of the engineering firm of Gibbs & Cox, Inc., that the credit must go for the idea of using large scale mock-ups and models of the machinery spaces of the new ships in conjunction with the work of the drafting room.

The story goes that Mr. Gibbs was sitting under the shade of a huge oak tree upon the lawn of his old friend, "Pete" Newell, President of the Bath Iron Works. The two men, each of whom had had long experience in building steel ships, were discussing the many problems involved in the design and construction of the new big 409 Class destroyers. Suddenly Gibbs turned to Newell and exclaimed, "You know, Pete, if we built a scale model of the engine and boiler rooms, a tremendous amount of time, energy, material and money could be saved. What do you think of the idea?" "Fine," Mr. Newell replied, "but where are you going to find the model makers?"

Mr. Gibbs returned to his office in New York City and called in a trusted assistant, Herman Bruns, explained the idea of the model that he wanted built and put it up to him to get the men, materials and machinery necessary to put the plan into operation. It happened that Mr. Bruns was just the man for the job for he had been working with Mr. Gibbs most of the time since the firm had the contract to rehabilitate the *Leviathan* after World War I. He had lived with that job and knew the construction of steel ships from intimate personal contact. In addition, he is a mechanic, draftsman and model maker and has demonstrated his ability to meet and master unusual assignments.

A small section of the firm's office space was assigned to accommodate the new shop, and Mr. Bruns set about hiring men to do the work, picking up the necessary machines wherever he could. He soon had the nucleus of the present organization in operation. Original equipment for the shop consisted of only a small circular saw, a band saw, a drill press, a grinder and a wood turning lathe — the personnel, a mere handful of men.

The work of this group was so much appreciated that when, a year later, the firm of Gibbs & Cox was given a contract to prepare plans for the new 423 Class destroyers, a request for a model was included in the agreement. It became necessary to expand the facilities of the model shop and to employ additional men. Now experienced model makers are not to be found on every corner so men from other lines — pattern makers, sheet metal workers and other skilled mechanics — had to be hired and trained in the new work, until eventually the organization consisted of over 100, including a foreman and seven assistant foremen, all under Herman Bruns' supervision.

Before the advent of all-out war, when naval construction was concentrated in a few yards where the special techniques required were well understood, the ship model (except towing and plating models) was largely a thing of beauty that represented the external appearance of the finished vessel. When our program of naval expansion made necessary the employment of inexperienced personnel in both drafting room and building yard, however, the problem of familiarizing novices with the unbelievable intricacies of modern naval vessels became a paramount need. It is extremely difficult for even the most experienced men to visualize the interior layout of piping, wiring, ducts and passages in a modern destroyer, for instance, from the two-dimensional plans on the drafting board — for the problem is a three dimensional one of the most complicated nature.

There is nothing new, of course, in the use of accurate models in planning naval vessels, as the beautiful boxwood models made for the British Admiralty in the days of King Charles II bear witness. I once had the rare opportunity of witnessing the repair and reconstruction of one of these models from the Rogers collection and was amazed to discover that it was complete, even to the diamond-paned, leaded-glass windows in the doors of the captain's cabin and the inlaid compass rose, of white holly and ebony, on the cabin floor. Even in the deepest hold of the model were found ventilated bins which, presumably, had been used for storing food stuffs in the finished ship. One of the most remarkable things about these details was that they were entirely concealed when the model was

Harry Hansen, an old-timer, working on a beautiful model of a wherry, showing some of the fine detail that goes into the completion of a large scale ship model. What small boy would not give his eye teeth for such a boat as this

completed, their presence being revealed only by the process of reconstruction.

The models being built today in the shops of Gibbs & Cox are worthy successors to their earlier prototypes, for revealed within their skeletonized plating will be found, reproduced to scale, every pipe, duct, wire, valve, switch and gauge that will go into the construction of the finished ship. And the building of these models is no indulgence of a passing fancy, for the saving in time, material and money that has been effected by their construction is beyond calculation. Indeed, they have made a real contribution to saving the lives of American men, for unquestionably they have helped to shorten the war.

Some conception of the difficulties involved in the design of a modern ship of war may be had from the fact that there are approximately 24 different piping systems alone in such a vessel, that each system is worked on by a different group of draftsmen, and that all must fit within the hull structure without interference with one another. For example there are piping systems for fresh water, for salt water and for steam. Also for fuel oil and for lubricating oil. Then there is the bilge pump system of piping and the piping to the ballast tanks. This is but a partial list but will serve to point out the complicated ramifications of the planning required. When this piping is set up to scale in the model it is quite likely that unforeseen interferences will be disclosed. The required corrections may then be made on the plans before they are turned over to the builders.

Even the order of assembly of the various components of the ship was determined in the model shop. This detail alone saved much time and material for it eliminated, for example, the possible necessity of having to cut out a welded bulkhead in the finished ship to fit into its appointed space a small piece of auxiliary machinery. It was entirely practicable to determine from the model that the piping and wiring, as drawn, would work out in the ship and that there would really be adequate space before the instrument panels and around the valves for a full sized man to operate. In other words, clearances for both men and machinery could be determined with great exactness by the intelligent use of accurately built scale models.

In general, the order of procedure was about as follows. First, the Bureau of Ships of the Navy would outline to the engineers of Gibbs & Cox the general requirements for a proposed type of new vessel. Then the firm's engineers and draftsmen would go to work on preliminary plans for a craft to meet the specifications. As the preliminary plans progressed on paper, a "mock-up" (a temporary model, much simplified) of the machinery spaces was constructed of wood and plastic. This served to show the general development of the layout work on the drafting boards and permitted a better visualization of the problems involved. Much study was put in on these mock-ups by the representatives of both the Bureau and the designer, and at this stage whatever changes appeared necessary in interior layout were made. The scale used for these mock-ups was generally 1½ inch equals one foot — one-eighth full size.

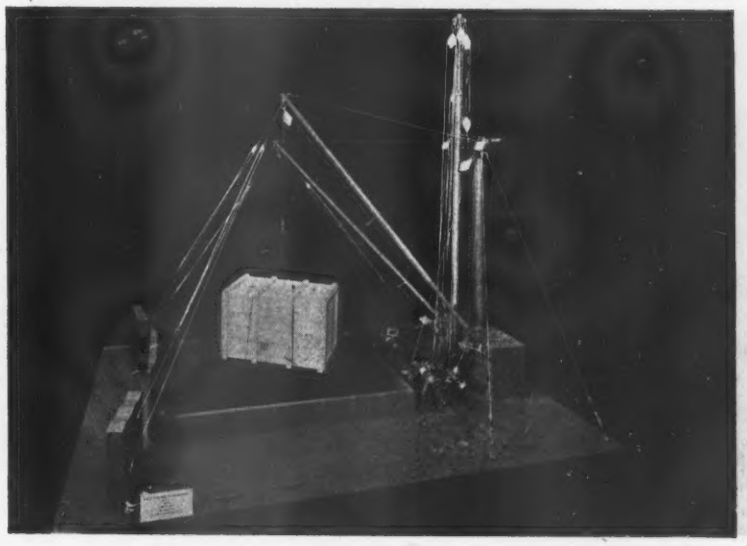
When the mock-up had served its purpose and all design development changes had been determined, a finished model on the same scale was built of metal, plastics and wood. In these models every detail is shown most realistically. Every deck beam, frame and gusset is there, just as it will be in the completed vessel. By this means it has been possible to reveal all possible interferences and to check all clearances in the working plans before they were turned over to the shipyard. So that these interior details will be easily visible, the ship's plating is indicated by small sections made of sheet brass, whose edges are trimmed in wavy lines indicating that the plating is cut away. These sections are carefully located so that they will not interfere with a clear view of the interior arrangement.

In most cases only the engine room spaces were modeled, as it was here that the most complicated problems had to be solved. In the case of an entirely new type, however, such as the LSMs (Landing Ship, Medium) it was considered advisable to build a scale model of the entire ship showing the radical bow construction with its huge barn doors and landing ramp, as well as the provisions for carrying and dropping the stern anchor with which these ships pull themselves into deep water after landing on an enemy beach.

As four different power plants were used to propel the DEs (Destroyer Escorts), it was necessary to build four separate models, one of each engine room.

While these models were under construction, representatives of the many shipyards that were to build the vessel came to New York and spent days with notebook in hand going over them in detail. Questions were asked and answered and the sequence of construction operations was determined. Result — the huge shipbuilding program, far exceeding anything of the kind ever attempted before in history, moved in an orderly manner which would have been utterly impossible without the detailed planning made practicable by the use of models.

In addition to the major problems of ship design and construction, there are innumerable collateral questions that can



A model of typical cargo handling equipment for a merchant ship showing the hand operated winches

be satisfactorily answered by the use of scale models. For example, the best method of loading and unloading tanks from the holds of freighters has been determined by building replicas of the tank, the ship's hold and hatches, and of the powerful cargo booms with which the tank is to be hoisted. The action of the machinery controlling these booms is realistically represented by means of small hand-driven winches so that the operation can be studied and necessary changes be made before the construction and installation of the full sized units commence.

The complicated business of traffic control in an LST, which makes possible the landing of the proper vehicle at the proper time, was determined with models. The huge tanks and their supporting vehicles must spew forth on the enemy's beach according to a carefully coördinated plan. To accomplish this, it is necessary that they be loaded aboard ship in an orderly manner and be disgorged with the precision associated with a train dispatcher's office. A control station, using block signals and other devices for traffic control, is an essential part of the functioning of one of these Nazi nightmares, and the location of these controls as well as the placing of the ship's lethal cargo was determined in miniature.

A model of the bow of an LST with a tank about to hit the beach

Another detail which must be worked out carefully for each new ship designed is how best to handle the anchors. The flare of the bow, size of the anchor, angle of the hawse pipe and location of the capstan or windlass — all affect this problem which is worked out on a model of the bow under consideration.

The value of models which show in detail all the interior arrangement of a ship is so well appreciated by the Navy that during the design of the LSTs it was specified that a number of scale models of the new ships be constructed. These models were delivered to the various centers where the men who would handle the ships were in training, so that the trainees would have an opportunity to learn, in advance, every detail of their new assignments.

In all, almost 80 models have been built in this shop. After serving their purpose as aids in the original design and construction of the vessels, a number have been sent to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, to the Maritime Training School at King's Point, to Norfolk, Philadelphia and Miami — wherever their study would aid the neophyte to learn his new and difficult lesson.

Some of the better known ships that have been designed by this firm since the organizing of the model shop in 1937, and for which models have been constructed, are light cruisers, four classes of destroyers, DEs, LSTs, LSDs, LSMs, CVEs and the AOG class of gasoline tankers. A most ingenious and unusual ice breaker has been designed and modeled for the Coast Guard who will use her to keep open our waterways in even the most bitter winter weather.

Perhaps the most famous class of all the ships that were designed and modelled here are the well-known Liberty Ships. Modern wars are wars of materials as well as of men and the Liberties have been moving the materials to all the far flung theaters of war, while the destroyers and DEs have been keeping the sea lanes clear for their passage. Truly the work done in these drafting rooms and model shops constitutes a fundamental contribution to victory.

As I have said before, one of the most pressing problems confronting those in charge of the huge expansion in ship construction was that of familiarizing new personnel with the intricacies of the "innards" of a modern naval vessel. Blueprints are fine as far as they go, but many of the people involved in the program were new to the type of drawing used in ship construction. Those representatives of the various ship yards who came to New York, with note books in hand, were able to grasp many of the new problems by a close study of the mock-ups and models, but not everyone could come to the big city. Hence the problem was to put into the hands of all those concerned with planning the new construction something which would enable them to visualize clearly the details of the job to be done.

One of the anchor handling models, indicating the care that is required in designing the many details of a large ship

Among the many ingenious methods of clarifying construction problems that were developed was the use of innumerable photographs of the interior and exterior arrangements. These were taken by Morris Rosenfeld and as many views as necessary were made of each detail. Take, for example, a ship's mast; this might be photographed from four positions — from the forward quarter and the after quarter, both port and starboard. By studying these pictures, in conjunction with the blueprints, it was possible to gain quickly a clear conception of the mast's construction. Mr. Bruns worked out a system of photographing details and then showing on a master diagram the location of the camera for each "shot." All the pictures for a single type of vessel were assembled in one book with the master diagram serving as an index.

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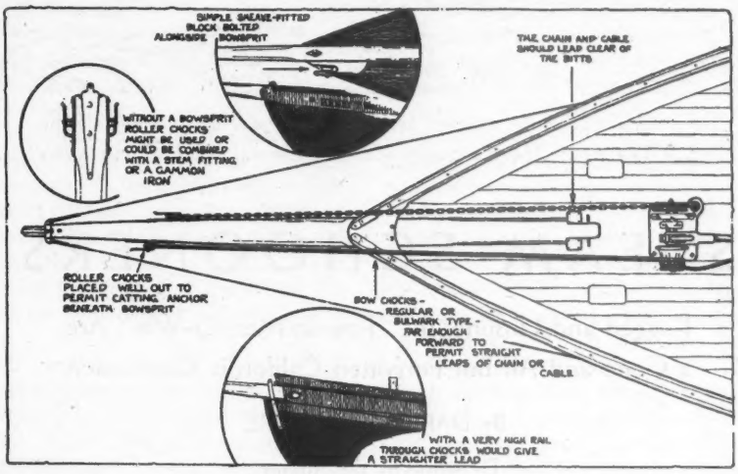
Editor's note: For reasons of security it is impossible to reproduce any photographs showing the interior arrangements of the Naval or merchant ship models built by this firm.

MAKING ANCHOR WORK EASIER

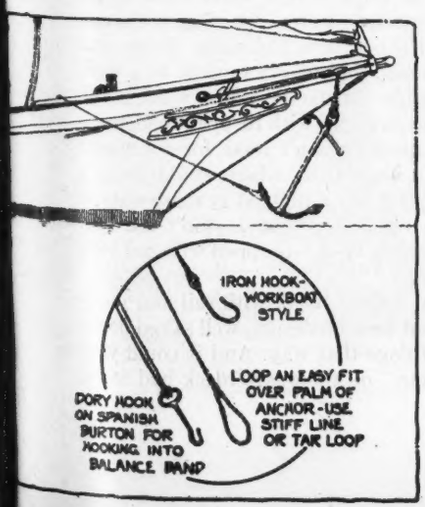
By J. A. EMMETT

A MAN can make an awful monkey of himself, to say nothing of running up a sizable bill for damages, if his anchors and everything in connection with them are not arranged for quick and easy handling. The introduction of the various lightweight anchors and the improvement in design of certain older types have made anchor work considerably easier than it was twenty-five years ago. But it is also true that modern and more easily handled rigs have brought about the use of larger or, at least, longer boats for so-called single-handed cruising.

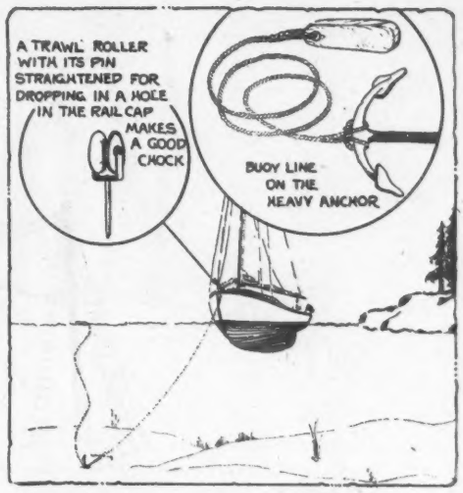
During all these years there has been relatively little improvement in the gear for handling ground tackle and, where certain aids have been installed or conveniences or kinks worked out on boats, it is usually because individual owners have desired to make such work easier. Efficient windlasses in sizes suitable for small boats have recently become available but as yet the boats which have them are few and far between. Moreover, when one is installed there often are innumerable faults; the location may be faulty; the location of the bitts or the lead of the chain or line from the chocks may be unsatisfactory. Actually, it all seems to boil down to the fact that the average owner considers anchor work a nece sary evil and tries to avoid, rather than solve, the problem.


SIMPLE SHEAVE-FITTED BLOCK BOLTED ALONGSIDE BOWSPRIT
THE CHAIN AND CABLE SHOULD LEAD CLEAR OF THE BITTS
WITHOUT A BOWSPRIT ROLLER CHOCKS MIGHT BE USED OR COULD BE COMBINED WITH A STEM FITTING OR A GAMMON IRON
ROLLER CHOCKS PLACED WELL OUT TO PERMIT CATTING ANCHOR BENEATH BOWSPRIT
BOW CHOCKS - REGULAR OR BULWARK TYPE - FAR ENOUGH FORWARD TO PERMIT STRAIGHT LEADS OF CHAIN OR CABLE
WITH A VERY HIGH RAIL THROUGH CHOCKS WOULD GIVE A STRAIGHTER LEAD

For smart handling under normal conditions, the service anchor should be kept made up and ready for instant use, or should be so arranged that it can be made ready quickly. The problem is usually one of stowing so that it does not foul the head sheets or be in the way on deck. One of the new type stockless anchors or one of the few reliable old types, such as the Babbitt, need not offend if it is set in chocks with a single lashing. The usual stocked anchor may be more of a problem. On some boats, which have a fairly high rail, the stock may be hooked over the rail with one fluke held in a deep chock and the other one lashed down. One advantage of a short bowsprit on a cruising type boat is that a roller chock can be installed, and the anchor can be carried under the bowsprit or, to look shippier, slung with an easily removed line about a fluke.


IRON HOOK-WORKBOAT STYLE
LOOP AN EASY FIT OVER PALM OF ANCHOR - USE STIFF LINE OR TAR LOOP
DORY HOOK ON SPANISH BURTON FOR HOOKING INTO BALANCE BAND

Anchoring properly is largely a matter of (1) boat handling, (2) using your judgment as to distances, (3) observation of depths of water (not only over the anchor but throughout the probable swinging area, and (4) studying the character of the bottom. You can read about all this but proficiency is attained only by practice. Certainly it should not be gained in crowded quarters, where other boats may be damaged by your mistakes, but in isolated harbors and coves when cruising. Make a practice of visualizing such places as being crowded and do not anchor haphazardly, but decide on some definite spot beforehand to learn to judge distances better and to know what your boat may do under different conditions of wind and tide. From this point on, it is largely a matter of gaining confidence in your boat and in yourself. As in any ticklish situation, there will be no time for hesitation. Light sails should be taken off outside if the boat is being handled by a short crew; at the same time, the common mistake of reducing canvas to such an extent that she cannot be smartly handled should not be made.


A TRAWL ROLLER WITH ITS PIN STRAIGHTENED FOR DROPPING IN A HOLE IN THE RAIL CAP MAKES A GOOD CHOCK
BUOY LINE ON THE HEAVY ANCHOR

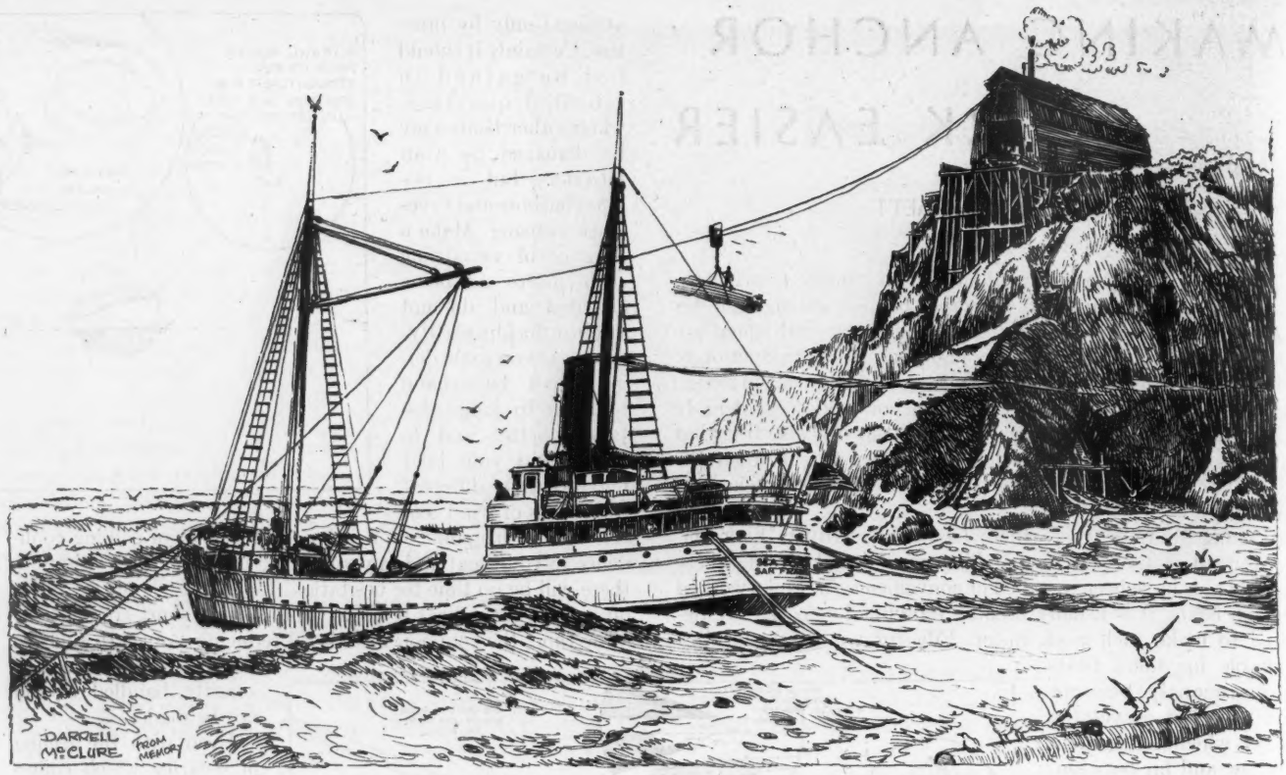
Even with the feeling of security which comes with the anchor down and sails lowered, the anchor is still on your mind. Judgment and a fair degree of luck may have put you in a place where you will swing free of everything with a shift in the wind or change of the tide, but in so doing will the hook foul? Articles you've read on allowing so many times the depth of the water as scope should not be accepted too literally. In a good blow, with other boats riding well back from their hooks, you can give yours the scope that will insure holding, but in average weather too much scope will probably result in winding the cable about the anchor. If the scope is only two or three times the depth of the water, you'll be more apt to find the anchor clear on weighing it.

If you are over a rocky or foul bottom (perhaps because you neglected to study your chart beforehand) and your anchor gets caught, don't make the mistake of placing too much reliance on sheer power to free it. A damaged hook, or its loss through snapping the cable, may be the result, aside, perhaps, from serious strain to yourself. When first efforts will not free the anchor, exercise patience; cruise about the area under power and, if you do your pulling with the cable out at a good angle and from different directions, you'll be more apt to free it.

When you want to make a particularly snappy getaway under sail a good plan is to break the anchor out before you commence hoisting sail and to lower it again as soon as you're sure it's clear, allowing no more scope than necessary. When it comes to getting a sizable hook on deck under such conditions some mechanical aid, such as a Spanish burton or a removable davit over the ail, is necessary if one is to avoid marring the topsides and rail.

If your boat is not equipped with a windlass, you must learn how to pull efficiently and without danger of straining yourself. Sitting on deck, with legs out in front of you and feet braced against the rail or something solid, will permit you to put to use the strong muscles of your legs. By straightening

(Continued on page 92)



The lumber and passenger steamer "Sea Foam" loading at the Point, Mendocino City. She was moored head and stern and the lumber was sent down on a trolley

STEAM SCHOONERS

Rugged and Unsung, the "Finnish Men-O-War" Are a Gone and All But Forgotten California Conversion

By DARRELL McCLURE

Drawings by the Author

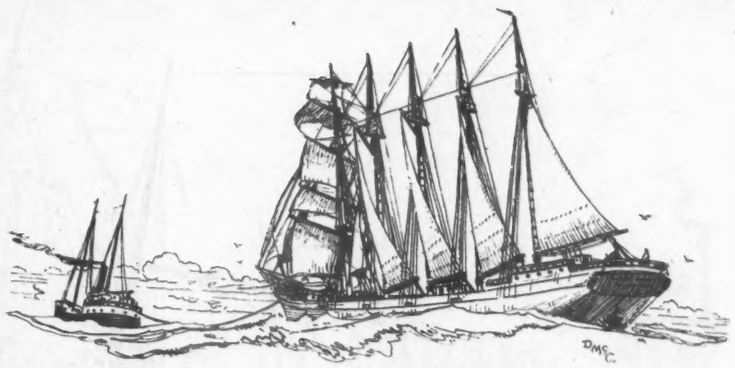
THIS IS a story of the steam schooner, what she was and how she came to be. I knew her well, so if you will bear with me I'll tell you something about a rugged and unsung little ship. I'll stick to the bit of California coastline I knew best, Mendocino County, lying to the north'ard of San Francisco Bay.

Maybe you know this coast but most likely you don't. In either event, it's a magnificent stretch of sheer, seldom indented rock with a regular devil's cauldron of knife-like reefs and bilge-hungry rocks running too far out to sea. The strong westerly trades beat almost constantly against this bastion in spray drenched futile anger and calms are rare. This is a shore line fit to turn a deep water skipper's hair white in mere contemplation. There are no harbors — not such as any right minded mariner would call a harbor. What you will find is a reef-infested doghole at the mouth of one of the small rivers or, perhaps, a grudging bit of headland affording a small measure of protection from the nor'west. Cloak all this in a fog, which sometimes lasts for days, and you have some of the shipmaster's problems for your own.

The ships were here. Tiny ships, to fit snugly between the reefs to windward and loo'ard and many ships, for there was much work to be done. Here was the land of the mighty redwood. Trees that were born when giants strode the earth. The milled strakes from one tree could well fill the hold of a single schooner. This was well enough in the slower days of ox-powered logging but, with the introduction of steam donkey engines in the woods, carrier demands grew apace and the steam schooner trade expanded. There was no railroad running along this shore. For half a century, the little schooner was mistress of the coast.

Back in the late seventies and early eighties, sail was still predominant. Schooners, brigs and barkentines carried the trade. So long as these vessels could fetch up off such protected waters as Puget Sound, Gray's Harbor, the Columbia River and even Eureka, and pass a towline to a well-powered tug, sails were highly satisfactory. But what to do along the harborless Mendocino coast, with its open roadsteads and dogholes where there literally wasn't room for a tugboat *and* a ship to maneuver? To begin with, where would the tug berth? Even in my time, I never saw a tugboat in those waters. There may have been one somewhere but I didn't see her. Obviously, the only answer was a vessel equipped with her own power.

It seemed logical to make a clean break with sail and jump full tilt into steamboating but men of the sea, well salted down in tradition, just don't do things that way. And it could well have been that the "Old Man" on the quarterdeck had scant



You aren't allowed even one mistake on the harborless Mendocino coast so a steam schooner assists a big sister to gain an offing, towing her out clear of the reefs

trust in that distasteful interloper, the engineer, and even less faith in his newfangled iron monster below decks — for by now steam auxiliary power had arrived on the coast. A nasty thing it was too, shaking the ship in her timbers, vibrating the skipper's upper plate and belching a mighty mess of soot over the clean sails and white paintwork. I'll wager it took several shots of vitamins daily — about three fingers' measure — to reconcile the Old Man to the change.

Undoubtedly, the first steam auxiliaries were all schooners, from the clipper bow to the lofty maintopmast, with that new adjunct, the funnel, placed uncompromisingly conspicuous just for'ard of the mainmast. I'm only guessing at this, but if such were true it meant shortening the foreboom; I can almost hear the Old Man saying *this* far he would go and no farther! They weren't going to make a damned teakettle out of *his* ship — but they did.

Now, if we follow along in the wake of the usual sea pattern, we will know that the original power plants were nowhere near adequate for the job in hand. Our schooner eased her way into the coastal loading berth under power, filled her hold with wood and got out again often enough to give all hands a false sense of confidence in this new medium. Came a day when the winds backed into the west and blew a gale. The Old Man, who had hung on just a mite too long for that last board foot of deckload, found he lacked the power to clear that last, outermost reef just to the south'ard. You aren't allowed even *one* mistake on the Mendocino coast so we take leave of the Old Man *and* the ship *and* the crew. Does this remind you of the present-day yachtsman who boasts of just sufficient power below decks to "kick me in and out of harbors in a calm, y' know." Hell's bells! If a man is going to the expense and trouble of putting in a power plant, why not put in enough to — but I'm getting off my course. For the subject in hand, anything less than enough power was sheer suicide.

We come to a new ship now and from here on in I am on solid ground for the type lasted well into my time and the subsequent changes made were minor in character. We have a new Old Man, wise to the ways of the coast, learned the hard way from the fo'c's'le up. His ship looks different and the engineer now has a place at the first table.

The bowsprit had disappeared along with "de yibs" since "de enyin" had increased in power. The stem was straight, or almost straight, in steamboat fashion. A goodly foremast remained with a large forestays'l to the stemhead and the fores'l itself had a fine span of length to the gaff and boom — an honest sized sail right in the middle of the ship. The crew lived in dismal comfort under the low fo'c's'le head. There were no *J's* or *G's* in that crowd, either. Not for nothing were steam schooners known as "Finnish Men-o'-War."

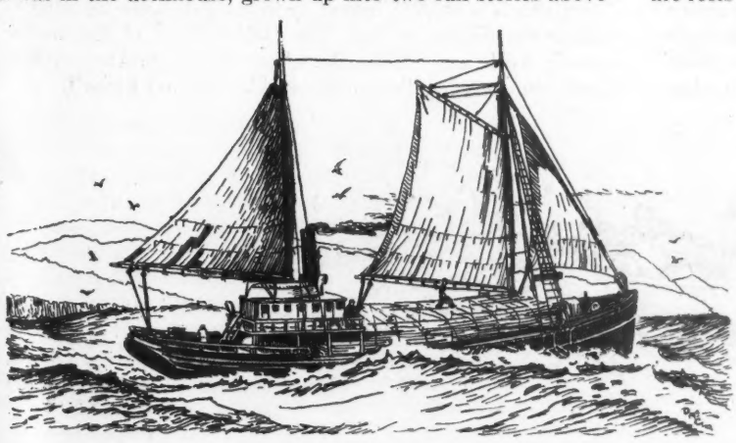
The main deck featured low freeboard, high bulwarks and one large hatch — but more about that later. The greatest change of all was in the deckhouse, grown up into two full stories above the main deck. The narrow lower house contained the engine fiddley, galley, dining quarters and a small share of junior officer quarters. Aloft, with a railed walk-around combination deck and bridge, were the pilot house and the quarters for the more lordly. The mainmast was stepped through all this but had suffered somewhat the same fate as the bowsprit — this once all important spar had been rudely shoved aft a brace of fathoms or so to make room for the smokestack. Nevertheless, it still spread a fair sized leg o' mutton patch, leg o' mutton sails on the aftermast, or spanker, mast being a universal West Coast style.

The quarterdeck was shorter, usually complete with taffrail and turned stanchions and as yet the transom stern hadn't changed at all; here, in the tail feathers, she was still pure schooner. My sketch of the *Greenwood* is a typical example of the type. Come to think of it, this starts to sound like the granddaddy of all our present day motor-sailers, especially when you consider that a large number of them were painted all white, although green and black was popular too.

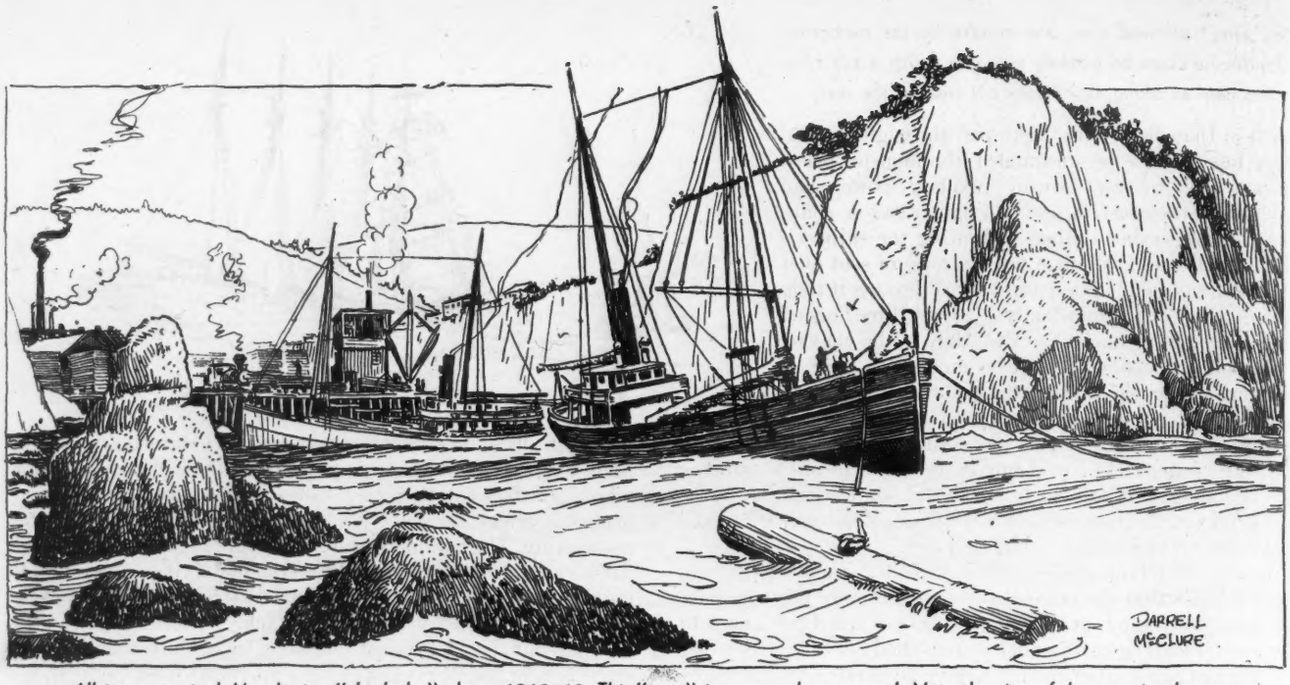
We'll say she's between 110 and 120 feet in length, wide in the girth and pretty shoal. Her bilges are hard and her bottom is F-L-A-T — but plenty. Coming the hundred and some handful of miles up from San Francisco, ballasted with "general cargo" (a mere peck of light stuff consigned to the lumber mill's company store), you'd have a real ride if you were aboard. Riding high and light from the fore end of the deckhouse to the hawse, and with all her weight aft in the engine room, she's as badly off her lines as a small outboard skiff with a fat man in the stern sheets. Bucking the northwesterlies all the way up hill gave our little "wessel" a motion that was gawd-awful and out of this world.

Arriving at our loading point the next day, the O.M. orders the yawl boat away with a line coiled down in the stern. No, we are not going into the pier, even if there *is* a pier at this doghole, because it is far too rough to lay alongside such an immovable object; we're going to load "outside." We're not going to anchor either. Strategically located moorings, huge logs each long enough for twelve or fifteen seagulls at one sitting, are the goal of our yawl boat. Speed is essential because the surge of the sea and the devilish currents keep the engine room telegraph all a-jingle while the skipper fights to maintain position. There are reefs all around. Once firmly moored to four or more buoys, forward and aft, the O.M. rings down the engine — but only *down*, not *out*. On this shore, you just don't play that way. Steam stays *up*.

The loading is unique, to say the least. I've tried to show it in one of my sketches. All the lumber is sent down this "trolley" wire, in wire slings suspended from a fiddle block. The upper block rides the trolley; the lower block controls the sling. After a gravity feed ride down the trolley, the lower wire is slacked off sufficiently to allow the slingload to settle to the deck. Smart handling by the deck crew spots the load just about where they want it and the loading goes fast. A powerful donkey engine placed high in a



The steam schooner "Greenwood" puts to sea with her deckload well secured with chains, within chin-scraping distance of the pilot house



Albion, a typical Mendocino "doghole," about 1910–12. This "port" is now no longer used. Note the size of the mooring buoys

tower on the pier provides controlling power. There may be more detail to it than that but I think this will suffice.

Once loaded, our schooner was a different vessel. Her motion steadied to a slow and even roll, deep but easy. Her cargo was stacked aboard like a three-layer cake. Below hatches, she was just solid lumber and the first deckload made a snug fit, flush with the top of the bulwarks. This was made all secure with chains and, in bad weather, the O.M. considered this sufficient. However, if he had any gambler's hope for a fair passage, the third and last layer was added, clean up to chin-scraping distance with the pilot house. I'm afraid the Old Man wasn't always infallible in his judgment because lost deckloads littered the shore right down to the Golden Gate.

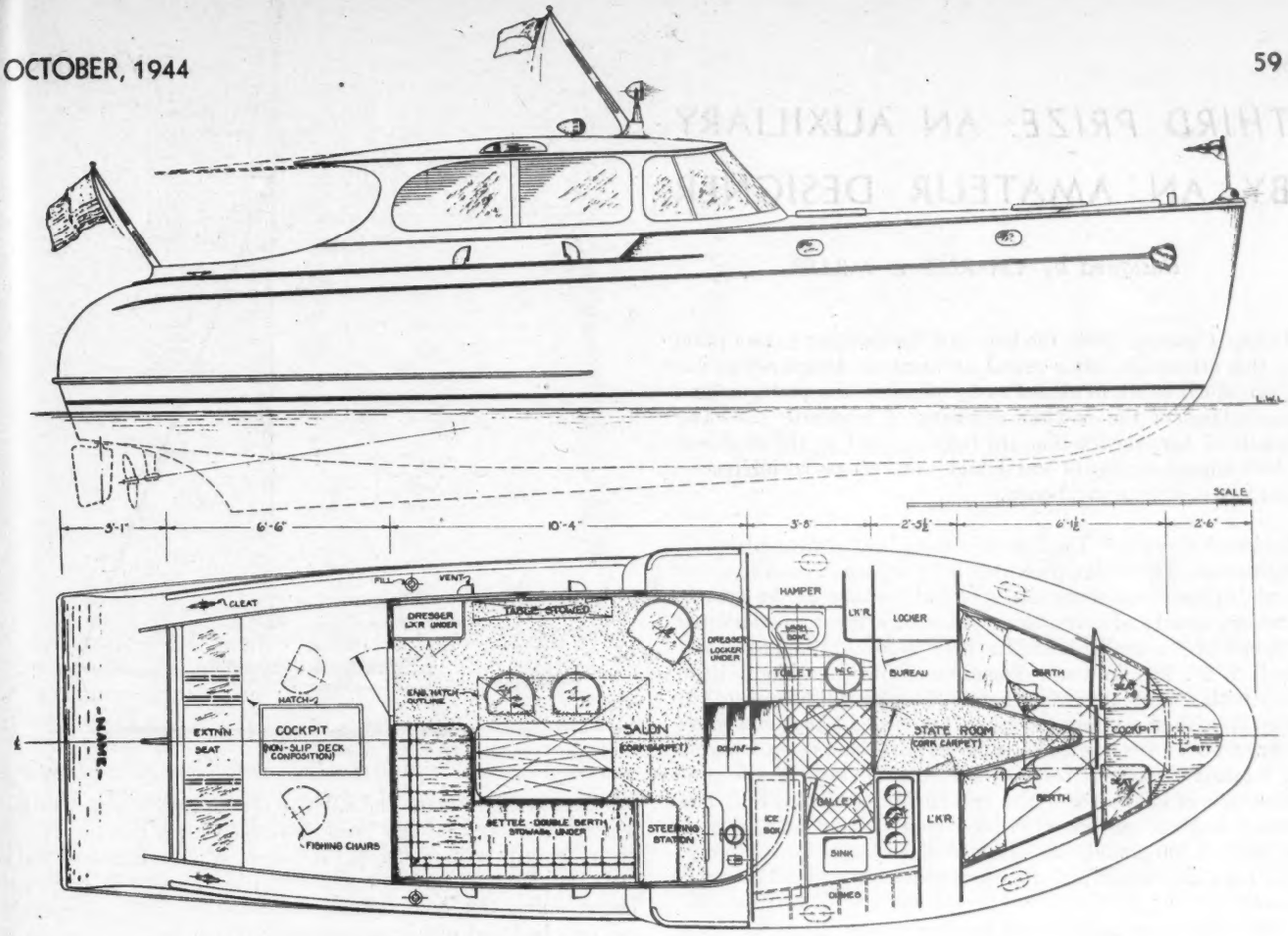
With a full head of steam and her canvas drawing, the little ship reeled off her knots down hill to San Francisco. If you were aboard as passenger in one of the two spare cabins, you would be down on the crew list as a steward or stewardess, according to how you button your weskit, from the right or left. Only the steamer *Sea Foam* was licensed to carry passengers in my day, and she was bigger and a later model than the boat we're talking about. Passengers were unhappy people. The accommodations were primitive in extreme and there was nothing to do but get seasick; they did so forthwith.

Time passed and changes were made. The old schooner stern gave way to the round stern with more bearing aft as steam power increased. Steam winches and a cargo boom replaced the fores'l; only the main and forestays'l remained, seldom used now because your professional seaman will never touch a halliard so long as the mill will turn over. Other changes were a raised fo'c's'le for'ard and the quarter deck brought up flush with the floor of the upper deckhouse. In some cases, the whole stern was housed in. The pilot house went aloft again to what was now the boat deck. Paradoxically, as steam power increased in the little coasters, all-sail vessels were seen more frequently, for a time at least, at two or three of the more secure landing points. Large four- and five-masted schooners with an occasional noble barkentine towed up from San Francisco. Once loaded, a steam schooner passed a towline and gave them an offing. These were deep water vessels and another story entirely.

One by one the mills were dismantled as the adjacent area was logged out. Schooners that wore out in the trade or, as more often happened, went on the rocks, were not replaced. Came a day when our little steamer was bound south. She wasn't making her knots — boiler trouble and a leaky condenser. The old girl was feeling her seams, too. The O.M. suddenly remembered that he had two sails rigged and the wind was fair. "Set de yib," was ordered. It's been a long, long time since it was out of its covering. A hand sets to work but time and neglect have done their ruin. The canvas comes away in his paws, an ancient hag too old for toil. No tragedy, this, to the hand. "By Yasus, I am glad. Sails iss too tam much vork." So saying, the hand directed a highly satisfactory stream of Copenhagen "snoose" to loo'ard. The main was left to rot away decently in its gaskets.

And so passed the steam schooner. Today, the Mendocino coast enjoys a different seafaring trade. The tiny harbors afford excellent shelter for a large fleet of small fishing boats, splendid little craft ranging from 35 feet to 50 feet in length, occupied in salmon, halibut and shark fishing. Noyo, the best harbor on this rugged coast, boasts more than a hundred and fifty such vessels.

But this is a story I intend to investigate some summer as soon as the shootin' is over. The Docket boys, of Mendocino, recently wrote me, "bring along your fishing tackle and *don't* forget your long-handled underwear." I will and I won't.



YACHTING'S DESIGN CONTEST

SECOND PRIZE: A POWER CRUISER BY A PROFESSIONAL DESIGNER

***Designed by* J. P. CRESINE**

Judges' Comment: At first glance this cruiser would appear to be quite conventional in design, and more typical of pre-war design and construction than a craft proposed for the cruiser fleet of tomorrow. Closer inspection, however, reveals that the designer has gone to some length to combine the traditional characteristics of the moderate sized power boat with a variety of design ideas which affect both her appearance and construction.

The cabin plan and deckhouse arrangement have much to recommend them, and should prove eminently practical in every respect.

The modified streamlining of the superstructure is both pleasing and practical; and, although some yachtsmen will not care for the designer's treatment of the transom, the constructional advantages of such a design are worth serious consideration.

Designer's Comment: I have endeavored to present a cruiser having classic proportions with regard to lines so as to obtain a craft of lasting beauty as well as one capable of superior behavior.

The materials specified are limited to those of proven reliability. While the engine shown here is of English design, this need not be a drawback. The reason for indicating a horizontal opposed piston engine is to show the advantages it possesses, i.e., a low center of gravity and a better distribution of weight. The utilization of such power plants should greatly facilitate the design of more seaworthy and more graceful boats of moderate size.

Plywood would be used in construction wherever possible. The transom as shown is much stronger and is simpler to build when plywood is used than is the conventional "box stern" when built of conventional materials. This type of stern is not new, but as here used is refined a little. It could be either glued up or made of laminated plys.

The foundations of the deck, deckhouse, bulkheads and all interior joiner work would also be of plywood. The floors would be of corrosion-resistant steel in the engine compartment, and of

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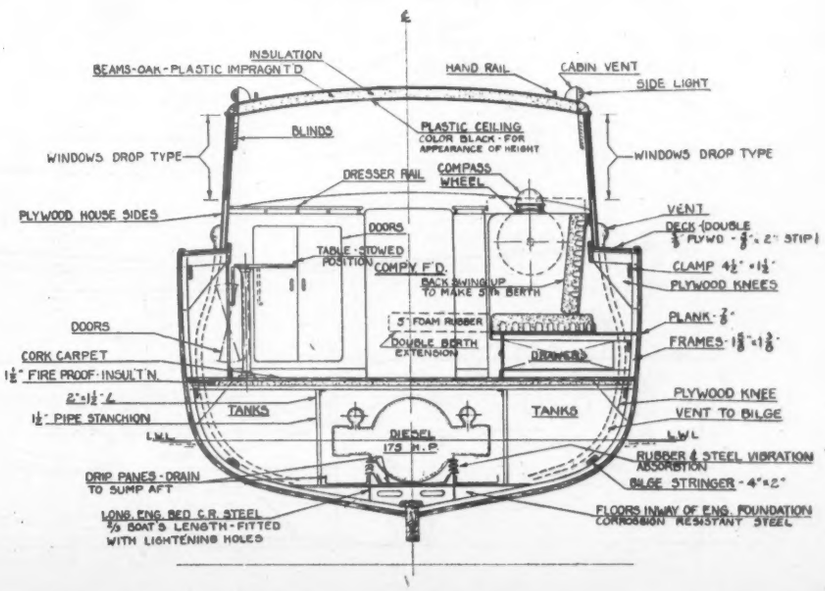


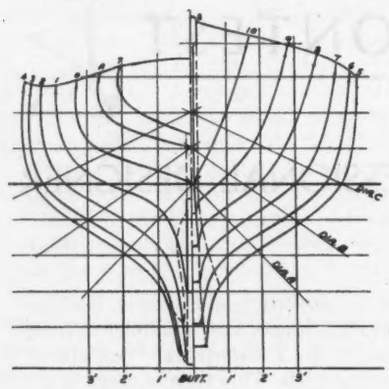
THIRD PRIZE: AN AUXILIARY BY AN AMATEUR DESIGNER

Designed by CHARLES E. MILLER

Judges' Comment: Both the lines and the designer's description of this attractive cutter reveal an amateur designer who has given much study to almost every phase of the problems and possibilities of the postwar auxiliary of moderate size. The details of her construction are fully covered in the drawings which appear on page 61 and should prove of special interest to builders as well as yachtsmen.

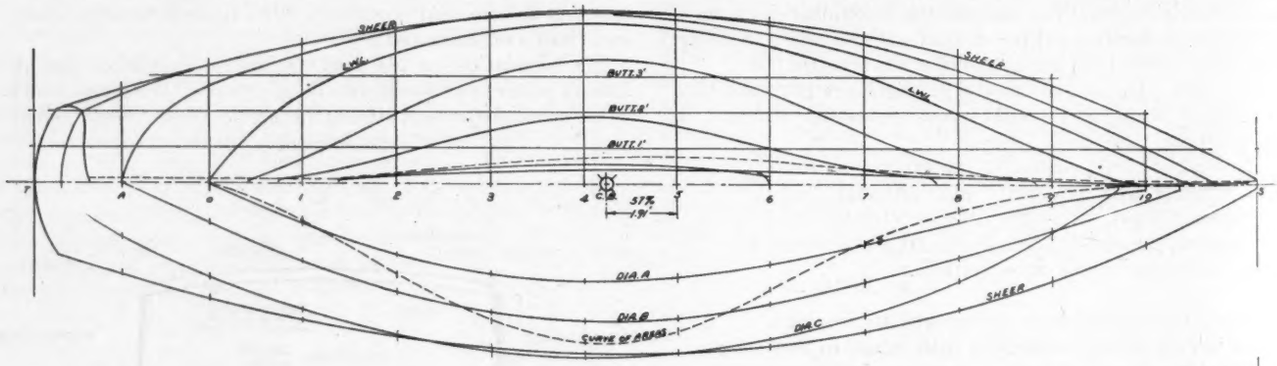
Designer's Comment: The lines of a good boat always intrigue a yachtsman. The design presented is 34′ 9″ o.a. The design was made to near maximum size specified because of the greater comfort, speed and seaworthiness at not too great an additional expense over a smaller boat. The l.w.l. is 26′ 8″, beam 9′ 6″ and draft 5′ 2″. The lines and dimensions show a sea-kindly little lady with a righteous sense of stability, who will be a rascal to keep up with, if you can catch her. The straight keel, extending over one-third her length, has sufficient drag and is cut away as to forefoot to prevent being caught long in stays. It also provides ease of holding to course and facilitates hauling out. The ballast totals 45 per cent of displacement, 6,650 pounds of lead, of which 2,000 pounds are battened down inside for trimming. The lines and ballast will allow for good speed and sail carrying power.

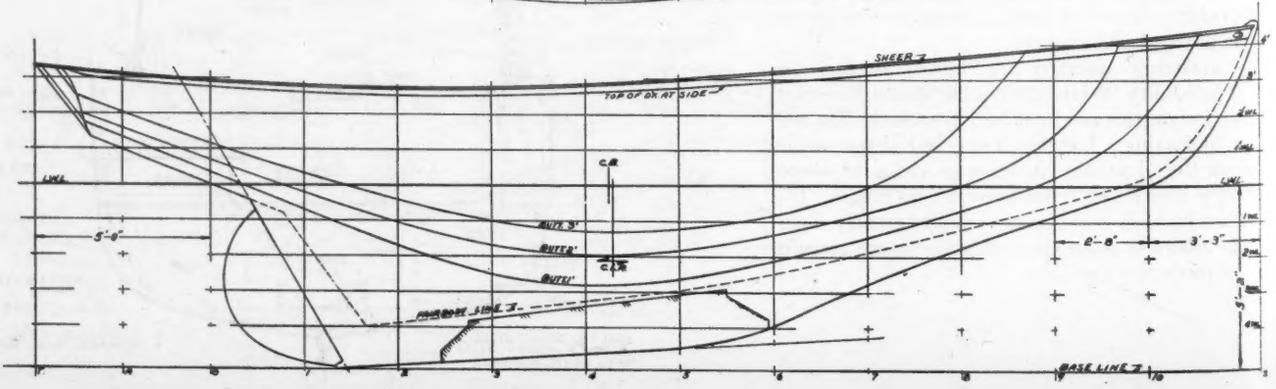
The attempt to make her an auxiliary cruiser that could race with a good chance for the silver resulted in the final draft of the sail plan as shown here. The sail plan reveals a trim packet with a graceful sheer that has been designed with a purpose. The stem blends in with moderate overhangs, as does the stern. The ends, as designed, are not liable to pound and will provide longer sailing lines and stability when heeled. The full length rail may be fitted with stanchions and life line for a long cruise. The rig is of a modern inboard plan which is fast, easily handled and has proven safe by experience. A hollow mast, made of aluminum, plywood or built up as suggested in the construction plans, supports the rig. Total sail area is 561 square feet (if available, the sails will be of nylon), divided into a well distributed 388 sq. ft. mainsail and 173 sq. ft. jib. While light sails could be used at times, less sail could be carried in some regions. The sail plan presented is for racing and for short cruises in most areas of the United States. A hollow boom fits into a roller reefing gear that allows for quick reefing in heavy weather and reduction of canvas when beating to windward. The engine shown is a 25 hp. Universal.

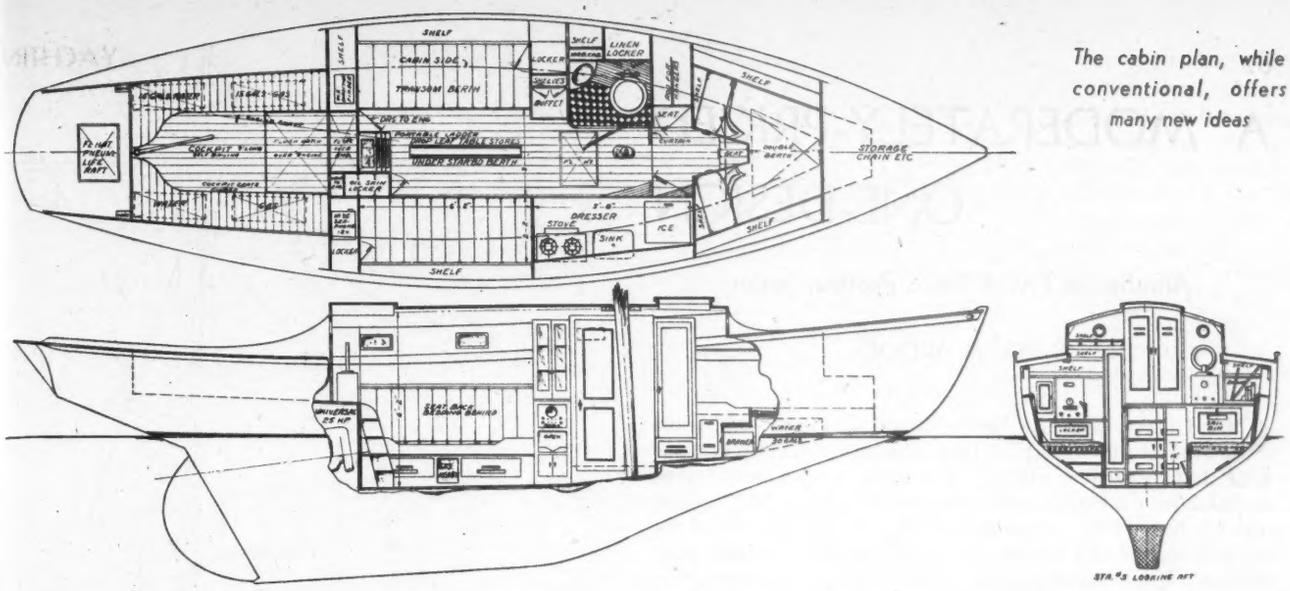


34′ 9″ o.a., 26′ 8″ l.w.l., 9′ 6″ beam, 5′ 2″ draft and a sail area of 561 sq. ft. comprise the vital statistics of this interesting postwar auxiliary. The hull is of molded plywood, the hollow mast is to be either of aluminum or plywood may be built up

The watertight, self-bailing cockpit is 7′ long and 36″ wide on the floor. The cockpit, combined with good-sized alleyways and forward deck, gives ample space. The seat cushions are kapok-filled and may be used as life preservers. Under the hinged seats







The cabin plan, while conventional, offers many new ideas

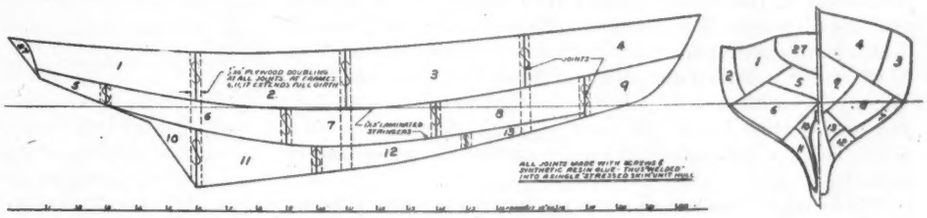
are four 15-gallon tanks with hand holes for inspection, two tanks holding gasoline and two for water. All precautions for ventilation and safety installations for fuel would, of course, be observed. The auxiliary engine is under the cockpit floor and extends into the cabin. The engine space is adequately ventilated by a large vent from the cockpit, two vents abaft the cockpit on deck and vents in the doors to the engine space. Going below, the open cabin makes for spaciousness. The floor is 36" wide and the headroom 6' 2" clear under carlines. A portable drop leaf table, quickly assembled, stows under the starboard transom berth. A full height oilskin locker, located at the after part of the cabin, is provided. A "seaphone" model 35, 12V, is surrounded by plenty of locker and shelf space.

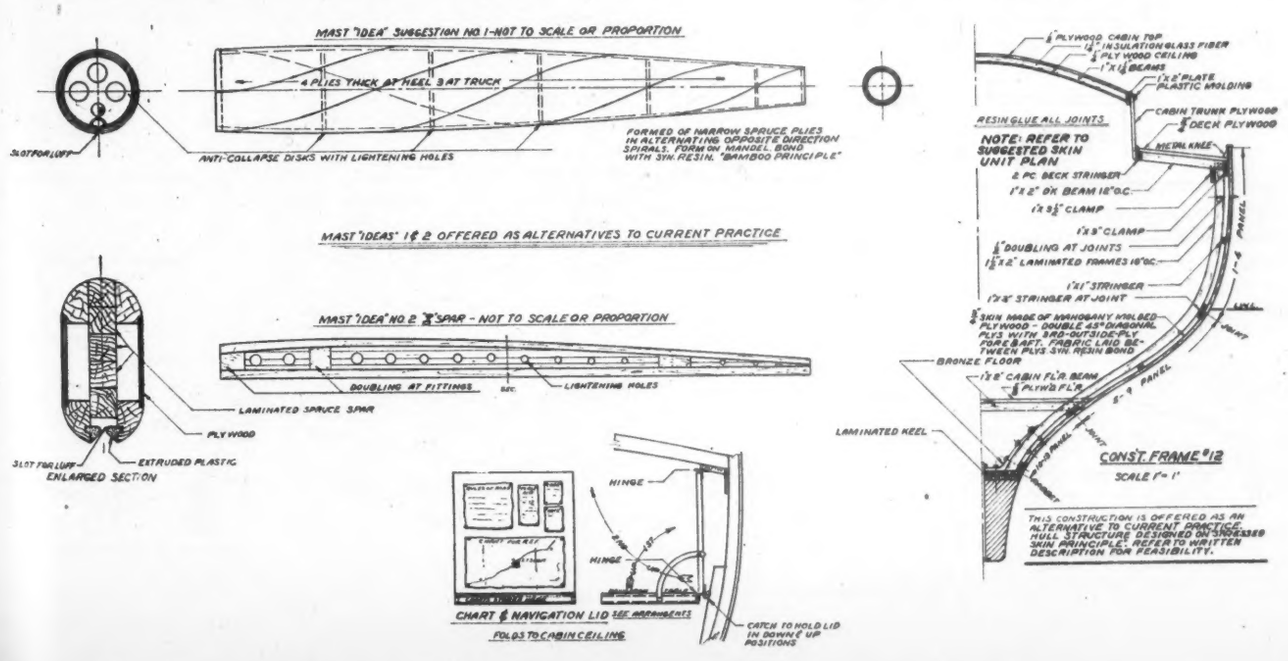
Inspection of Station 5 shows that the "navigation room" contains a Western Electric direction finder, a clock, barometer, instruments, books and a novel folding chart table. The latter folds up to the ceiling and is completely out of the way when not in use. When extended downward, it may be used as chart storage, bulletin board, or a table on which to plot one's course or fill in the log book. The two transom berths serve as seats. Bedding may be stored behind the hinged backs. The numerous shelves are fitted with fiddle or rail. A radio and lockers are conveniently located below the top of the buffet. The toilet room provides an ample linen locker and medicine cabinet.

A galley 5' 8" long provides for convenience and practical utility. The galley is to be made of the same materials as the rest of the interior, namely, stainless steel, waterproof plywood and plastics. For example, the dresser top is made of stainless steel, while the 12" by 18" by 8" sink is of molded plastic. The ice box food compartment has a large door hinged at side or at bottom if preferred. A hanging strap is in the galley for bad weather. A heavy curtain gives privacy to the forward stateroom. A full height hanging locker with a deep drawer and a seat is just the ticket for this arrangement. The double berth is separated by a seat; drawers are under the berths. A 30-gallon water tank will come in handy for ballasting, and combined with the two after tanks, provides 60 gallons of fresh water. The forepeak is for chain and miscellaneous gear. The heater suggested would be a Stewart-Warner gasoline model located under the port berth and would be protected, as is the engine, by C-O-Two fire extinguishing equipment. Two hatches provide for ventilation and exit. A pneumatic raft, stowed in a flush hatch abaft the cockpit, may be used as a dinghy or for emergency purposes.

(Continued on page 98)

Right, one of the most interesting features of the designer's proposed method of building is the "welded" hull, designed on the "stressed skin principle," by the assembly of a large number of panels of plywood "skin units"


JOINTS
DOUBLING STRINGERS
ALL JOINTS MADE WITH WATERPROOF SYNTHETIC RESIN GLUE. THUS "WELDED" INTO A SINGLE "STRESSED SKIN" UNIT HULL


MAST "IDEA" SUGGESTION NO 1-NOT TO SCALE OR PROPORTION
4 PLIES THICK AT HEEL 3 AT TRUCK
SLOT FOR LUFF
ANTI-COLLAPSE DISKS WITH LIGHTENING HOLES
FORMED OF NARROW SPRUCE PLIES IN ALTERNATING OPPOSITE DIRECTION SPIRALS. FORM ON MANDEL. BOND WITH SYN. RESIN. "BAMBOO PRINCIPLE"
MAST "IDEAS" 1 & 2 OFFERED AS ALTERNATIVES TO CURRENT PRACTICE
MAST "IDEA" NO 2 "I" SPAR - NOT TO SCALE OR PROPORTION
DOUBLING AT FITTINGS
LIGHTENING HOLES
LAMINATED SPRUCE SPAR
PLYWOOD
SLOT FOR LUFF
EXTRUDED PLASTIC
ENLARGED SECTION
HINGE
HINGE
CHART & NAVIGATION LID SEE ARRANGEMENTS
FOLDS TO CABIN CEILING
CATCH TO HOLD LID IN DOWN & UP POSITIONS
RESIN GLUE ALL JOINTS
NOTE: REFER TO SUGGESTED SKIN UNIT PLAN
2 PC DECK STRINGER
1"x 2" DK BEAM 18" O.C.
1"x 3½" CLAMP
1"x 3" CLAMP
DOUBLING AT JOINTS
1½"x 2" LAMINATED FRAMES 18" OC.
1"x 1" STRINGER
1"x 3" STRINGER AT JOINT
BRONZE FLOOR
1"x 8" CABIN FL'R BEAM
LAMINATED KEEL
CONST. FRAME #12
SCALE 1"= 1'
THIS CONSTRUCTION IS OFFERED AS AN ALTERNATIVE TO CURRENT PRACTICE. HULL STRUCTURE DESIGNED ON "STRESSED SKIN PRINCIPLE", REFER TO WRITTEN DESCRIPTION FOR FEASIBILITY.

A MODERATELY-PRICED ONE-DESIGN

Another in YACHTING'S Postwar Series

By O. A. WOOD

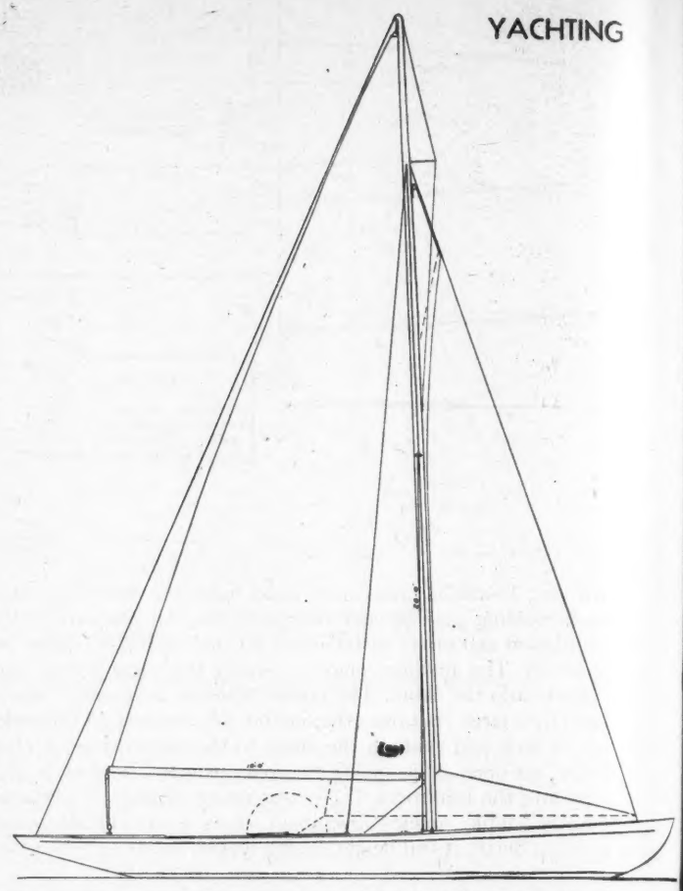
SINCE receiving last April's YACHTING, I have spent hours studying the beautiful, long, slim model of the "Postwar Racing Cutter" which A. E. Luders, Jr., designed. Unless an unknown uncle dies and leaves me some lucre, Mr. Luders' cutter is beyond the range of possibility for me. But out of the war will emerge two factors which, if properly combined, may produce a boat possessing most of the qualities I admire in the cutter — and in a size I can afford.

One of these is the molded plywood process of construction which Messrs. Wood and Barnes explored in the series of articles on "The Postwar Small Boat" which started in the March, 1943, issue of YACHTING. From this series, I gather that duplicate round bottomed hulls can be produced of almost any desired shape which are both stronger and lighter than any boats which have yet been built. To me, this means finer boats than some of the light, strong, beautiful double-planked sloops which Herreshoff built years ago of the finest materials and craftsmanship as well as the many fine boats of recent years.

From the Armed Forces will come a host of young fellows who could scarcely row a boat in 1941 but who have been infected with this chronic, infectious, though rarely fatal, disease which causes us to read Herb Stone's periodical — a deep love of the water and of all sorts of boats. From the Army and Navy will also come thousands of boys who used to sail and who are now eating their hearts out wanting to get their hands on a tiller. The war industries will supply another throng of past or potential sailors.

To me, all of this adds up to a market for "volume production" of several one-design classes of open sail boats which will have great appeal if offered at sufficiently attractive prices. The overhead required to prepare to put such models on the market is not excessive and the output required to reach "volume production" does not seem tremendous. I frankly admit I am unable to name the catalytic agent to cause these two elements to mix. All I can suggest is the fullest discussion to see if there is not a fairly general agreement on three or four sizes and models which would benefit most from the molded plywood process.

When such boats are designed, tested and found to be as much in advance of current products as I believe they can be,

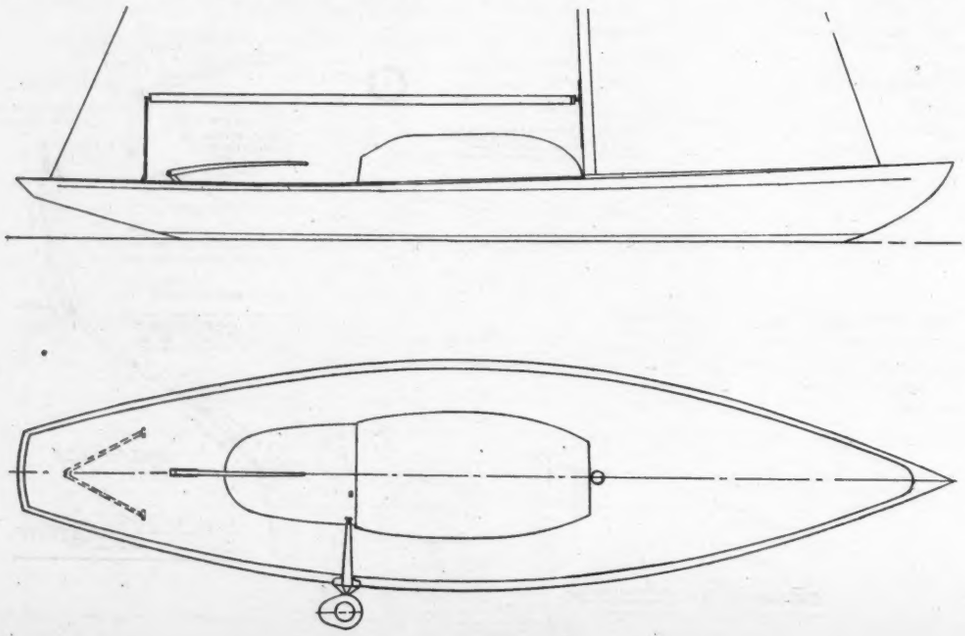


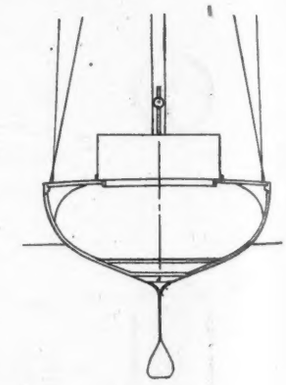
26' o.a. and of molded plywood construction, the author describes his proposed moderately priced postwar one-design as a "super-Star"

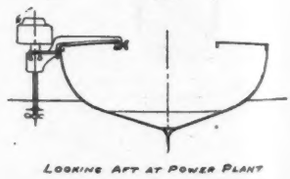
I hope that an arrangement can be worked out in the industry whereby the hull parts — two sides, keel, deck and mast — can be produced by two or three manufacturers and shipped to other units of the industry for assembling, finishing, rigging and selling. This would have to be done under an agreement that there would be no variation in shape or weight to try and achieve an increase of speed of two minutes in 10 miles. In other words, true one-design classes must be preserved. The parts should also be available to amateur builders.

The sort of boat I am thinking of is a small, one-design, fin keel racing boat for a two-man crew. First, she should be good-looking. I mean good looking to the average yachtsman, rather than to people who like modernistic houses. Messrs. Wood and Barnes have outlined the possibilities of a 25-footer with an

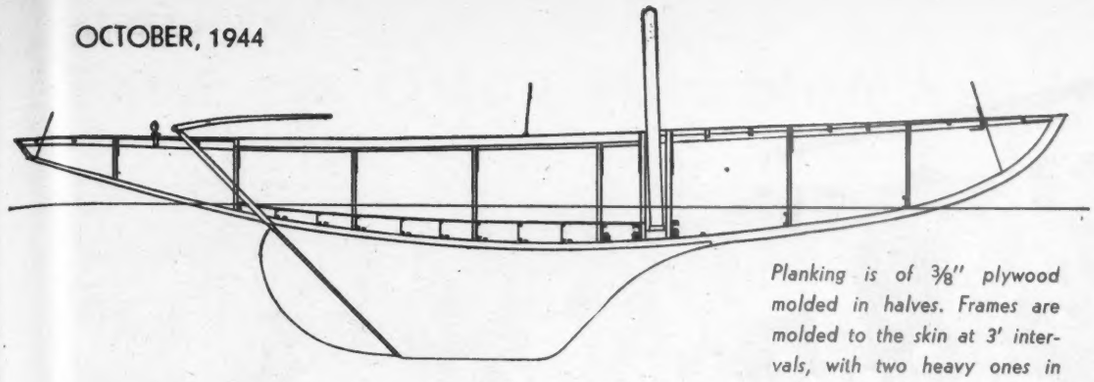
Below, she is slim with graceful overhangs. Note the outboard bracket which gives her the many advantages of an auxiliary



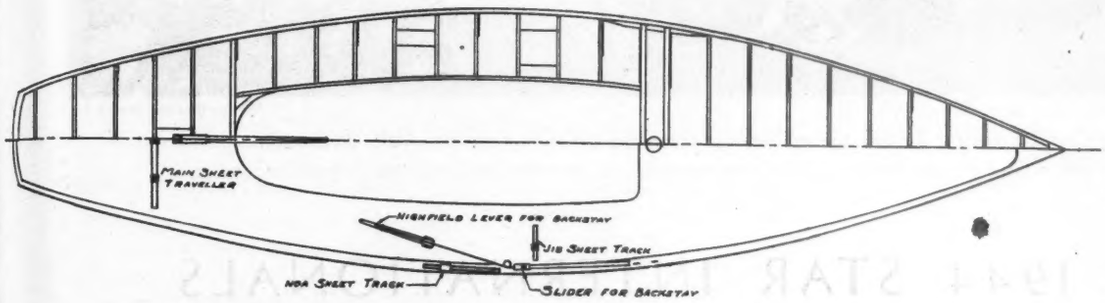




LOOKING AFT AT POWER PLANT



Planking is of 3/8" plywood molded in halves. Frames are molded to the skin at 3' intervals, with two heavy ones in wake of the mast. The deck is also of 3/8" plywood



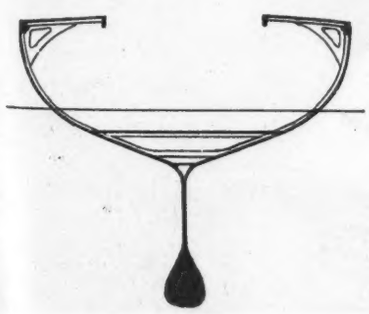
air craft carrier bow and stern — so that you can get up the anchor or take in the jib without soiling your hands or taking the crease out of your flannels. I submit that my vote is for a craft that I'll enjoy looking at as I row ashore in the dinghy and so shaped that a model of her hung over the fireplace will remind me of a good-looking blonde and not an LST.

She would have sweet overhangs and be as slim as possible. She should have that big boat feeling and that eagerness to go which endears a Star to her owner. She should be designed with the objective of producing a fast, lively boat with "*it*," rather than to take a large number of passengers in maximum comfort.

The drawings shown here are not designs but a means of showing the kind of boat and rig I'm talking about. I guess a super-Star is what I'm dreaming of; a boat which will pick up and shake her skirts in a light breeze and attain close to her maximum speed to windward in an 8- to 10-mile breeze, but she should be able to stand up and carry her sail better than a Star when it begins to breeze up. Perhaps 200 pounds can be saved in hull weight and added to the keel. Maybe a few inches can be added to the draft and the hull widened above the water line where it will give her something to lean on when she really starts to heel. This should increase her stability 25 or 30 per cent over that of a Star. She would still be getting stiffer fast when the Star has her rail down and is taking the puffs by luffing and spilling the wind off the top of her sails.

Of course, there must be a limit to length to keep the cost and size of storage shed within limits. My idea would be 26'. Particularly with molded plywood construction, I don't believe that a slim 26-footer would cost more than a fat 20-footer.

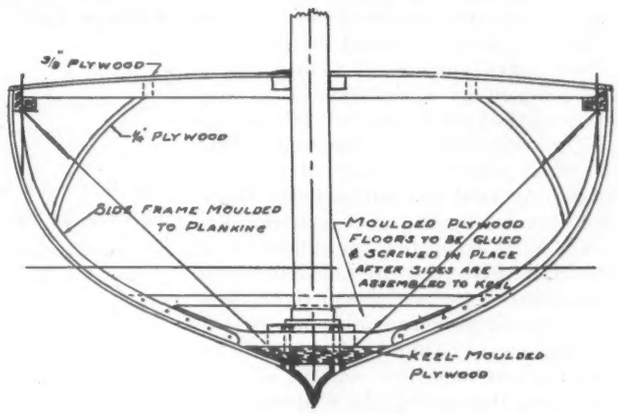
The planking would be of 3/8" plywood molded in halves, fastened to the stout laminated keel with cold-setting synthetic resin glue with just enough screws to hold the sides in place while the glue is setting. I have shown frames molded to the skin at 3' intervals with two heavy ones at the mast. There would be light molded plywood floors as shown, principally to support the cabin floor. At the mast, the floors would be heavy, screwed and glued to the frames and keel so that the heeling movement of the mast would be transmitted directly to the keel without exerting the usual wringing action on the hull. A substantial clamp would be molded to the sides at the sheer line.



The cast iron fin keel is designed to concentrate the weight in a streamlined bulb. The flange at the top is curved out to form a hollow garboard

Whereas I have also shown conventional deck beams and framing and a 3/8" plywood deck, I believe that the deck could be molded in one piece with stiffening pieces molded in at the mast, around the cockpit and where local strength is required. In fact, frames and floors might be entirely eliminated except that two heavy frames and floors would be needed at the mast. This would be a joy in the spring when the bilge has to be cleaned and painted. She would have a cast iron fin keel with the weight concentrated in a streamlined bulb. The flange at the top would be curved out to form a hollow garboard. The rudder would be supported at the after part of the fin.

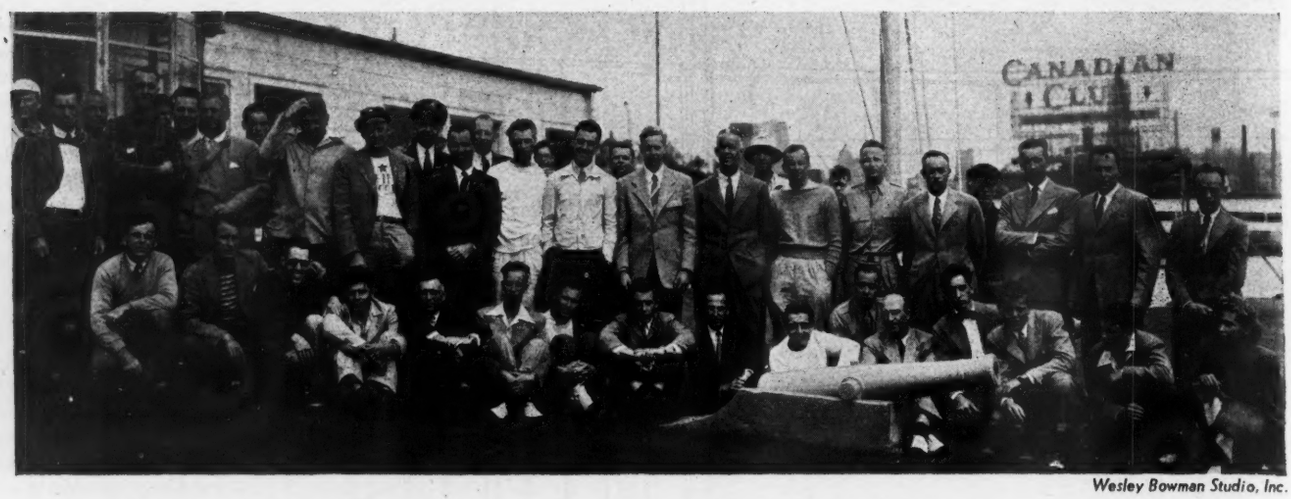
The sail plan is where I bog down. If it is to be big enough to give smart performance in light weather, it must be possible to reduce it at some point as the wind pipes up. The best I have been able to dream up is a main slightly smaller than a Star's and a large Genoa for light going. The Genoa would have a stout wire luff rope and be set flying with a powerful and quick acting winch to make it easy to change to the working jib. I hope that this Genoa would overpower the boat enough in about a 14 to 16 m.p.h. breeze, before it got tough, so that it would pay to change to the working jib.


3/8" PLYWOOD
1/4" PLYWOOD
SIDE FRAME MOULDED TO PLANKING
MOULDED PLYWOOD FLOORS TO BE GLUED & SCREWED IN PLACE AFTER SIDES ARE ASSEMBLED TO KEEL
KEEL- MOULDED PLYWOOD

Then I hope that someone will devise a roller reefing gear for the main which will really work quickly, easily and reliably, so that I may look forward to those fine, blue skied days with a 25 to 30-mile wind, when your non-sailing friends say: "Don't you wish you could get out sailing this afternoon?" and you say: "Aye" and are darned glad you don't have to go out and take your beating.

The mast is one place where I hope for real improvement. It should be hollow, big enough and stiff enough to eliminate all worry. I hope that molded plywood or some plastic can be employed to make this possible and keep the weight, including shrouds, spreaders etc., down to that of the lightest and flimsiest Star masts. Then I would have the specified minimum weight

(Continued from page 98)



Wesley Bowman Studio, Inc.

Competitors at Chicago. Gerald Driscoll, the winner, is second from the right, back row. Malin Burnham, his crew, is third from the right in the front row. Robert L. Lippincott, runner up, is second to the left of the flagpole, second row.

THE 1944 STAR INTERNATIONALS

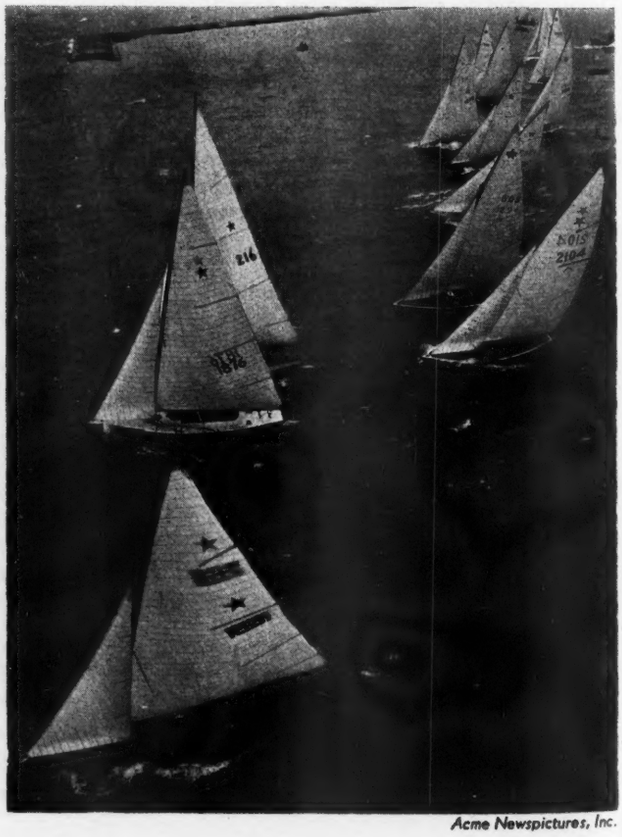
▶Ever since the ancient cave dwellers competed to find out which one could heave a boulder the farthest, there have been different methods by which champions have been chosen. To paraphrase an author whose name escapes us, men have been born to championship, men have had championship thrust upon them and men have achieved championship. It has been our privilege to observe the International Star Class World's Championship for the past two years; last year as a bystander and this year at Chicago as crew of a competing team and we are convinced that the "Skipper Series" method employed in these events comes nearer to establishing a champion by achievement than any other method yet devised for yacht racing.

The contestants are from active Star fleets all over the Western Hemisphere chosen by local elimination races. Boats are provided by the fleet sponsoring the event so the competing teams need bring only sails. Five races are sailed and each contestant draws a different boat each day. No skipper may sail his own boat if she happens to be among those used. The drawings are made the morning of each race day, thus giving the contestants a chance to make whatever minor adjustments they think necessary. Scoring is by points, one point for finishing and one for each competitor beaten. It is only natural that in such a series the locker room discussion centered around the "luck of the draw" rather than the sailing skill exhibited by the winners or losers. There is no question but that some of the boats were faster than others, and that some were better equipped and better kept than others. Nevertheless, the boat that was first in the first race finished seventeenth in the third race under almost identical conditions, and the boat that finished fourteenth in the first race finished first in the third race. It is true that the eventual winner of the series drew one of the six fastest boats in four of the five races but it is equally true that he could sail only one of them at a time and the other five were always in their against him. So much for the "luck of the draw."

▶This year, the twenty-third World's Championship of the Star Class was sponsored by the Chicago Yacht Club in cooperation with the Sheridan Shore, Chicago Corinthian, Columbia and Jackson Park Yacht Clubs of Chicago, and the Southern Lake Michigan and Wilmette Harbor fleets. The courses were laid out about three miles from shore where the wind was unaffected by the city's tall buildings. The races were supposed to start at 2:00 p.m. each day but various factors, such as wind shifts and breakdowns, often delayed the start until 3:30 or even 4:00 p.m. The races began on Monday, August 21st and wound up on Saturday, August 26th with one rest day, which turned out to be Wednesday.

Fine weather prevailed throughout the week with varying light and brisk winds

(Continued on page 100)



Acme Newspictures, Inc.

The last race was started in an 18-mile breeze with an old sea rolling in from a stiff blow the night before.

Fine weather prevailed throughout the week's racing with varying light and brisk winds from the north and east. The wind often shifted several points in a few seconds without any change in velocity. These shifts constantly reshuffled the fleet

THE MONTH IN YACHTING

Kent Hitchcock

A few of the 113 starters in the Ninth Annual Flight of the Snowbirds

RACING AT NEWPORT HARBOR

▶ Sailing and racing are booming again in Southern California. For the past two years, regatta entry lists have been pretty thin in spots; and then, suddenly, everyone caught the racing fever again. Early summer regattas at Newport Harbor were well attended but it remained for the August classics to bring out the fleets in full force. The Flight of the Snowbirds is always a colorful event. One boom year before the war 124 of the little one-design centerboarders hit the line in the annual Flight but in the past two years the entry list wasted away to 70 or 80. On August 6th, 113 boats started the six-mile course at Newport and 106 of them stuck it out through the traffic crowded channels to finish the race.

This is primarily a youngsters' event, ages running from nine to 18 on the average although an oldster occasionally joins the fleet (and always winds up well down the long line of finishers). Janet Powers, a 17-year-old miss, was this year's winner. Sailing her fourth Flight, Janet made a perfect start and, with a half dozen experienced skippers right on her stern, left the huge field far behind. Henry B. Grandin, Jr., the 1943 winner, took second place. The rest of the trophy winners, the first ten to finish, were: (3) Jos. Allen Beek, Jr., (4) Dwight Phillips, (5) Nancy Duckett, (6) Wm. Jaeger, (7) Barbara Cundiff, (8) Hal Talmadge, the 1942 winner, (9) Tommy Christiansen, (10) Max King, Jr., 2nd place winner in 1942. Special trophies were awarded to Sandra Beardslee, age 9, the youngest girl to finish and Bruce Brown, also age 9, the youngest boy to finish. The youngsters of the Snowbird fleet sail three and four series each week through the summer.

▶ The Eighth Annual Newport Harbor Race Week, August 11th, 12th and 13th, found the big bay jammed with pleasure craft, swimmers and paddleboards, and the mere act of keeping in the lead in your class was complicated by the unmeant interference of the thousand craft winding their individual ways in patterns that had the experienced racing skipper frothing at the mouth and probably just a little worn in the temper before the series was over. The traffic can account for the veritable flood of protests. When the last of the more than 90 competing boats had completed the five-race series, and the protest hearings had been held, the winners were: P. C. Class, 8 entries, Brown (24 points), Strom (17), Giddings (14); Rhodes Class, 8 entries, Beardslee (36), Fulmar (27); Albatross Class, 13 entries, Pierson (51), Grandin (40), Bogart (39); PIC Class, 8 entries, Lewis (29), Norton (28), Davis (26); Star Class, 5 entries, Severance (15), Hatch (14); Falcon Class, 13 entries, McKibben (54), Younglove (53), Morgan (52); Dyer Class, 9 entries, Gurley (21), Elliot (18), Terkel (14); Snipe Class, 9 entries, White (24), King (22), Lewis (20), Snowbird Class, 27 entries. No results available.

In peace time, Race Week is sailed out on the ocean courses with just the dinks and small classes using the bay courses. There were some sad faces in the spectator fleet of "Sixes," "Eights," power cruisers, 45-footers and the big ocean racers that cruised along to watch the favored few in action. The big jamboree at the Newport Harbor Y.C. following the races looked and sounded just like old times.

KENT HITCHCOCK

THE L.M.Y.A. IN 1944

▶ The Lake Michigan Y.A. expanded its scope and functions in 1944. Some of the expansion has involved war effort. For instance, for the first time, the Association is publishing a monthly brochure giving news and general data of its member clubs, and a number of clubs have arranged to have copies of *The Spreader* sent to all their members in the Service.

The Association's Year Book has long been one of the largest and most comprehensive published but, in 1944, many additional pages appeared, and a new feature was included. This is a series of drawings and charts showing the anchorages and facilities of all the yacht harbors on Lake Michigan (as well as some harbors of refuge which have no club stations), each accompanied by a half-tone showing the appearance of the club as it is approached from the water. This feature was prepared under the direction of Past Commodore C. J. Peterson, chairman of a committee for extending and elaborating waterways programs on the Lake.

While the L.M.Y.A. Regatta, always a large event locally (118 yachts were entered in 1943), was suspended this year, other events took up a full schedule and the Association did its usual job of coördinating schedules and coöperating with race committees of the individual clubs.

The Lake Michigan Junior Championships were sponsored this year though the usual competition between clubs on all of the Great Lakes, and the national series for the Sears Cup were suspended. While not as many junior crews participated as usual, there was an excellent turnout under the direction of Rear Commodore Ed Schnabel, of the L.M.Y.A., and Past Commodore Ed Lawson, of the Burnham Park Y.C., host club this year.

Long range plans for harbor improvements and plans for added service to the clubs are now being studied. Commodore T. M. Dunlap is in his second term at the helm of the Association as well as being vice president of the N.A.Y.R.U. Commodore Dunlap has had the support and coöperation of all hands and has been one of the most active and capable commodores the Association has ever had.

D. E. HOBELMAN

INTER-COLLEGIATE CHAMPIONSHIPS

▶ The official dinghy championships of the Inter-Collegiate Y.R.A. take place in the spring season near the close of the normal college year, but M. I. T. has every claim on any mythical summer title of college dinghy racing this year. Tech clinched this honor when veteran Charlie Bloomer and a new luminary, Dick Wor-

Ted Dunlap, commodore of the L.M.Y.A.

rell, followed up their victory in the Fowle Trophy in home waters on August 27th by wresting possession of the *Danmark* Trophy from the Coast Guard Academy on the Thames, September 3rd.

With the Allied Armies hourly sweeping nearer enslaved Denmark, it became apparent by midsummer that the third Annual *Danmark* Regatta might be the last for several years which Captain Knud L. Hansen, donor of the trophy, and his picturesque craft would grace; thus an occasion was made of the event held during the Labor Day week-end. Everything but the breeze coöperated in making the event a memorable one. Although the lack of wind cut the racing to six contests in each division instead of the anticipated eight or nine, it was a good test of sailing in varying conditions. Tech clearly deserved victory.

Tech won the trophy but Coast Guard and Harvard captured the individual high-point skipper honors when George O'Day, of the Crimson, in the first division and Bob Roy, of the Cadets, in the second tied with 65-point totals. Ben Leventhal, of Brown, with 60 points and Bloomer, of Tech, with 58 were just astern of O'Day in the first division while Worrell, of the Engineers, was runner-up to Roy with a 63 point total. Roy won three races while Worrell and O'Day each led twice.

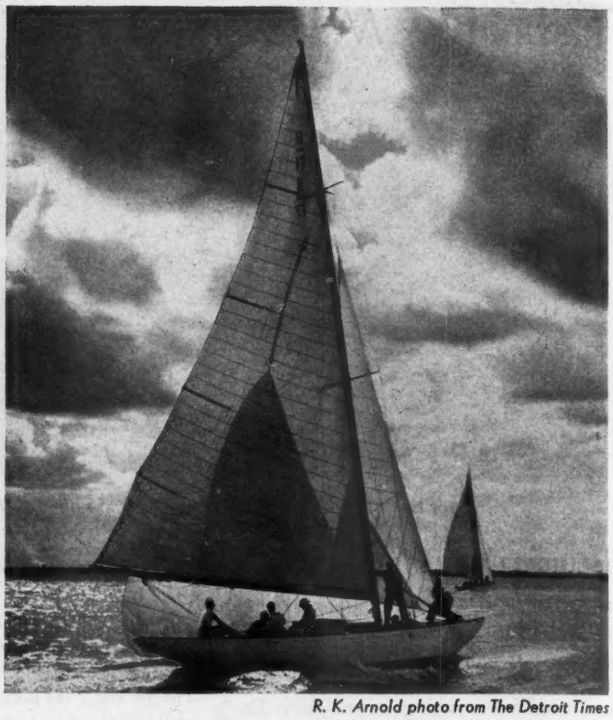
The final scores were: M. I. T., 121; Coast Guard, 116; Harvard, 102; Brown, 100; Cornell, 79; New Hampshire, 78; Worcester Tech, 78; Yale, 78; Dartmouth, 59; Stevens, 58; Williams, 48.

▶ As a rule, intercollegiate yachting has run remarkably true to form and there have been few upsets; if the favorite did not win, another highly rated team came through to victory. A surprise occurred in the second Annual I.C.Y.R.A.'s Star Championship held on the Thames River in the Coast Guard Academy's Star Fleet, August 19th–20th, when a new and unknown freshman skipper, William G. Nagle, sailed Williams' entry to the title. Nagle sailed consistently throughout the eight-race series, conducted on the round-robin change of boat system and held in moderate to light winds. He captured two of the eight races and took one second, three fourths, a fifth, and one sixth for a total of 53 points.

Williams went into a tie for first place at the conclusion of the second race and was never headed thereafter although Brown's crew, with Ralph Heinzerling as skipper, drew into a tie with the Purple at 29 points midway through the series before the Bears faded sharply. M.I.T.'s boat, sailed by Bloomer, with a first and three seconds in the last four races, was runner-up at 51 points. Harvard, with George O'Day, got away to a good start, slipped a bit, and came back for a strong third at 49 points.

The victory of Williams was its first major triumph in an I.C.Y.R.A. event since 1940 when Bob Bavier, Jr., Arthur Santry, Jr., and the late Stanley K. Turner brought two McMillan Cup championships and a Boston Dinghy Club Challenge Cup triumph to the Purple.

LEONARD M. FOWLE



"Armida," an Eight-Metre sailed by Bud Doyle, of Lake Ontario, during the Barthel Trophy series held on Lake St. Clair off the Grosse Pointe Yacht Club. Up ahead is "Thisbe," carrying a Lake Erie crew skippered by Ed Wunsch and Bob Kerr. Clare Udell was skipper of the Lake Michigan Y.A. crew which won the series, bringing the award back to the western lake for the first time since 1940

R. K. Arnold photo from The Detroit Times

BARTHEL TROPHY SERIES

▶ The eighth annual Barthel Trophy series, sailed on Lake St. Clair, off the Grosse Pointe Y.C. under the sponsorship of the Detroit Y.C., was typical of competition in this crew event sailed in Eight-Metres. After five of the six races had been sailed, the crews from the three lakes (Ontario, Michigan and Erie) were tied with 10 points each. Clare Udell was skipper of the Lake Michigan Y.A. crew which won the series, bringing the award back to the western lake for the first time since 1940.

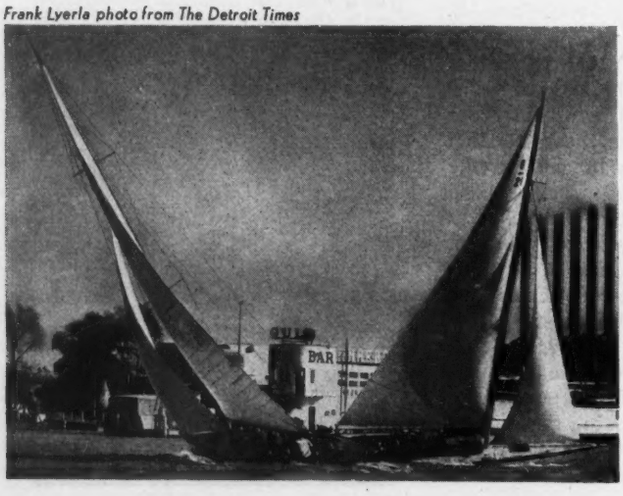
George Gonyeau's *Armida*, Tom Petzold's *Thisbe*, and *Shamrock*, owned by Bob Kerr and Eddie Wunsch, were the "Eights" used for the series, the crews, as in other years, changing boats for each race, thus sailing each boat twice.

Bud Doyle, head man of the L.Y.R.A. crew from Lake Ontario, who had won the trophy the three previous years, wound up in second place (11 points), and Bob Kerr and Eddie Wunsch, co-skippers of the Lake Erie crew, were third (9 points). Just before the sixth race was sailed, the judges announced that the Erie and Ontario crews had been disqualified for fouls in the fifth race. Udell and his gang, made up of Russell Moon, Edward Schnabel, Carl Hoppe, Richard Heinechen and Louis Shallady, then went out and won the sixth, the prettiest race of the series. Even if there had been no disqualification, Michigan, by winning this one, would have taken the series.

There was a good, steady breeze all through the six races, most of the time from the northerly quadrant. Lightest winds came when it dropped to five miles on the second day. The first and last days it blew between 12 and 20 m.p.h.

GEORGE E. VAN

Frank Lyerla photo from The Detroit Times



It would appear that someone was in a hurry to get to the bar! Two Eight-Metres, "Warrior" at left and "Pintail" at right, are beating up the Detroit River to Lake St. Clair against a head wind and a downstream current during the Icicle Trophy series last spring

Bridgeport Post Photo

Above, the Pequot Y.C. crew which won the S. Gregory Taylor Trophy (Junior Girls Sailing Championship). Left, Ernest Stavey presents the award

YACHT RACING IN MINNESOTA

▶ When the service boys come trekking back to indulge in racing at Minnetonka, Calhoun, White Bear and Harriet — the four lakes which are hot spots of yacht racing in Minnesota — they will hear plenty about the 1944 season. With perfect weather conditions, local yachtsmen sailed through an eventful season.

At Minnetonka, a race early in June and the cornerstone laying of the new club in August were two of the highlights of the season. The race was only one of a full schedule from the last Saturday in May until Labor Day, but what a race it was! Only six E boats braved the strong winds and, when it was all over, there had been nine capsizes. Johnny Hunt, sailing *Leading Lady*, won and his boat was the only one that did not capsize at least once during the race. *Pathfinder*, manned by Dave and Harry Cochran and Tommy Warner, finished second although she capsized three times over a ten-mile course. Only two boats finished and some of Minnetonka's best skippers had to give way as many of the puffs were registered at 50 m.p.h.

Later in the summer, General Charles McC. Reeve laid the cornerstone for the new clubhouse off Lighthouse Island to replace the one destroyed by fire late last season. General Reeve had won the championship on Lake Minnetonka in 1882, the year the club was organized. Ward Burton, a member of the club for over 50 years, gave the highlights of sailing during the early days at Minnetonka.

Calhoun's biggest event was the Aquatennial Regatta in July which attracted 65 boats of the E, C and Cub Classes from the four lakes. It was a three-race event for all classes — the Calhoun sailors forgetting they were the hosts when they won all nine races. Jack and Peg Culhane were skippers aboard the boats that won the Regatta championships in Classes E and Cub, respectively. Jack sailed *North Star III* and his sister Peg was at the tiller of *By Now*. Jimmy Morgan, sailing *Avenger*, was winner in Class C.

Just about the topnotch all around Class C skipper in these parts is Bob DeWitt, of the Calhoun Y.C. He races *Silver C*, won the club championship last year and was well on the way to repeating the feat at this writing. In the Aquatennial Regatta, DeWitt won the first two races but fouled out starting the third. So many C boats were entered that, with the foul, his two firsts were good only for a fifth in the grand totals. He made up for it later by winning both Class C races in the Milwaukee Invitational Regatta.

The White Bear Y.C. staged a testimonial dinner in honor of 69-year-old Johnny Johnson. For close to 50 years, the man from Oslo has served sailors throughout the Northwest from his boat works at White Bear. He has built some of the fastest scows for their size in the world.

Lake Harriet, the newest yacht club in this section, staged its first regatta, Calhoun boats being invited. It was a three-race affair open to C and Cub boats only. Calhoun's Jimmy Morgan took first place in final standings for C boats, while Bobby Webb finished on top with *Oriole* in the Cub Class.

Entries for races on every lake were close to normal, except at White Bear where little racing was done by E boats. Hopes and plans are under way for next season, the foremost of them being that yachting in Minnesota can return to its peacetime schedule as its many service men return to their favorite sport.

JIM BYRNE

SPARKMAN & STEPHENS' POST-WAR PROGRAM

▶ A postwar program projecting a number of interesting new boats has been announced by Drake H. Sparkman, President of Sparkman & Stephens, Inc. The Sparkman & Stephens organization is engaged practically entirely in design work for the Navy and other Government agencies, but when the Government no longer needs their services, work will be started on their postwar program.

The flagship of Sparkman & Stephens' postwar fleet will be an auxiliary, designed to the Cruising Club Rule, that will be large enough to take part in ocean races and include accommodations for a paid hand. Building a boat of this type as a stock model brings the cost down substantially and gives the owner the advantages of a custom-built boat.

A boat for coastwise cruising, approximately 27′ water line, is also in the program, as well as a day sailer which will have some overnight accommodations. Mr. Sparkman says that there are many people, whose time does not permit them to do much cruising, who would like a smart boat for day use. An interesting plan is to be developed along these lines.

Recognizing the interest of young sailors in cruising, plans will be made for a small, inexpensive, cruising boat that will have berths for four.

The smallest of the Sparkman & Stephens fleet will be a boat for day sailing and racing, in which a new method of construction will be used. It is anticipated that she will be available at a price much lower than that at which any comparable boat has ever been offered.

Wisconsin Conservation Dept. Photo

To sail an inland lakes scow, particularly when there is a bit of breeze and the skipper sets all of his canvas, is a never-to-be-forgotten experience. Here is a Class A boat during a regatta on Lake Mendota near Madison, Wisconsin

NATIONAL LIGHTNING CHAMPIONSHIP

▶ Theodore Maher, 17-year-old skipper from Riverside, Conn., won the championship of the National Lightning Class by scoring a total of 95 points in a series of three hotly contested races in the Association's fifth national competition. Sailed on the course of the Buffalo C.C., Bay Beach, Ontario, Canada, September 8th and 9th, Maher and his crew of Dave Sinclair and Don Kelley captured the event by annexing second place in the first race, first in the second and fourth in the third.

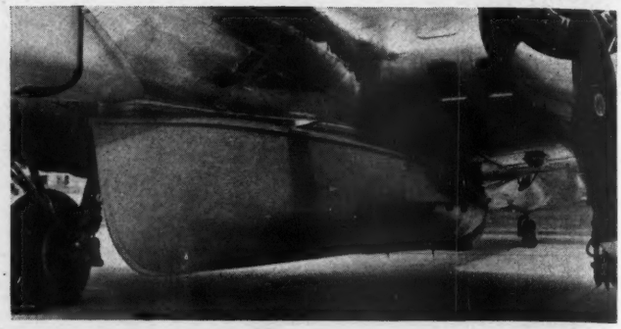
Karl Smither, the retiring champion, was second with a total of 89 points. Others in the first ten were: Dr. John McIntosh, Point Pleasant, N. Y., 85; Walt Swindemann, Jr., Toledo, 84; Albert E. Moore, Portland, Me., 83; John M. Stern, Buffalo, 76; William Walker, 73; Dave Berry, Barnegat Bay, N.J., 68; Dave E. Cluett, Lawrence, L.I., 66; William A. Straub, Point Pleasant, 63; and Russ Luchtenberg, Buckeye Lake, Ohio, 62. The competing craft totaled 33 and represented 26 club fleets.

The first race called for a beat and two reaches and was sailed in a moderate northwesterly in a sea made lumpy by a heavy blow of the day before. As they jockeyed for the opening gun most of the spectators had picked out Cluett, Stern, Smither, Swindemann and Seeman as the skippers to watch. Being a wartime regatta, with crews getting a different boat each race, it was obviously going to be a matter of individual skill rather than a fast boat that would tell the tale. The course was triangular, twice around to make a total of six miles and, by the time the second mark had been reached, Walker, Maher (whose crew did a beautiful job of spinnaker handling), Schuller, Stern and Smither had worked well into the lead. On the second lap, Walker was still out ahead and Swindemann was challenging for second position. The race went to Walker, with Maher and Swindemann taking second and third respectively. Albert Moore scored a hard earned fourth place, as he was to do in the second race.

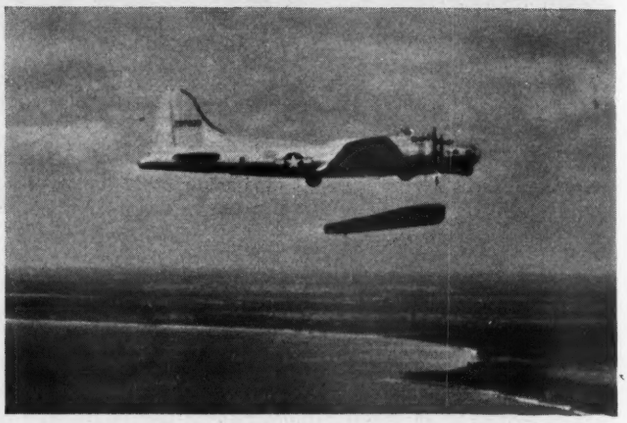
The second race on Saturday morning was sailed in an exasperatingly light breeze. The wind shifted just as the warning gun was to be fired, calling for a change of course which gave the fleet a reach, a run and a beat. Stern, Crocker, Cluett, and Meyer got off to beautiful starts, leaving those astern closely bunched. As the race progressed Behler worked into the lead, and, with the favorites well behind, it looked like anybody's race. As they spread out, Moore, McIntosh and Smither drew ahead, and from then on the defending champion moved up in front and stayed there. On the second lap, the wise skippers kept inshore to take advantage of the freshening breeze. McIntosh, though well ahead, slowly gave way to Maher, who was first over the line with Smither close astern. McIntosh and Moore fought out a spirited luffing match to capture the third position, which finally went to the former.

That afternoon the wind was southwest and fluky. By that time the handwriting was on the wall. It was obviously a contest between Maher, who could even get a fourth or fifth in this last race and still win the series, Moore and Swindemann, who were tied with 60 points each, and McIntosh. Stern led the fleet over the line, but at the start of the second time around Smither, Moore and Orelup had worked well ahead. The wind then began a series of shifts which opened up the fleet to reveal Smither and Luchtenberg in the lead. Luchtenberg crossed the line with but seconds to spare ahead of Smither, followed by Orelup and Maher. By that time the wind petered out, leaving the rest of the fleet to crawl in just under the time limit.

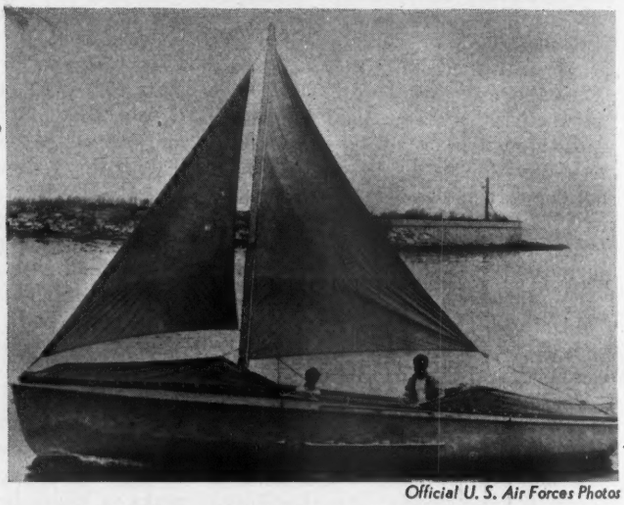
Regarded by all contestants as one of the most successful regattas since the Lightning Association was formed, the Buffalo C.C. did a superb job of organized planning. At the annual meeting held at the host club on September 8th, James M. Trenary was elected president of the Association, succeeding Ted Siferd, who was named honorary commodore. Others elected were John W. Orelup, Barnegat Bay, N. J., Arthur C. Burtscher, Toledo, Ohio, and Dwain E. Weaver, Buffalo, vice presidents, and Leonard Ladenburger, South Haven, Mich., secretary-treasurer.



The A.A.F.'s newly-developed, portable-by-air, all-plywood, power-driven life boat which is dropped by plane to personnel stranded at sea. In carrying position the boat hugs the fuselage of the plane



A B-17 is seen releasing a "Flying Dutchman," as the craft is known, at an altitude of 800 feet. Seconds later, three huge parachutes billowed open to support the boat during her descent to the water. Constructed of plywood, the 27-foot boat weighs nearly a ton empty



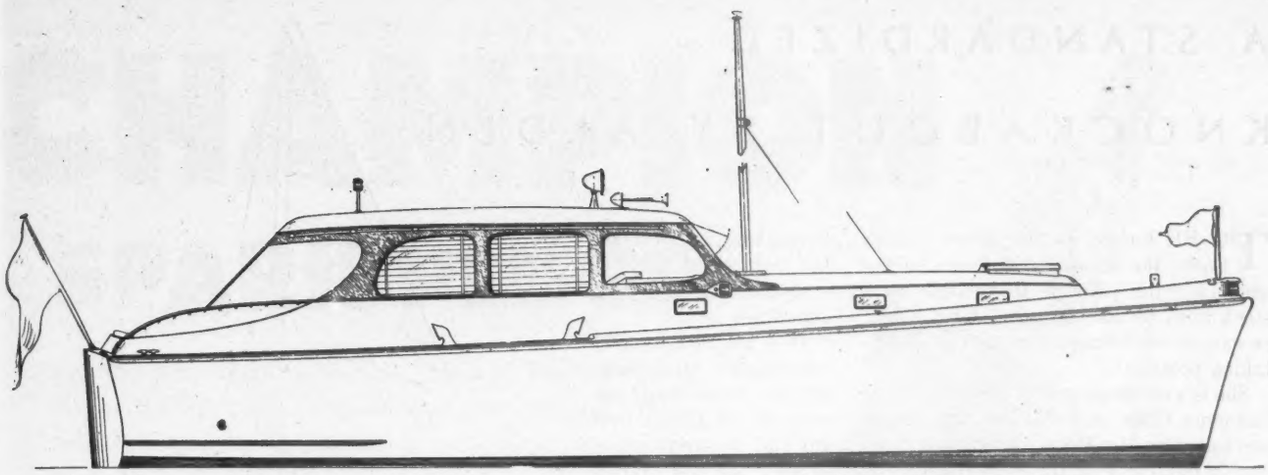
Top speed of the boat is eight m.p.h. and she has a fuel capacity sufficient for a 400-mile voyage. Included in her equipment is a 20-foot mast which supports a main and jib totalling 145 square feet. Designed with a centerboard and rudder, the "Flying Dutchman" is divided into two compartments and an open cockpit

Official U. S. Air Forces Photos

CALENDAR

Inter-Collegiate Y.R.A.

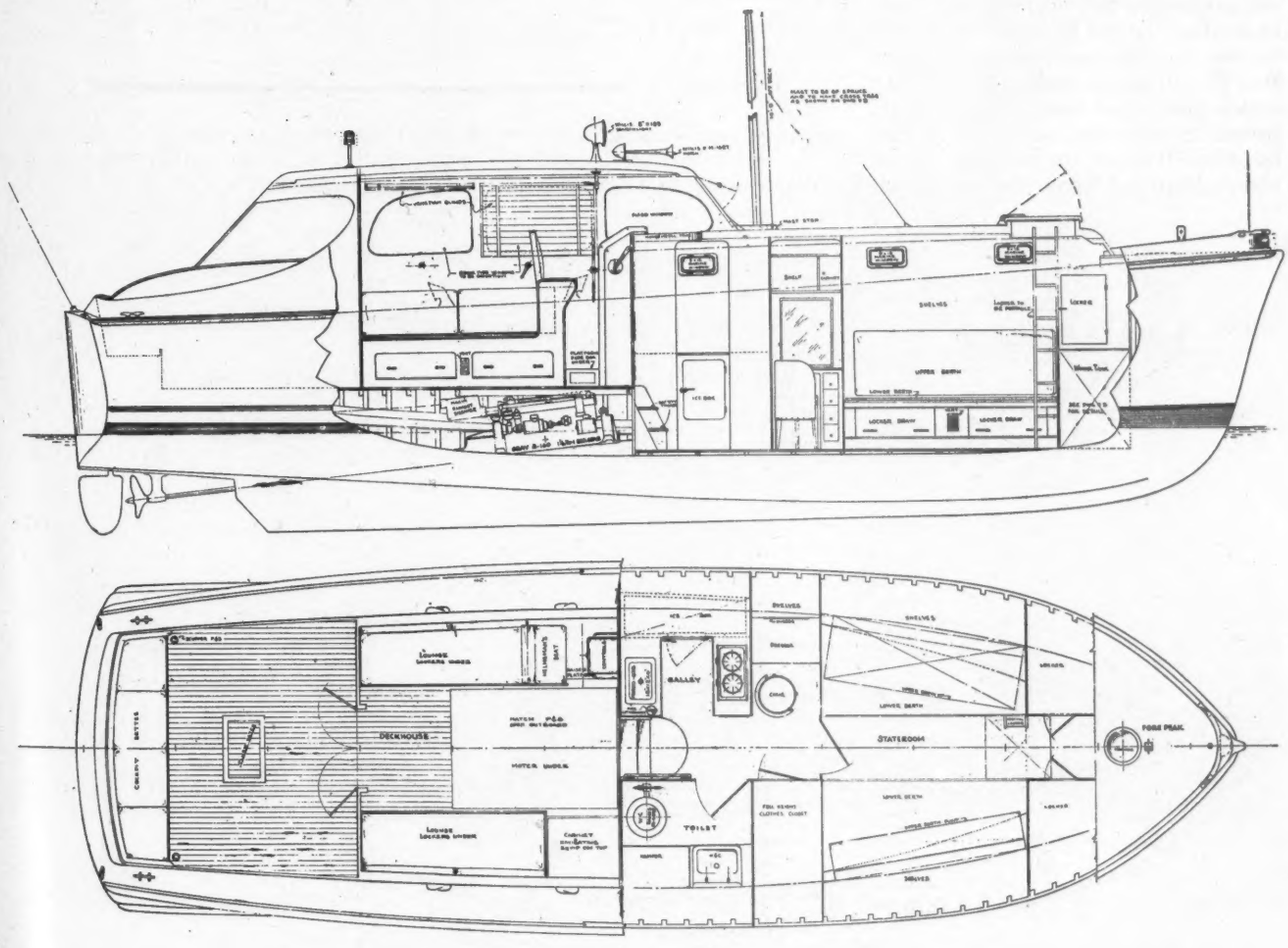
October 1 — Annual Brown University Fall Invitation Regatta (contestants to be announced), at Brown University Y.C. (Seekonk River).
October 8 — Annual Jack Wood Trophy Regatta (Brown — Coast Guard — Dartmouth — Harvard — M.I.T.) at Harvard Y.C. (Charles River Basin).
October 8 — Semi-Annual Inter-Collegiate Y.R.A. Associate Member New England Championship, at the Nautical Association of M.I.T. (Charles River Basin).
October 15 — Annual Coast Guard Academy Invitation Quadrangular Regatta for ranking teams (contestants to be announced), at the Coast Guard Academy B.C.
November 4–5 — Annual Inter-Collegiate Y.R.A. Fall Open Regatta for the Erwin H. Schell Trophy, at the Nautical Association of M.I.T. (Charles River Basin).



A CONSERVATIVELY MODERN 38-FOOTER

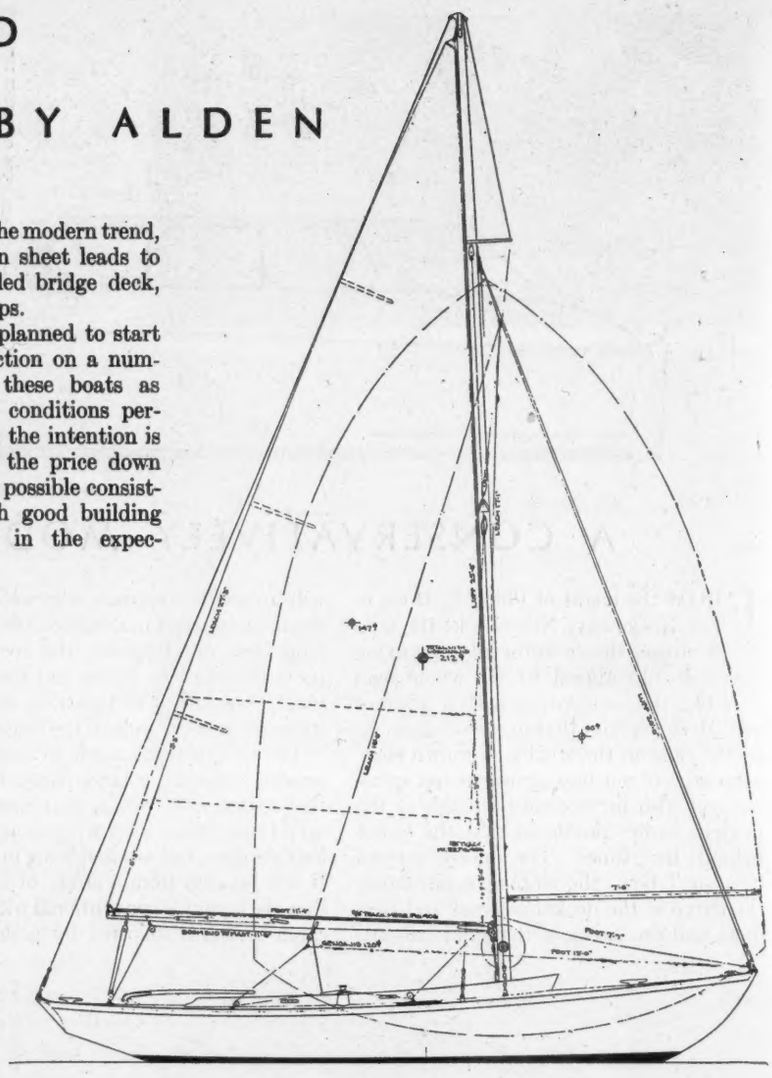
FROM the board of Philip L. Ross, of Far Rockaway, New York, the trim power cruiser shown in the accompanying plans, should appeal to the yachtsman who likes his modernism with a grain of salt. Here is a boat that in essentials sticks pretty close to the tried and known characteristics of our best prewar power cruisers, yet also incorporates enough of the modern in her profile so that she is not behind the times. The nicely curved "cruiser" bow, the sloping cabin front, the curve of the deckhouse roof and windows and the sweep of the hand rail, aft, will appeal to the man who approves of the modern trend in design, while the generous toe rail forward, the rectangular ports in the cabin house and the uncluttered appearance of the boat in general strike a note satisfying to the conservative.

The designer has made no attempt to provide space for a large party, believing that a boat of this size is more comfortable if laid out with a view to accommodating four persons, and a possible six in a pinch. It will be seen from a study of the plans that the layout is conventional with a good cabin forward, followed by a dresser to port and a good sized hanging locker to starboard. Abaft these are the galley and toilet. Three steps up brings one to the deckhouse in which sleeping accommodations are provided for two. Abaft the deck house is a good sized cockpit whose after end is open. The latter feature will appeal to the fisherman. Located under flush hatches in the deck house is the power plant which will consist of a Gray "8-160" with a 1½ to 1 reduction gear. Her cruising speed is expected to be about 12 miles per hour. Dimensions are: length over all 38′; beam 11′ 6″; draft 3′.



The plans reproduced in this section are the property of the designer under whose name they appear. For further information concerning any design address the naval architect in question.

A STANDARDIZED KNOCKABOUT BY ALDEN



TO BE known as the *Alden Family Class*, the knockabout shown in the accompanying plans is to be built as a stock boat by her designer, John Alden, as soon as conditions make such an undertaking possible.

She is a development of the well-known Sakonnet Class, one of which was owned and sailed by Mr. Alden so that he is thoroughly familiar with the characteristics of the type. It is planned that the new class will be built of the best of materials — hollow spars, Merriman Bros. fittings, Ratsey sails and, probably, a plywood deck and conventional planking. Frames and deck beams will be of laminated construction, in accordance with the latest developments in boatbuilding.

The cockpit is wide enough to be quite comfortable yet the deck has been kept sufficiently broad so that there is little chance of taking water into the cockpit. The cockpit seats and also the deck are wide enough to lie on, if not in comfort at least with sufficient space.

The designer states that the new boat should be dry, smart under sail and seaworthy. She has been planned as about the smallest thing that four or five persons can go afternoon sailing in with any degree of comfort and yet be raced successfully by two. It is apparent from the drawings that the sail plan is modern in every way with a good aspect ratio, overlapping jib, parachute spinnaker and a permanent backstay. Winches are provided for the main halliard and the jib sheets while, following the modern trend, the main sheet leads to a so-called bridge deck, amidships.

It is planned to start construction on a number of these boats as soon as conditions permit and the intention is to keep the price down as far as possible consistent with good building practice in the expectation of popularizing the new class.

The general dimensions of the new knockabout will be: length over all 21′ 3″; length on the waterline 15′ 0″; beam 6′ 5″; draft 3′ 8″. There will be 1000 pounds of lead on her keel.

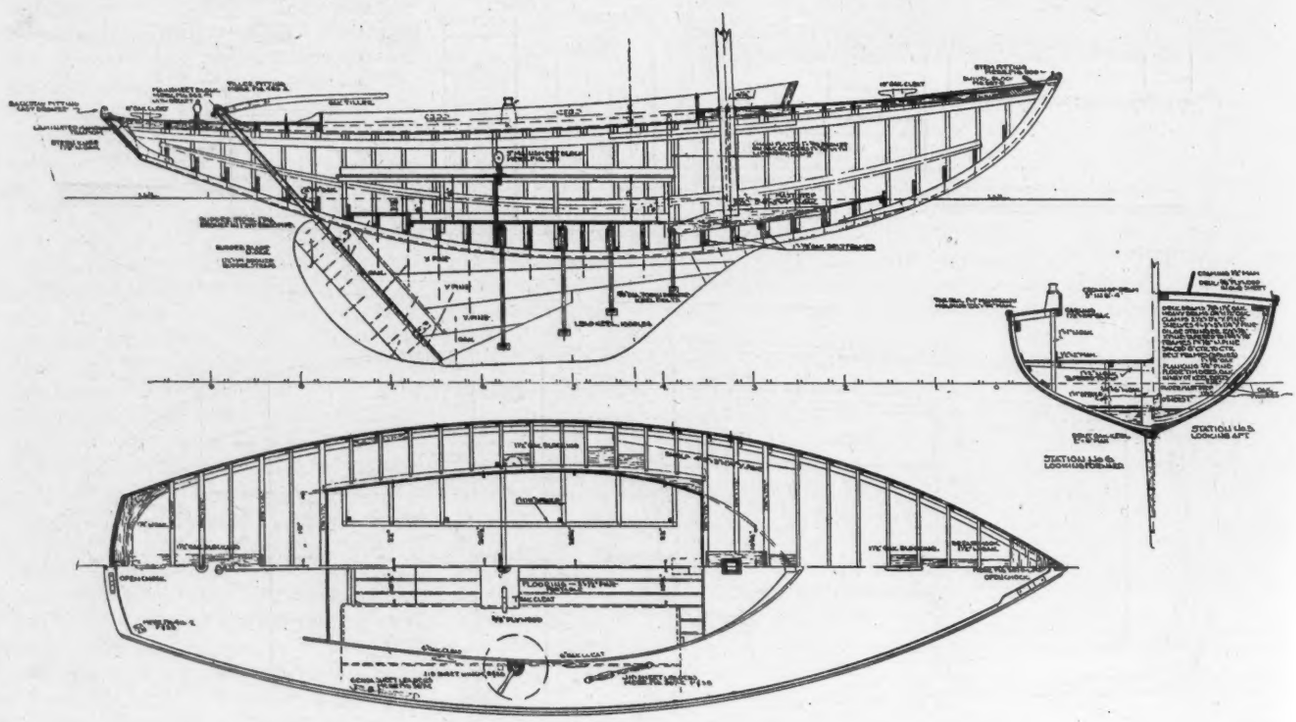


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Photo courtesy Evinrude Motors

ARMY E NAVY

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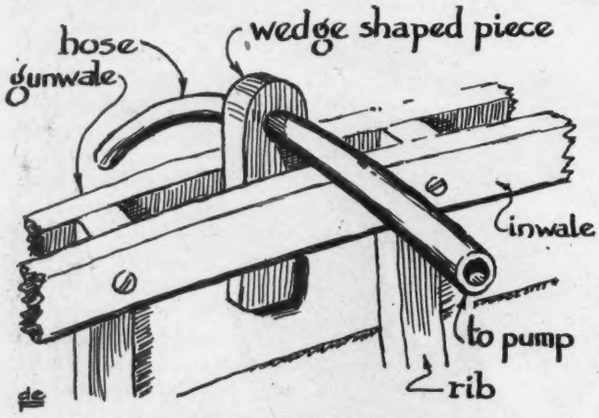
GADGETS & GILHICKIES

An Aid in Pumping

▶ There's nothing gets me much madder than a hose from a bilge pump that refuses to stay over the side while I am pumping but jumps inside the boat when I'm not looking. Of course, if you happen to have a pump equipped with a piece of stiff rubber hose, really stiff I mean, this problem won't bother you. In these days of making ends meet with what we have on hand, it is sometimes, in fact frequently, necessary to use materials that are not too well suited to the purpose intended. An occasion of this kind arose when I had to equip a small bilge pump with an old piece of bath spray hose. First, I had to sweat a short piece of brass tubing in the outlet of the pump to fit the small sized tubing and then I tried using the pump in the regular way. The end of the tube either had to be held by a member of the crew or it had to be lashed to the inwale with a piece of marline. In either case, it was a nuisance.



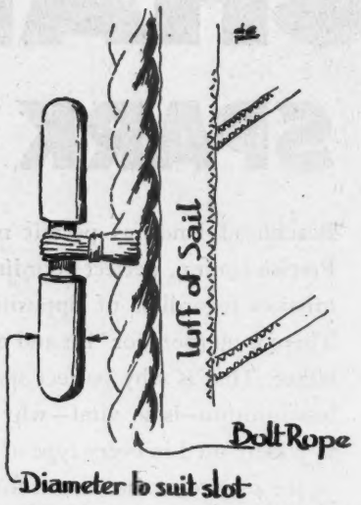
To Hold a Hose While Pumping

The upshot of this annoyance was that I made a wedge shaped wooden block with a hole through it into which the tubing fitted snugly. The dimensions of the wedge were such that, when inserted between the inwale and the gunwale, it would stay firmly in position. It's a simple little gadget but has saved lots of frayed nerves this summer.

A Luff Rope Adapter

▶ Clifton Fadiman may be able to stump the experts on "Information Please" but he hasn't had Ernest Ratsey up as an expert on sails and rigging. I handed him a problem recently which he solved in his usual thorough and satisfactory manner. The problem was how to adapt a small dinghy sail, with a heavy luff rope, to the mast of a BO sailing dinghy, with its small slot. Sails made for use with this type of mast are usually equipped with a luff rope of only ¼" diameter and the upper end of the rope has to be served in such a way that it will slide readily within the slot without fraying. The sail in question had a luff rope ½" in diameter which was carried up and over the top of a wooden headboard. I had at first conceived the idea of simply stitching another luff rope, of the required size, to the original one, and asked Ernest's advice on the matter. With his usual airy assurance he said "There's nothing to it. Send the damn thing in." When finally the sail came back to me you can imagine my amazement to find that instead of sewing on a new luff rope, Ratsey & Lapthorn had, instead, sewed at intervals of about 6" along the luff of my sail, a series of small wooden leaders like the one shown in the accompanying sketch. These leaders are about 2½" long and ¼" diameter. The ends are rounded and the center is slightly recessed to accommodate the sail twine with which they are sewed to the old luff rope. The material from which they are made is nothing but a piece of ¼" birch dowel. Anyone with access to a lathe could turn out enough of them to fit a small sail in a few minutes.

It would probably take a little more time to sew the leaders to the sail than it would to make them, but even that should not be a long job. They should, of course, be sewed on with well waxed sail twine and there must be sufficient space between the luff rope and the leader so that there will be no tendency to jam in the slot when they are inserted. About ¼" to ⅜" seems to do the trick. With their usual generosity Ratsey & Lapthorn have permitted me to describe this gilhickey for those who may find it useful.



Adapter for Fitting Luff to a Grooved Mast

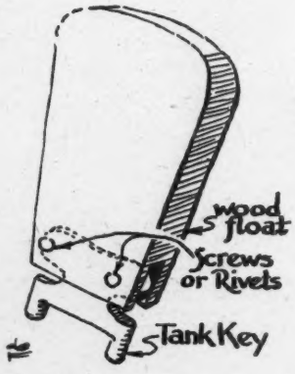
A Floating Tank Key

▶ In the course of a recent cruise to Essex, on the Connecticut River, I had the good fortune to run across Austin Murray and his wife aboard their cutter and was promptly invited aboard for breakfast. I was duly impressed by the air of neatness and efficiency that stuck out all over her and, among other things, I happened to notice an unusual scheme that her owner had devised to keep the tank key from sinking if dropped overboard by mistake.

It consists of nothing but a piece of scrap waterproof plywood, of sufficient size to float the key, cut into the shape indicated in the accompanying sketch. The end is slotted to accommodate the key and two holes are drilled through and through. These are to fit either a couple of rivets or machine screws and nuts (whichever are handy). They should, of course, be copper, brass or monel — not steel. If rivets are used, burrs should be placed under the riveted ends; if machine screws and nuts, then be sure to put a washer under each nut.

The slot into which the key goes should be a good close fit so that it will have no tendency to wobble in use. It is not necessary that the float be made of plywood, as white pine, mahogany or any other scraps that are handy will serve as well. The grain should run lengthwise of the float so there will be no danger of splitting when exerting turning pressure on it. Edges should be nicely rounded with sandpaper and the addition of a ½" hole in the upper end would enable you to hang it on a hook in your bosun's locker. To give it a shipshape appearance, it should be painted or varnished. It is advisable to keep the screw threads of your tank caps lubricated with a few drops of oil; otherwise the twisting strain may crack the wood.

HAM DE FONTAINE



Murray Type Floating Key

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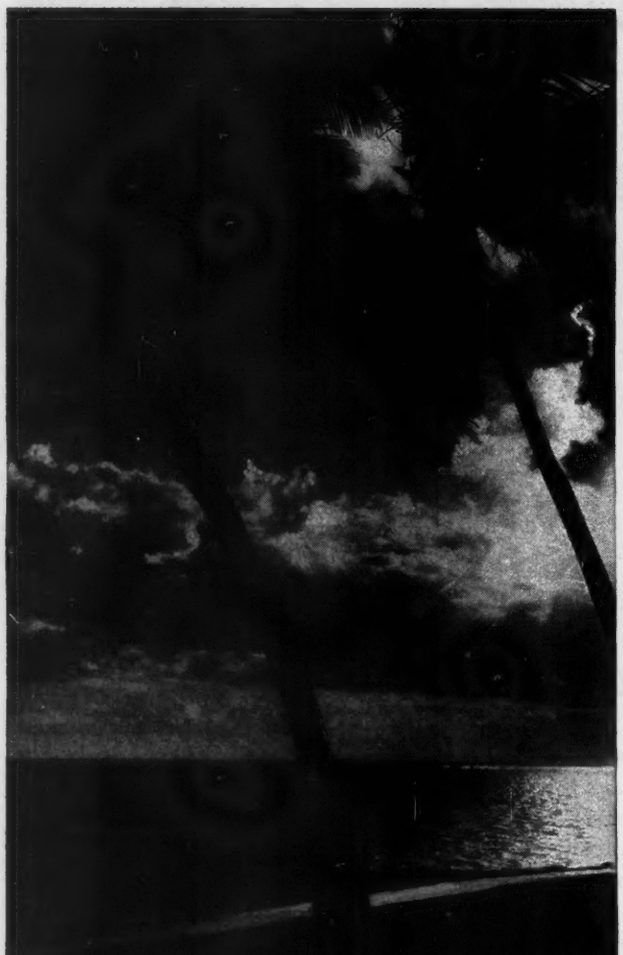

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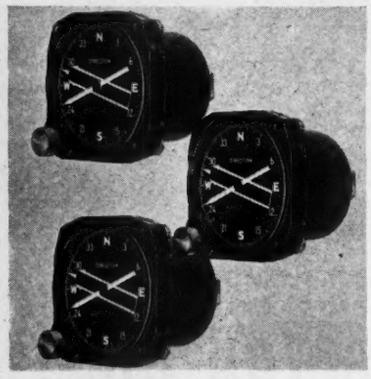
WATERFRONT NEWS

The Gyro Flux Gate Compass

By J. R. Erwin, Lt. (jg), *USN*

▶ Of outstanding interest to the postwar yachtsman is the Gyro Flux Gate Compass, a wartime development of the Eclipse Pioneer Division of Bendix Aviation Corp. This navigational instrument is the second major improvement to the magnetic compass, the other being, of course, the gyro compass.

Seaborne craft, especially those of small size and high speed, face navigational difficulties comparable to those of aircraft, inasmuch as the craft is more often than not out of the horizontal plane, except in the smoothest sea, which precludes accurate direction indication by an ordinary magnetic compass. Every yachtsman understands the difficulty encountered when attempting to steer from one heading to another while making speed, or in a moderate to rough sea. The magnetic compass card tilts, drags, then finally races 'way past the actual heading, taking some time to settle down on an approximate magnetic heading. That is, if it has recently been calibrated, corrected for deviation, and magnetic materials have not since been placed in its vicinity (the helmsman isn't carrying a tin of smoking tobacco in his shirt pocket).



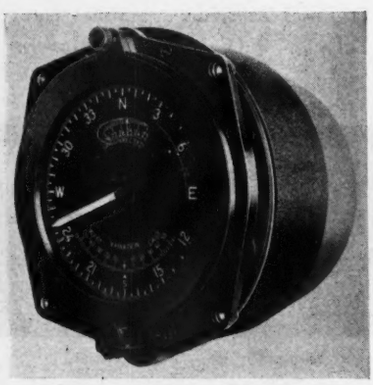
Secondary Indicators of the Gyro Flux Gate Compass. One of these units would be installed as the steering compass aboard a yacht while others might be installed in the engine room, the captain's cabin or over the owner's bunk. They are equipped with a simple mechanism for indicating the desired course

The Gyro Flux Gate Compass, which provides an accurate indication of direction even under the most trying conditions encountered by air- or seaborne craft, makes use of the earth's lines of magnetic force (flux) by electronically amplifying the effect produced by them and using this effect to actuate an indicator needle, showing either magnetic or true heading.

As indicated by its name, the instrument contains a gyro, which is used solely as a stabilizing agent for a part of the equipment and is of comparatively simple construction. The gyro is housed in a unit termed the transmitter, which is located in the position in the craft most remote from any *changing* magnetic influence. The remaining units consist of the Power Source, Amplifier, Master Indicator, and Secondary Indicators. In a marine installation, the Master Indicator is generally located in the chart room and a Secondary Indicator near the helm. The total weight of the entire installation is relatively light.

Calibration is accomplished by steering the craft on known magnetic headings and recording deviation, which is compen-

(Continued on page 98)



In large installations, the Master Indicator is usually installed in the chart room or at the captain's post while a Secondary Indicator is used as the steering compass. Aboard smaller yachts there might be some variation from this practice

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Precision to the nth degree is necessary to produce the intricate instruments which make possible super-accurate aerial navigation. Precision equally accurate is developed by MICHIGAN'S patented helical planer in producing the super-accurate MICHIGAN MACHINED-PITCH propellers.

The perfection of pitch, spacing and balance of MICHIGAN propellers assures smooth-as-silk performance, elimination of bothersome, destructive vibration. MICHALLOY, the special metal from which they are made gives them greater toughness, greater corrosion resistance and longer life. And the efficiency of their designs is just what might be expected from a firm that has specialized in the design and manufacture of propellers exclusively for more than 40 years. No wonder that those who know propellers best say MICHIGAN is "tops"!

Propellers are available at the present time only on priority. Rated orders will be filled promptly.

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of propellers of all types by the guaranteed accurate MACHINED-PITCH method is available at our strategically located Service Stations. Write for name of nearest one.

MICHIGAN WHEEL COMPANY · Grand Rapids 3, Mich.

With the UNITED STATES POWER SQUADRONS

REPORT FROM THE 7th DISTRICT

▶ Extending from Lake Erie south to the Ohio River and from Sandusky east as far as Fairport, District 7 of the USPS has found itself in a more favored position than other areas as far as summer activities are concerned.

At historic Put-in-Bay, in the front yard of the Sandusky P.S., the I.L.Y.A. annual regatta was held. An attendance of over 400 power and sail yachts made it the country's largest boating meet of the year. Nearly all Squadrons from Districts 6, 7, 9 and 11 were represented. The Sandusky P.S., under the leadership of Commander R. G. Crammond, has had a particularly successful year. All courses except JN were conducted. Twelve new students weathered the rigors of the elementary course to pass into further trials and tribulations in the customary initiation.

▶ Several ventures have made the season an unusual one for the Cleveland Squadron. Largest of District 7's Squadrons with well over 200 members, it has contributed heavily to the commissioned personnel of the country's armed forces. The stay-at-homes have done their part by tutoring prospective Navy and Coast Guard officers in the intricacies of piloting and navigation. At the request of the Coast Guard, a piloting class was organized for the SPARS with weekly classes at Hotel Hollenden.

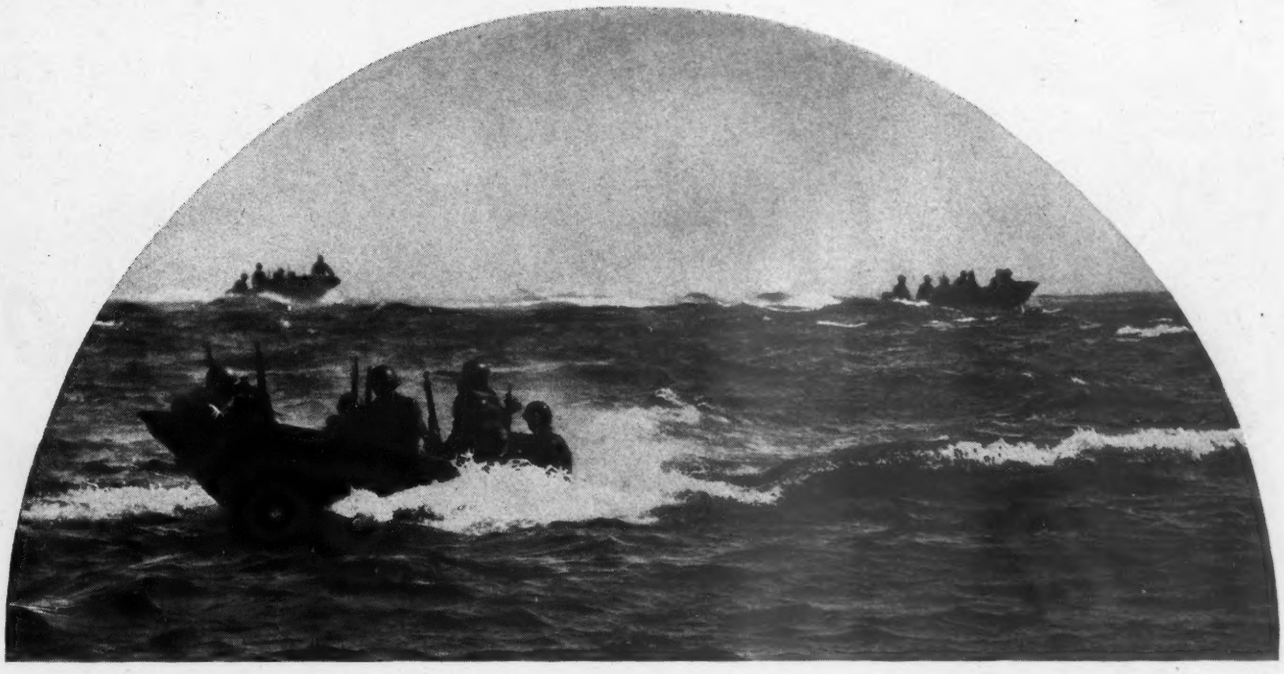
These activities were topped by the organization of the Marine Museum of the Great Lakes Historical Society, the outgrowth of a suggestion by Commander C. W. Stage, Jr. Past Commander Milton N. Gallup, as chairman of the Squadron's Museum Committee, interested Clarence Metcalf, director of the Cleveland Public Library and the new organization was established in collaboration with the library and the Western Reserve Historical Society.

▶ Ohio's capital city, seemingly many miles from sailing water, has become a center for the study of piloting and navigation through the efforts of the Columbus Squadron. Organized in 1940 with 20 charter members, membership today has grown to a total of 69. This fall the Columbus Squadron will conduct its classes in the assembly room of the Columbus Police Station. Present officers are: Clark Beverly, commander; Guy Martin, lieutenant commander; Robert G. Myers, first lieutenant; Comly Maule, secretary and Allen Johnson, treasurer.

▶ The Cincinnati P.S., organized in 1938, now numbers 58 members, with five full fledged Navigators. Of the many members who have devoted much time to the Squadron, H. Gindele and Dr. T. J. LeBlanc deserve special mention. The former, serving three years as commander, provided the efficient leadership that made the Cincinnati Squadron an asset to the national organization. Dr. LeBlanc is serving his sixth year as a member of the Governing Board and his suggestions, criticisms and sound judgment contributed greatly in keeping the squadron on a true course. As in other cities, members of the Cincinnati Squadron have played a leading part in the development of the Coast Guard Auxiliary and Temporary Reserve. Dr. W. B. Deichmann has served as Auxiliary Commander and as Captain of Division 5, offices which are at present held by I. Holden. R. A. McDowell is present commander of the Cincinnati Squadron, and is assisted by Dr. E. A. Barber, lieutenant commander, L. Niemann, lieutenant and W. A. Campbell, secretary and treasurer.

▶ Akron, Dayton and Vermilion Power Squadrons have also been extremely active and indications are that the end of the war will bring tremendous expansion to all of District 7's Squadrons.

A. A. MASTICS



BY CONTRAST they seem worlds apart . . . the spectacular Evinrude "quads" that drive these swift assault craft . . . and the peaceful "fishing" Evinrudes that every sportsman knows. But the big motors in olive drab owe much of their great performance to the peacetime Evinrudes that came before . . . to more than 30 years of concentration on building *pleasure motors* better and better . . . lighter and more powerful . . . ruggedly reliable and trustworthy. In stepped-up measure these qualities are built into the Evinrudes that serve on battle fronts today. After Victory they will again be yours . . . in new Evinrudes designed for your greater enjoyment of every hour you spend on the water! *Evinrude Motors, Milwaukee 9, Wisconsin.*

EVINRUDE OUTBOARD MOTORS

BUY MORE WAR BONDS . . . . . HOLD WHAT YOU HAVE

These charming Gray Owners have a small Miami Cruiser built by Forest E. Johnson. Photograph by William Simms Edwards, courtesy of the Miami Herald.

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IDENTIFICATION

1. **BLITZEN:** 56′ Auxiliary Cutter, designed by Sparkman & Stephens, Inc.; built by Henry B. Nevins, Inc.; powered with a Gray FOUR-22 for auxiliary. Winner Bermuda Race, Class A, 1938; St. Petersburg-Havana Race, 1939; Honolulu Race, 1939.

2. **SEA EAGLE:** 16-foot Mullins Runabout, owned by Robert Lamb, of Liverpool, N. Y. Gray PHANTOM 4-75.

3. **BONITA II:** 53-foot Elco, powered with twin matched Graymarine Diesel Sixes. Listed in Lloyd's Register.

4. **OWENS 30,** de Luxe Sedan, pre-war model.

5. **AGUILA II:** 14-foot Hydroplane, designed by Apel, built by Ventner Boat Works, powered with Gray 91 cubic inch racing engine. This boat established a world's record at Red Bank in 1939.

6. **22-foot MIAMI CRUISER:** built by Forest E. Johnson; 160 h.p. Gray FIREBALL Motor. Speed 44 mph.

7. **CONESTA:** 41′ x 11′6 x 3′ Party Fishing Boat, built by Jesse Z. Moore at Bridgeton, N. J. Owned by Capt. Con Gehring of Newport, N. J. Gray SIX-121 with 2:1 reduction gear.

1

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3

4

Happiness—

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness."

Wide distribution of boat ownership in America is just one more fruit of the free enterprise system here, where any man can own his home, his automobile, his boat, or anything worthwhile that he wants badly enough to work for.

The happiest yacht owner is not necessarily a man of wealth, but he is rich in the satisfactions of life. Whoever loves the outdoors can own a low priced boat of his choice, a thing of luxury now produced in quantity, delivered to him by a nationally known stock boat builder, or by his neighborhood yard where he can watch it take form. He can have it powered with the finest marine engine, also produced in quantity, the same high quality Gray that is imported as a premium engine in foreign countries.

The American System has made this possible.

Men who are using Gray-powered craft in World War II are thinking about these things. They have nowhere found the standard of living so high as in their beloved home town. And they're writing to us about the small boats they want when they return. Many of them are expressing a determination to have an engine with the familiar Gray name plate on it. They deserve the best, and we intend to give it to them.

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GASOLINE
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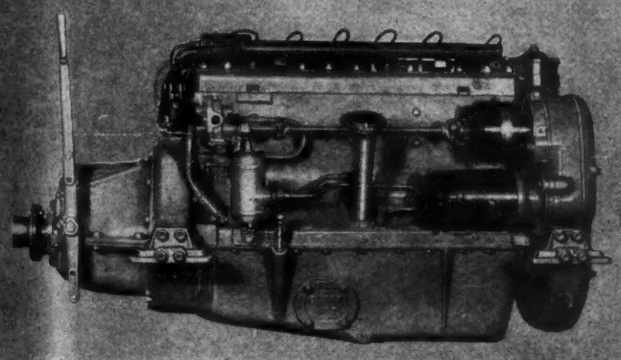
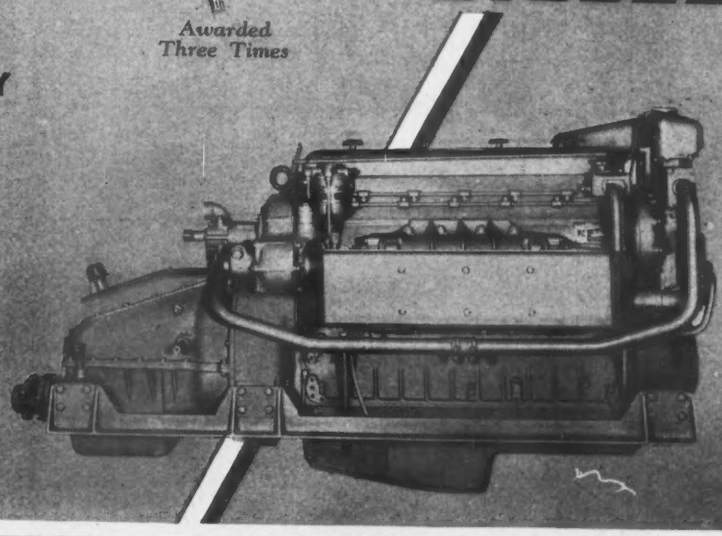
ARMY E NAVY
Awarded Three Times





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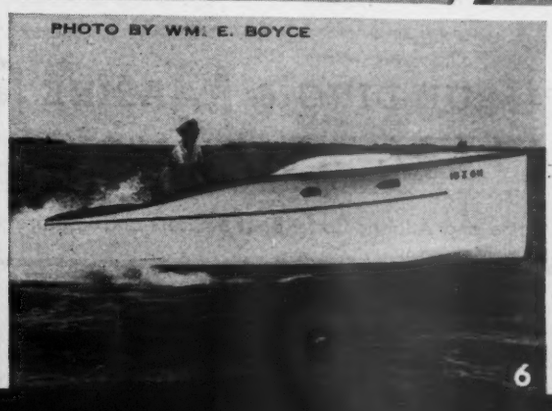

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28' Cutter TEAL

Constructed by Camden's

FABRIBOND

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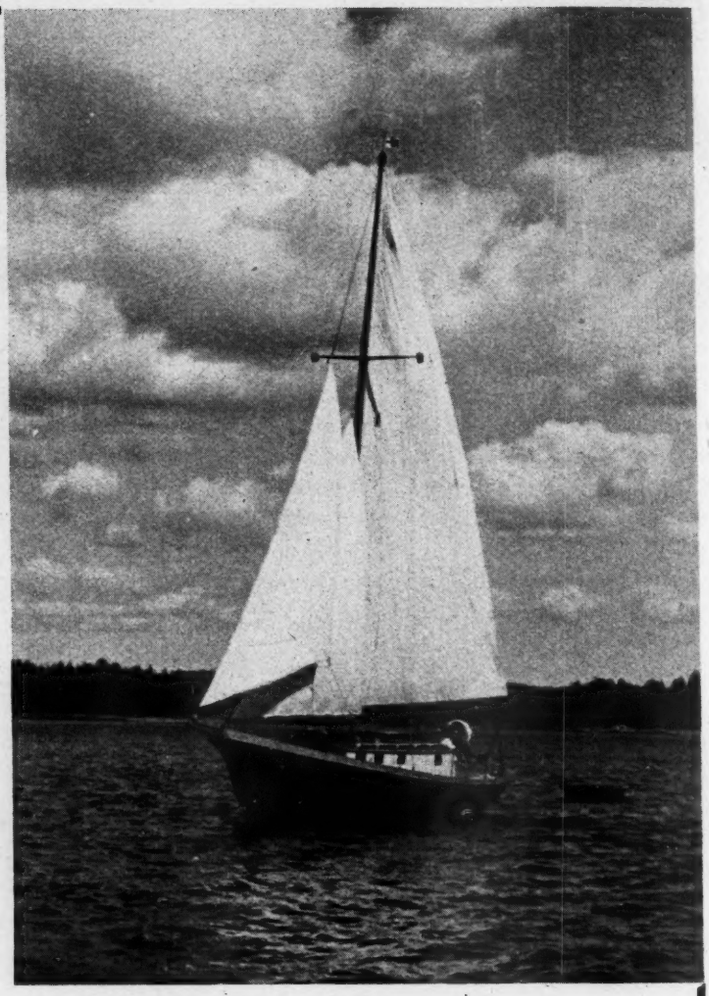
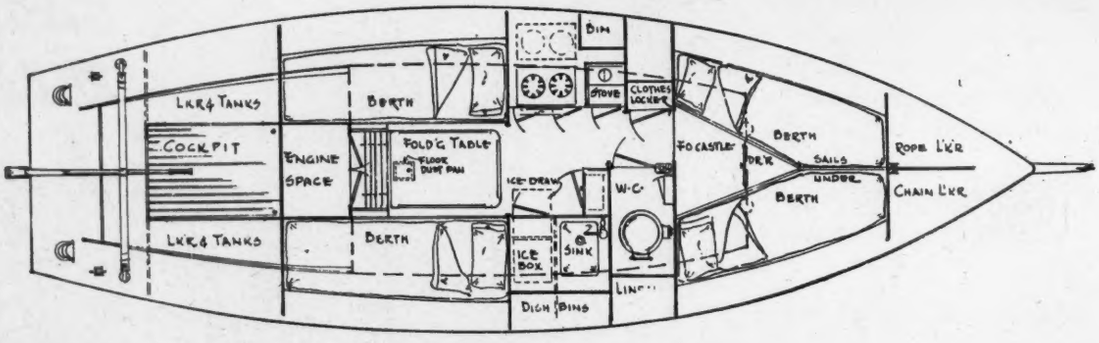
by Brampton Parker

of Camden Design Department





Interior Layout

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CAMDEN SHIPBUILDING & MARINE RAILWAY CO.

CAMDEN, MAINE

"Member of Maine and Atlantic Coast Boat Builders and Repairers Association"

NEWS

▶ Where in the early days of the war the fleet of Auxiliary boats from the Fourth Naval District patrolled off the Jersey Coast for submarines, they are now making marlin and tuna fishing expeditions to further the war effort. Working in conjunction with the United States Army Air Forces Redistribution Station No. 1, Atlantic City, N. J., ten boats from the Atlantic City Flotilla of the Auxiliary are taking Air Force flyers out daily, when possible. The fishing excursions are part of the program of relaxation and recreation arranged by the AAF Redistribution Station for flyers who have completed missions in various theaters of war and have been returned to this country for reassignment. Usually there is a period of two or three weeks wait for the flyers assigned to the Redistribution Station before they are reassigned to duty elsewhere. In that period, the flyers are provided with every opportunity for relaxation, recreation and pleasure by the A.A.F.

The entire Absecon Island, of which Atlantic City is a part, and most of the surrounding area has been turned into one gigantic recreation center for the "returnee" flyers. They lack nothing. Living conditions and recreational facilities are of the best. At first, the flyers were provided with three 24′ boats and one Army tug for bay and bottom fishing. Then the Auxiliary and its fleet of boats, all available for game fishing, were brought into play. The outside game fishing trips for the flyers started July 15th and have been scheduled daily, two boats making the trips whenever possible. The boats are owned by Auxiliarists and manned by crews of Auxiliarymen.

▶ Frank B. Hineline, Lt. (T) USCGR., of Pitman, N. J., one of this district's most popular yachtsmen, has been named Commodore of the United States Coast Guard Auxiliary, Fourth Naval District. A member of Shore Acres Y.C., Barnegat Bay, N. J., where he was rear commodore before he resigned because of his duties in the Auxiliary, Commodore Hineline also is a Junior Navigator in the United States Power Squadron, Division Captain of the Delaware River, Eastern Pennsylvania and Delaware Division of the Auxiliary, and organizer and former Commander of Flotilla 27, Salem, N. J., Coast Guard Auxiliary.

The Fourth Naval District, Coast Guard Auxiliary, numbers 3400 members in 23 flotillas, including nearly every boat owner and yachtsman in Eastern Pennsylvania, Delaware and New Jersey. More than 2500 members of the Auxiliary in this district are serving as temporary reservists.

▶ Personnel of the Coast Guard Temporary Reserve and Coast Guard Auxiliary killed or injured in service would be entitled to the benefits payable to a person earning $150 a month in the government service, under terms of a bill H. R. 3704, reported recently by the House Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee.

The bill also authorizes payment for loss of any private vessel used under terms of the Coast Guard Auxiliary and Reserve Act where it is determined the responsibility for the loss rests with the Coast Guard.

Under present law, members of the Auxiliary have no recourse whatever in case of injury or death while on duty, while members of the Reserve receive varying rates, depending upon pay and allowances drawn. With a determination that these persons shall be considered for U. S. Employees' Compensation Act purposes to be earning $150 a month, compensation for total disability whether permanent or temporary would be $100 a month, while in case of death a widow would receive $52.50 a month.

▶ Lieut. (j.g.) M. L. Matson, USCGR(T) has been appointed director of the Auxiliary for the 13th Naval District, taking the place of Lieut. Roy Corbett.

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Fastenings
by HARPER
Chicago
The Harper organization is known as "Headquarters for Everlasting Fastenings" because it specializes in the manufacture of bolts, nuts, screws, washers, rivets and accessories made of Brass, Naval Bronze, Silicon Bronze, Copper, Monel and Stainless. Nothing in common steel. 4360 Items in stock. Specials made to order. Write for 104 page, 4 color catalog and reference book.
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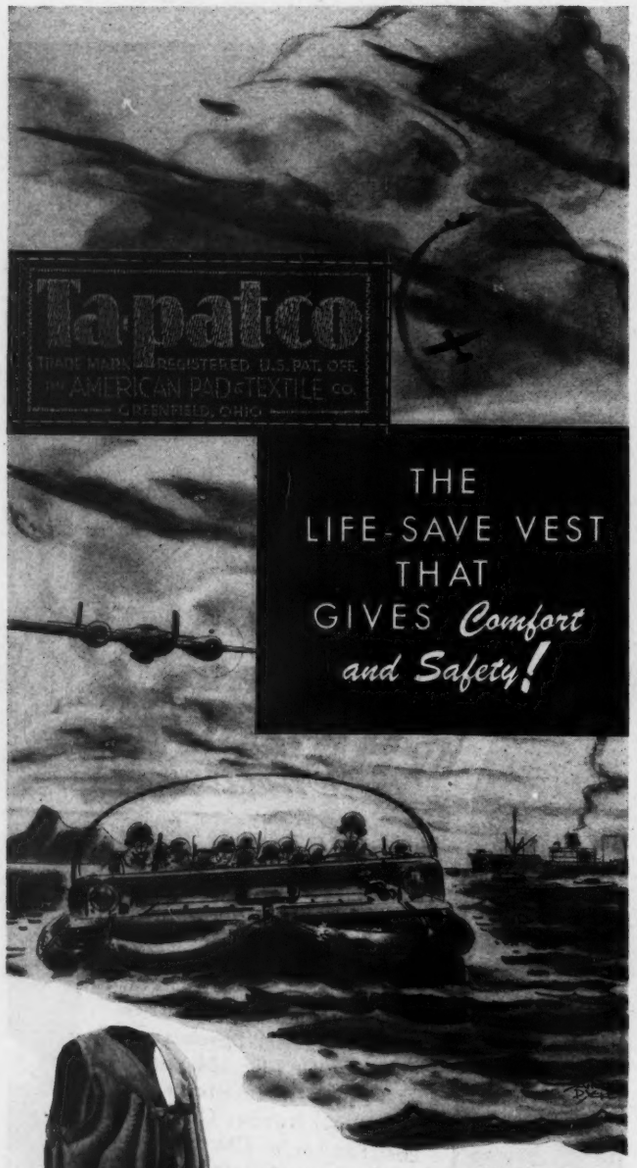
Branch offices in principal cities.


Ta-pat-co
TRADE MARK REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFF.
THE AMERICAN PAD & TEXTILE CO.
GREENFIELD, OHIO
THE LIFE-SAVE VEST THAT GIVES Comfort and Safety!

Enemy submarines don't send out advance notices. Soldiers on transports, and landing craft, and men of our navy and merchant marine wear their life-save vests day and night, when traveling in enemy-infested waters. That's when the soft flexible construction of Ta-Pat-Co Life-Save Vests counts for most in comfort. Made of soft kapok, lighter than feathers, and five times more buoyant than cork . . . Ta-Pat-Co is not only safe but comfortable to wear. We are making all we can, and all we make are going to the armed forces. After the war is won, we'll be ready again to make this Ta-Pat-Co Life-Save Vest for peace time use of the millions who love and want to enjoy water sports in comfort and safety.

TA-PAT-CO STAY-A-FLOAT HAS GONE TO WAR

Thousands of unfilled orders for STAY-A-FLOAT were on hand when our factories went exclusively on war work. When peace-time returns this famous patented life-save and swim-vest will again make water sports safe for young America.

NOTE: The kapok in Ta-pat-co life preservers is a critical material reserved for the use of our fighting forces for the duration.

THE AMERICAN PAD & TEXTILE COMPANY
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In peace and in war, the leading manufacturer of Life-Save Equipment and Sleeping Bags

WHAT OUR READERS SAY

South Seas Yachting, a la Native

Editor, YACHTING

▶ I am going to try to describe last Sunday to you. I was asked by my No. 1 boy to attend a lackatoy race at a large native village; so Sunday morning I sailed to the village in his village's lackatoy with about 20 other natives. What a crew! Frizzly hair, pierced ear-lobes with any one of a million-odd articles thrust in them, some ugly ones, some not too bad looking, and over all the smell of rancid coconut oil. The trip was lovely, just a breeze, and we got there about two hours before the race.

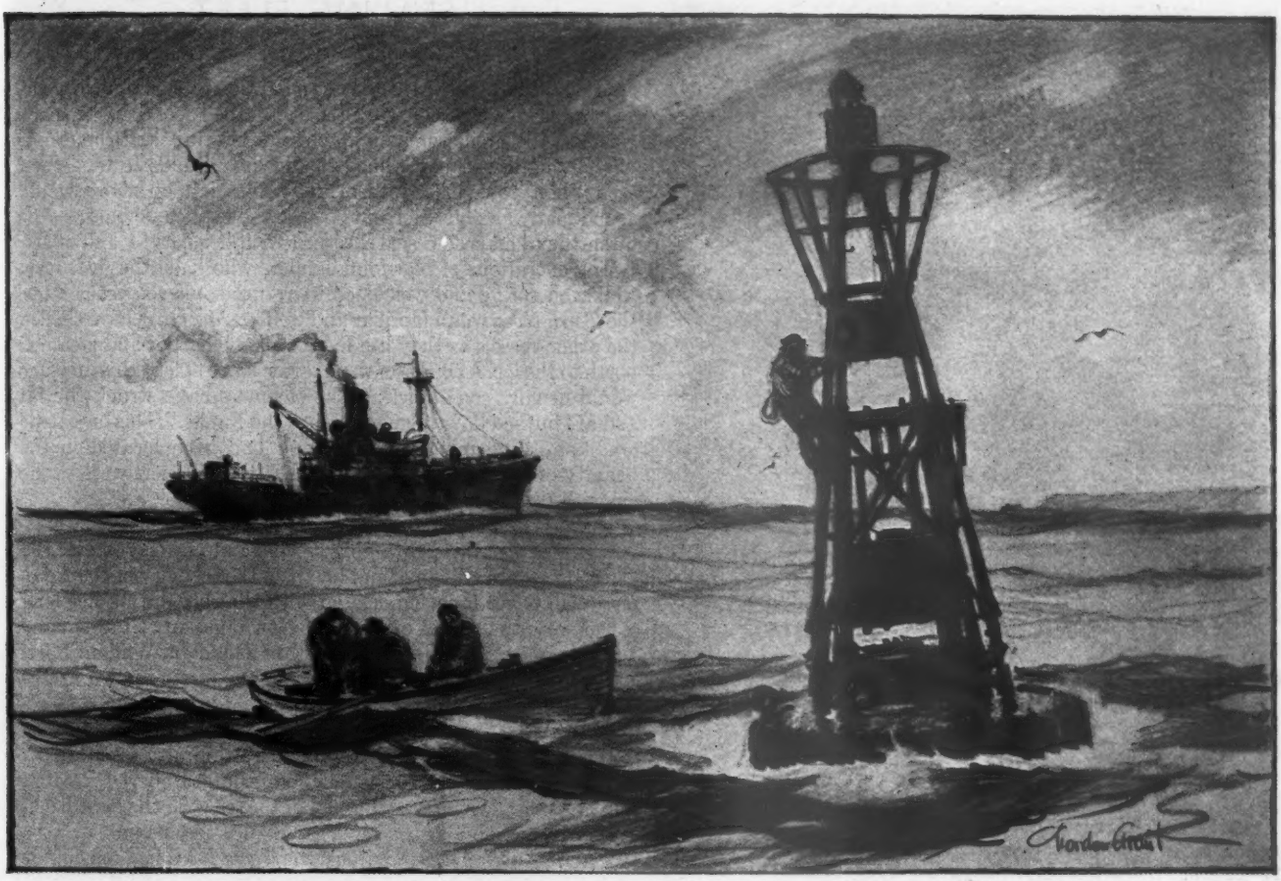
What a sight it was! About 100 lackatoys floated in the lagoon, all painted in different colors. There were thousands of natives on the beach, old and young, civilized and semi-civilized; different tribes as distinguished by the tattooing; girls of all shades, sizes and shapes (some good figures); food cooking in a hundred places, with natives bringing all kinds of beautifully colored fish to be prepared. I walked around and saw about six other officers (we were the only whites there) and then I returned to my own lackatoy. What a change! All was excitement, the sail had been replaced by a large racing sail that made the cruising sail look like a postage stamp. Right then and there I knew I was in for a big thrill and, after looking at the set faces of the natives, I knew they were out to win and they didn't mean maybe. The skipper of my boat was a short, squat, muscular, light-colored native with black betelnut-stained teeth.

By this time, the wind had increased and the waves that broke over the reef about five miles out could be plainly seen. I knew the race was out to an island about ten miles away, so I started to wonder if that frail little boat could take it with such a huge sail. The race started, accompanied by the yelling and cheering of the crowd on the beach. Immediately there were a half dozen crashes and looking around I could see masts breaking like matchsticks, booms being carried away and sails ripping to shreds. About this time, I really began to wonder. Then the wind caught us and I had no more time to look or wonder as I was hanging on tooth and nail. The outrigger canoe was about four feet off the water with me, four sacks of sand and four natives trying to bring it back to the water again. Not until two others joined us did it stay down. The sail was trimmed and we really started to move. That boat was like a live thing in the water; she was the fastest sailing boat I have ever seen and she skimmed the waves so that it looked as if she were flying. Every so often, a stronger breeze would hit and the outrigger would rise above the water.

Then all the natives, except the ones on the steering paddles, would dash to that side and bring her level again. Most of the time, a native and myself did nothing but bail water out of the outrigger, as that was our appointed position. Two bailed the main canoe, two handled the large steering paddles, one handled the sheet and the other was skipper. He went all over the boat and acted more like a monkey than man. As we kept passing other boats, the natives cheered and made fun of the ones that were left behind. When a boat was upset they only laughed and I began to wonder what would happen to me if we upset ten miles from shore. The natives could probably make it in but I doubted if I could do a tenth of the distance — and then the sharks! I really kept a good grip on my St. Christopher medal time and again. It was beautiful sailing. When we went through the pass in the reef, we were second in the race and stayed second until we hit the pass on the way back. Then the first boat made a mistake and was caught on the reef by a breaker. I could see the black boys swimming around and the broken mast. Did we stop? Oh no, my crew just laughed, hooted and made insulting gestures at those who had crashed. Gosh, I thought, they are five miles from shore and some may have been hurt. But I could say nothing as I was only a member of the crew. We were challenged only once by another boat but, when we changed course, we caught more wind and beat her by 50 yards. What a thrill!

BRUNO MARACCINI,
Lieut., USNR

Somewhere in
the Southwest Pacific



"The Channel Buoy"... drawn for Churchward by Gordon Grant

Guide lights to the future...

Born of the urgencies and emergencies of war are many new means and methods. Some are emergency methods and nothing more. But others, *proved* in the ultimate test of life or death, are Guide Lights to the Future for American Industry.

In our field, the welding field, advances have raced ahead in seven league boots. More and more products are being welded — and better welded — for greater strength, metal saving, lighter weight, faster production.

And CHURCHWARD, filtering the new through the sands of long experience, has learned much that may soon be available to you.

Much that should be of great interest to you— as perfected by CHURCHWARD know-how.

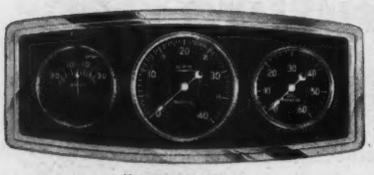
A larger print of Gordon Grant's picture used in this advertisement, suitable for framing, is available to you with our compliments. Please write for yours early as the supply is limited.

CHURCHWARD & CO. • 37 WATER STREET • WEST HAVEN 16, CONN.

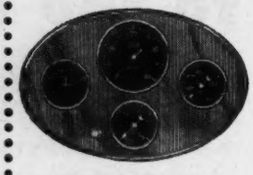
You can count on
Stewart-Warner Instruments . . .

THE UNITED STATES NAVY DOES!

● Stewart-Warner Marine Instruments have been in use on Navy craft of many types since long before the war began. They are accurate, ruggedly built, thoroughly dependable—they *have* to be, to meet rigid Navy standards. Among the various types of craft now using Stewart-Warner Instruments are patrol boats, crash boats, tank lighters, landing barges, picket boats, amphibian tanks, and motor sailers.



"THE MATE"
Ideal for light craft with narrow instrument board. Flush type mounting; indirect lighting. Includes oil gauge, ammeter, tachometer.



"THE ADMIRAL"
For gasoline or Diesel engines. Has indirect lighting.

AMMETER

OIL PRESSURE

TEMPERATURE

These accurate mechanical gauges for independent mounting have the same high quality precision mechanisms used in gauges supplied with Stewart-Warner Instrument Panels. *Electric temperature and oil gauges also available.*

STEWART WARNER

WARNING SWITCH

Fastens in the motor block and warns of oil pressure or engine temperature danger point. Can be set at any specified danger point to close circuit to a warning light, or buzzer, or to cut off motor ignition. This switch is actually a "motor guardian"—protects against bearing failure due to a breakdown of either the lubricating or cooling system.

Write for Latest Free Catalog of Marine Instruments

STEWART-WARNER

1837 Diversey Parkway, Chicago 14, Illinois

THE GRANDE DAME OF THE SEALING FLEET

(Continued from page 37)

considered to be in the very best condition at this time of year.

It was a gala occasion when the flag-draped fleet departed each spring, with sirens screaming, whistles blowing, and thousands of cheering townspeople lined the docks and hills to wish their men "bon voyage." Mothers and wives left on shore would spend many anxious moments before the fleet came back — too often they had seen a sealer return with her flag at half mast.

To generations of Newfoundlanders who bade the fleet farewell each spring and welcomed its return some six weeks later, the *Terra Nova* was a familiar and well loved sight. Often she led the other vessels as they headed out of the harbor and steamed north to the ice. A couple of weeks after the fleet left, this message would usually come back: "The steamers have struck the fat and are burned down somewhere off the Funks." This is sealers' double-talk, meaning that the seals had been located in the vicinity of the Funks Islands and that the steamers were in the ice with their fires banked.

During the *Terra Nova's* 51 years in the seal fishery, 13 masters guided her through raging storms and treacherous ice. Of these 13, six are still alive and for them the memory of the *Terra Nova* will never fade. Associated with the ship during her long career were the names of many of Newfoundland's most noted sealing masters: Charles Dawe, Arthur Jackman, William Bartlett, John Parsons, and Abram Kean, the latter known as the "seal millionaire."

In 1903, the *Terra Nova* made the first of her memorable trips to the Antarctic. Bought by the British Admiralty for £12,000, she was outfitted to go to the relief of Captain Robert F. Scott's ship *Discovery*, which was trapped in the ice with the expedition in McMurdo Sound. Speed was essential if the men aboard the *Discovery* were to be saved. Since the *Terra Nova* had been built for bucking ice and winter gales rather than for speed, she was towed until she reached the coast of Tasmania in November, 1903. She managed, after a perilous and difficult trip, to reach the *Discovery* and returned with her to New Zealand in the spring of 1904.

Five years later, Captain Scott decided to make another attempt to reach the South Pole, and the *Terra Nova* was requisitioned for the second expedition. Much work needed to be done on her hull, after her hard battles with the ice, before she could be ready for the long voyage. She was docked and several months' work went into preparing her. On June 1st, 1910, she left the London Docks for the cold, uncharted waters of the South Atlantic, with a scientific party of twelve men aboard in addition to the regular ship's company. In the cabin sat Captain Scott, talking with his companions and planning what was to be his last voyage.

The *Terra Nova* reached South Africa in September, and the date of her departure from Cape Town for Antarctica shortly after was commemorated with a stone model of a Viking ship — fitting tribute to a pioneer among ships.

The trip south was made without mishap, except for a terrific gale which the stout sealer weathered successfully. The ship finally dropped anchor at Cape Evans on Ross Island, one of whose volcanic mountains now bears her name. The Scott Expedition made its winter quarters at Cape Evans and it was from there that the four parties into which the expedition was divided bade farewell to the *Terra Nova* and left on their trips inland. Captain V. L. A. Campbell, R.N., who headed one of these parties, later became marooned and suffered terrible hardships in a barren ice cave before being rescued. The intrepid Captain Scott, at the head of another, began his inland sledge journey in November, 1911. Though delayed by blizzards and gales, he and his four men finally reached the South Pole on January 18th, 1912, only to find that Amundsen had arrived before them.

Sickness, lack of food, and bitter weather made the trip back a slow and arduous one. One of the party died a month after leaving the Pole. Another walked out into a blizzard, hoping by his sacrifice to save his companions. The remainder of the party, including Captain Scott, perished on or about March 27th, 1912.

Lady in waiting

SHE WILL be worth waiting for, this lady of the waters. Never the like of this Richardson Cruiser has been seen before! So spacious . . . yet beautifully sleek . . . so soundly built . . . yet so low in price. She will be everything that a Richardson-built, Sparkman and Stephens designed cruiser should be.

The story of her creation goes back two years. War put Richardson—boat builders for 35 years—on a mass production basis. New methods . . . new materials . . . new designs had to be worked out. These are the techniques that are being combined to bring you your post-war luxury cruiser that will cost about the same amount of money that you might invest in a car. *Write for descriptive bulletin.*

RICHARDSON
Cruisers of Tomorrow

Richardson Boat Company, Inc., North Tonawanda, New York

BUY WAR BONDS ARMY E NAVY **AND STAMPS**

This array of drawings by Robert Bingman, famous designer of General Motors cars and streamlined trains and buses will give you an idea of the modern styling that will go into the Richardson Cruiser. Mr. Bingman has drawn on his years of experience to create a sleek superstructure that will make this new queen of the waters one of the most graceful boats that ever rode the waves.

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to the Motor Boat Trade and the Boat Buying Public . . .

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WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDERS OF BOATS

Meanwhile the *Terra Nova*, after putting ashore the last of the expedition's parties at Victoria Land, had returned to New Zealand to be refitted and to load more supplies. In the following year, 1912, she returned to the Antarctic to pick up members of the expedition, in accordance with a prearranged plan. Captain Campbell and his party were rescued from their ice cave and, on November 12th, 1912, a searching party found Scott's tent, containing the bodies of the explorer and two of his companions. Lying beside Captain Scott's body in the windswept tent were the valuable records he had kept of his observations, and his personal diary.

After her distinguished work in the Antarctic, which made her name known over the entire world, the *Terra Nova* returned to her home port and the Newfoundland seal fishery. During her long career at the ice fields, which ended when she returned from her last trip in 1941, she brought more than 800,000 seal pelts.

In prewar years, Newfoundland's economy was more dependent upon seal fishing than it is now, when wartime projects such as the United States Army bases have put millions of additional dollars into circulation. The seal meat was sold as food, the oil was processed and shipped abroad and the leather was tanned and made into a variety of goods. Supply companies depended for their existence largely on outfitting vessels for the annual voyage and other merchants selling coal, groceries and hardware also came in for their share of the business. The fleet in 1906 totalled 25 steamers, manned by 4061 men, although this was reduced to eight vessels and only 1460 men by 1936.

With the romantic days of the old Newfoundland wooden sealers gone — the S.S. *Eagle* is the only one of the old ships still afloat — a natural and important question arises. Is the seal industry dead?

Most Newfoundlanders, including business men and fishermen, seem to think not, although last year for the first time in generations no vessels left St. John's for the ice. The war years have seen the seal fishery dwindle from a comparatively small catch of 159,687 pelts in 1940 to a mere 4,698 in 1941. Disasters to ships of the fleet have been largely responsible for the reduction in the seal catch. Some, like the *Terra Nova*, went to the bottom doing important war work. Others, like the *Viking*, lost after an explosion over a decade ago, have met disaster in one form or another.

One spring in the not too distant future perhaps, another sealing fleet will hoist its colorful flags and sail out of the Narrows of St. John's harbor. And, invisible to the waving throngs on the docks and hillsides, but in her old place at the head of the fleet, will be the spirit of the greatest sealer of them all, the *Terra Nova*.

UNDER THE LEE OF THE LONGBOAT

(Continued from page 28)

Victorys, sharpies and dinghies and, despite the fact that there was almost no air at all, four of the fleet were out for an evening sail. I looked the situation over and decided that the active members of the G.Y.C. were rugged sailors. And I mean rugged. A bloke who identified himself to me as a captain in the Royal Engineers paddled a sharpie in from the mooring while his pal stood on the quay to hand him the furled sail before getting aboard. They were clad in shirts and shorts so dirty that a stoker of a coal-burning tramp would have begged to be excused from touching them. The sail looked as if it had had an unhappy misalliance with a barrel of tar. And the reason for this deplorable state of filth wasn't hard to find. The surface of the water was covered a quarter-inch thick with furnace oil. When the sailor raised his paddle from the water it was so coated that the man ashore had to take it, scrape it with a knife, and wipe it with a rag before it could be stowed away. . . . For until recently there has been a war in Gibraltar. Vessels have been torpedoed and their bunkers split open. Others, hit at sea, have staggered in, streaming oil, to a last anchorage in the harbor. And there have been neither facilities nor time to repair the ravages of this floating blight. Yet, such is the call of the sail boat that these members of the G.Y.C. keep on sailing. It's a good augury for the future that a sport whose essence is cleanliness can survive under such prohibitive conditions.

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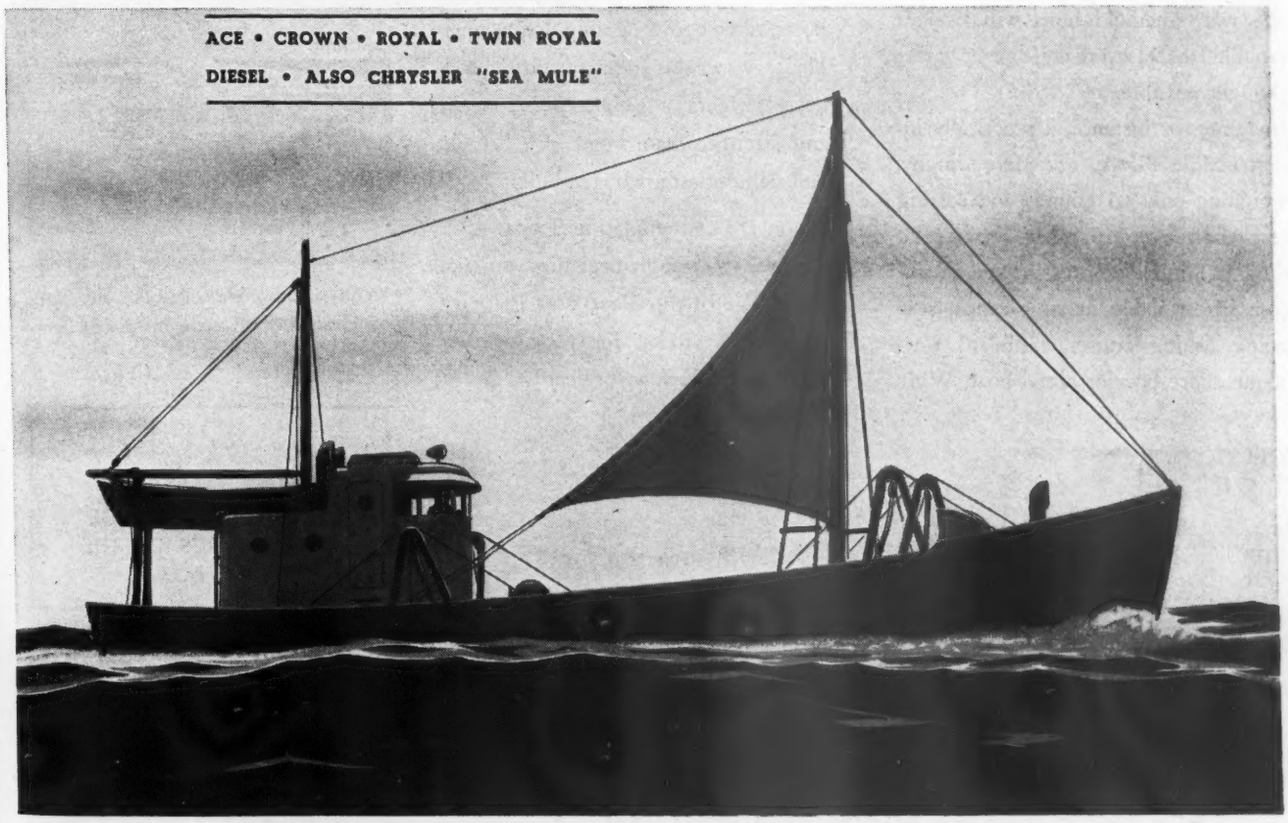

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A BRITISH PORT, June 24—American invasion forces uncovered a "new" weapon on D-Day in the Chrysler-built "Sea Mule." Virtually unsinkable and more maneuverable than tugs, it was used to push and tow both men and material onto the beachhead. The "Sea Mule" is powered by two Chrysler Royal Marine Engines.

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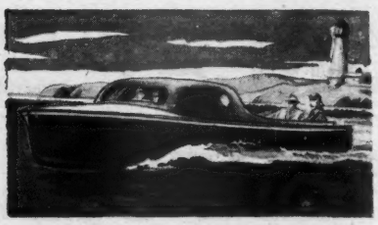
If you are contemplating a boat after the war, we strongly urge that you take advantage of our Post-War Priority Plan. Write today for your priority number. (See below for details.)



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OUTBOARD RUNABOUT—(14′) Designed for speed along lines of National Championship boat. A fast, sturdy, dry boat that takes wide open driving of the large outboards. Tough, one-piece Chemold hull.

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DINGHY—8′, 10′ or 12′. (12′ for sailing) wide beam, full lines, easy rowing, easy towing. Tough, one-piece Chemold hull.

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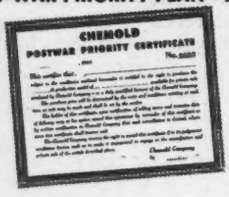
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Illustration of 45-foot Army Aircraft Rescue Boat, by W. C. Schroeder, Courtesy Sturgeon Bay Boat Works

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• BUY WAR BONDS

PASSAGE SOUTH

(Continued from page 40)

weather. There was a spectacular sunset and the evening commenced peacefully. I sat relaxed at the wheel, with bare steerage way, and watched the smoke from my pipe drift out ahead. Within an hour the breeze freshened slightly from the northeast; suddenly rain began to fall — not fall, but deluge — and a terrific squall hit from the northwest, jibing the ship before I could do anything. There was no sea and we boiled along. The wind ceased, a new moon came out, and the wind went back into the northeast. Twenty minutes later, another squall hit from the northwest and we repeated the jibing performance; the squall passed and the breeze went back into the northeast. This time, however, it stayed put and began to take on some weight. At nine, we doused the main; at twelve, the mizzen and jib and ran before the wind under staysail on a course of SW at better than 6 knots.

This wind held during the following day and began to increase shortly before lunch. We took off the staysail and set a dinghy sail squaresail fashion, sheeting the tack and clew to the main shrouds. I might say that this unique dinghy sail had been hand-sewn by a Bahama fisherman and was of heavier canvas than our trysail. I would have wanted to be far inland had there been any chance of it blowing out.

The seas rapidly became large and steep and *Temptress* developed an ugly habit of hanging on the crests. Steering was none too easy and twice during my watch white water slopped into the cockpit. Si decided that there was a possibility of being pooped, so at 1600 we put two 50-fathom manila anchor rodes over the stern to slow us down. The strain on them was tremendous, but they did not seem to help much except in steering, as there was less tendency to sheer. Perhaps this dodge would work better if the drag lines had been longer and heavier in relation to the vessel, but we could discern but little difference in the behavior of *Temptress*. Dropping the dinghy sail, we scudded under bare poles until nearly dark.

Si was now confronted with the age-old problem of sailing ship skippers: whether to carry on with a favorable wind, or to heave to. Wind and sea were increasing and our southwesterly course was taking us nearer the axis of the Gulf Stream where the seas would be even steeper. For a long time Si clung to the mizzen rigging looking aft, and finally gave us word to set the staysail. Waiting until a series of busters had passed, we rounded to without taking anything solid aboard.

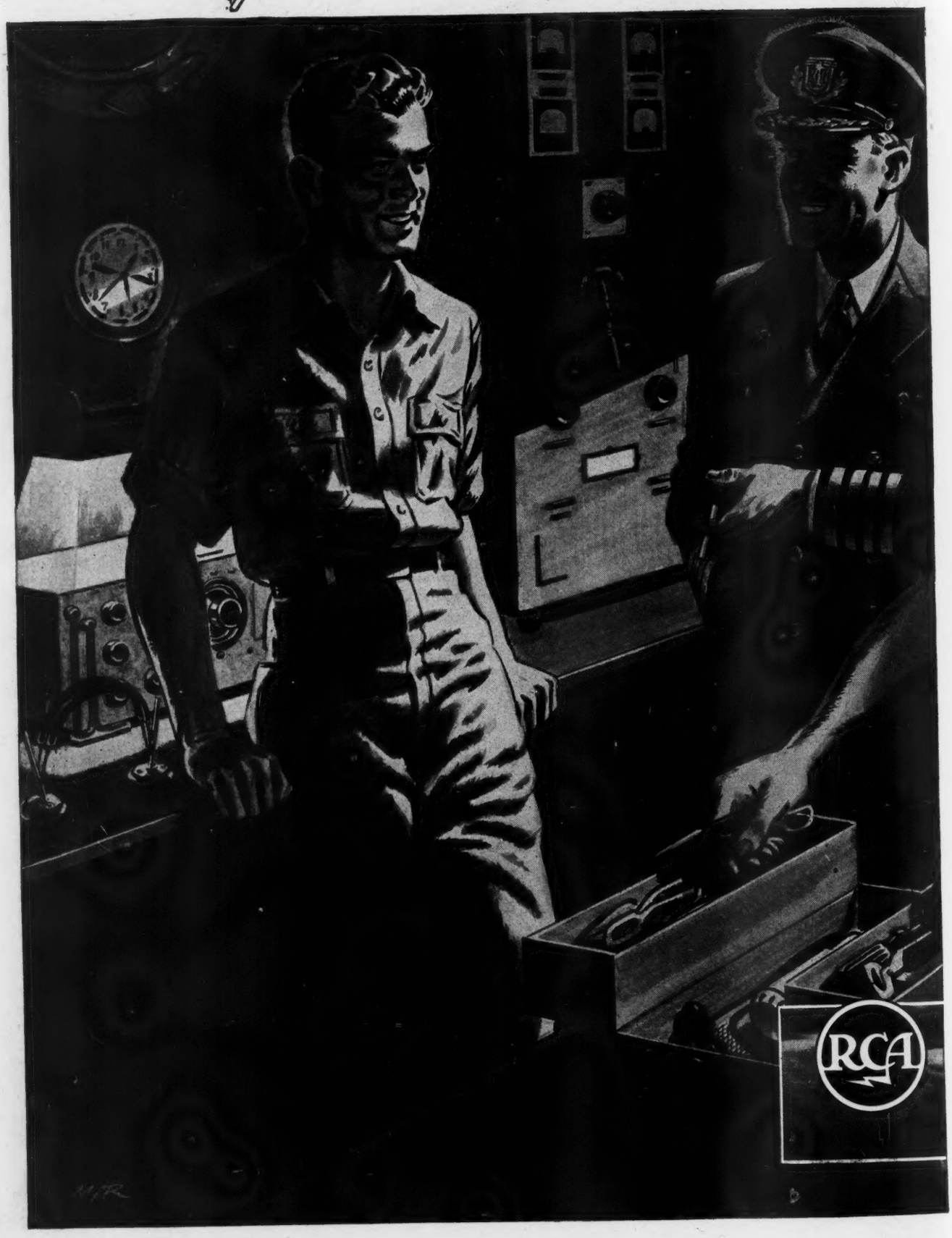
Once again we lay comfortably although our motion was wild and some water found its way below. After a hot supper, we turned in for some sleep, the man on watch reading and poking his head through the companion only occasionally to check gear and running lights. We logged the gale at Force 8 but all were certain that for several hours the wind was well above 50 miles an hour. Some time before dawn, an unseen sea, that might have been a sideswiper, hit heavily.

Temptress lurched but heeled little; water poured into the galley through the Charley Noble, flooded the stove and roared over the deck and house. All hands piled out to make an inspection of the deck, relashed the weather dinghy and again went below. It was the only time in 15 hours that anything heavier than spray came aboard, although many seas had an ugly look and a tendency to crest.

On the morning of November 4th, the wind had dropped somewhat. The seas were smaller, with less inclination to break. After a hot breakfast, we again proceeded under staysail. Our spare jib lay along the bowsprit in tatters, torn out of the stops by the sea. We ran under staysail for the next 24 hours, logging 132 miles for an average of 5.5 knots. Shortly after daylight on the 5th, the breeze dropping, we set the double reefed mainsail, later adding a reefed mizzen, but after lunch had to drop the main due to heavy wind and rain squalls. The blow began and ended with squalls; after they passed, we rolled around in a vile sea, practically becalmed.

Next morning found us nearing the Florida coast. Don's calculations put us some 30 miles offshore but our position was somewhat doubtful. In the absence of a chronometer, we had

"That's what I



call Service!"

CAPTAIN: *"We're ready to sail. How much longer before you have that burned-out armature fixed?"*

RADIO OPERATOR: *"The job's done! You see—I sent a message to Radiomarine on the way in. And their maintenance man here was waiting for us when we docked. He's just now finished the job."*

CAPTAIN: *"And we've been at the dock here only three hours! That's what I call service!"*

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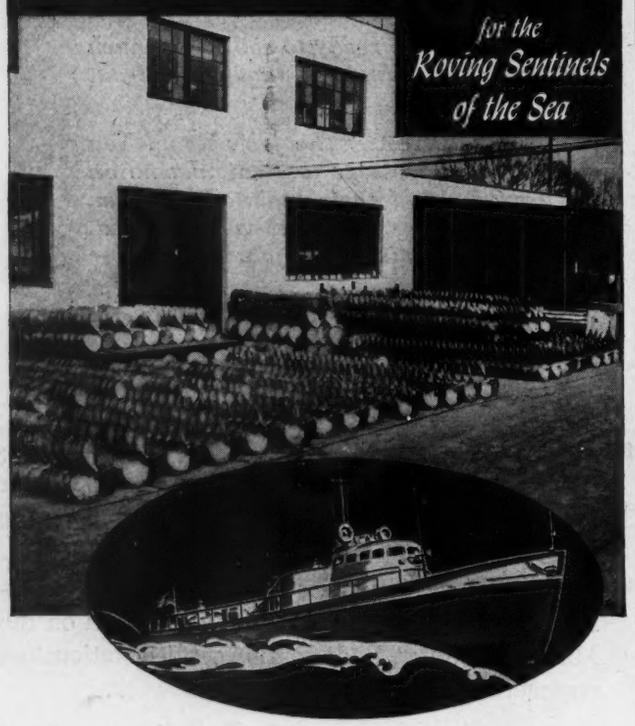
for the Roving Sentinels of the Sea



Columbian yards, Freeport, L. I., a typical day's run of small sized propellers

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relied on the radio for time signals but the receiver quit during the gale. We were prepared to sail cautiously after dark but made our landfall at sundown with an error of less than five miles.

My last watch was the most miserable of the passage. I had the six-to-nine in the morning: a cold east wind was blowing, driving icy rain through every fold of my oilskins. A long undulating sea rolled up from the south, a longer sea than the wind would warrant. Trees could be seen to the west, despite the poor visibility. We were slightly north of Ft. Pierce, Florida, Si having decided several days earlier to come in well above our original destination of Ft. Lauderdale to run down the coast inside the Stream.

Si came on deck at eight. We were getting nowhere. Without a jib *Temptress* was hopelessly out of balance and completely without drive. Our faithful Abaco dinghy mainsail set flying didn't help. The wind had hauled into the southeast and was getting stronger by the minute, and there was an ugly feel to the air. He decided to put in to Ft. Pierce.

At 1100, we made the outer buoy and headed between the jetties for the entrance. Si had been in before, otherwise we probably wouldn't have attempted it. The bar was a smother of breaking seas and the crossing was the wildest sail that I have ever had. From seaward, it looked bad enough but we really weren't prepared for what we found. Tide tables showed flood from 0930 to 1630, but there was a strong ebb. Si ran the engine slowly, just enough to help our sails, and it made the crossing possible. The seas were steep and close together; they piled up and fell foward under their own weight, each somehow miraculously crashing just astern. The noise was terrific. The wind tore sheets from the crests and hurled them downwind, like a hard horizontal rain. At one point, Don Hilton, experienced sailor that he was, looked astern from his post by the mainmast, blanched and started scrambling aloft. It seemed impossible that a sea wouldn't break over us to sweep the deck. Sea after sea towered high above us, only to miss the taffrail by inches; they somehow lifted and broke almost vertically, without forward movement, and we had just enough way to slide from under.

Then suddenly we were on the placid waters of the Indian River, and our passage was over. The log indicated 1231 miles. Seventeen days of head winds, calms, and gales! At the telegraph office, we found that an unseasonal hurricane was making up off Swan Island; the following day, storm warnings were flown from Key West to Jupiter; the next day, the hurricane swept Abaco, causing great devastation.

We were glad to be inside.

MAKING ANCHOR WORK EASIER

(Continued from page 55)

your legs and leaning back at the same time, considerable pull can be exerted. Another method is to come up as taut as you can on the cable, make it fast around the bitts or a cleat, and then sway the line by pulling straight up on it from above, taking in the slack about the bitts every time you ease off. Repeated swayings will usually do the trick; when greater power is required, it is advisable to lead a halliard to the taut line between bitts and chock and sway up with that.

The location of a windlass is almost as important as the type. While the gypsy type (bolted to the bitts) suffices on many sail boats, many of the newer windlasses are designed for bolting to the deck. Most skippers prefer to have the windlass located abaft the bitts so that you can ride to them in heavy weather. In such case, the chain, in running from the bow chock to the wildcat, should not bear agains the bitts or any deck fitting. The same thing is true of the lead of the cable to its drum, as it does not take much friction to lessen the power of the pull materially. It is also importan that there be room to work the windlass properly. Keep the staysail boom out of the way by lashing it one side and have deck pipes placed so that both chain and rope can be fed down them.

The usual bow chock creates considerable friction when the cable is almost straight up and down. One wonders why a chock incorporating a roller could not be manufactured without

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Mr. Wahle, you *can* have fluorescent lighting in your buses after the war. Electronic Laboratories is ready now with Vibrator Power Supplies to make it possible. These E·L Power Supplies convert the low-voltage DC from the electrical system of any bus to the necessary voltage to operate the fluorescent lamps needed, with either individual or group control. This means far more and better light with no increase in battery drain. The long-life and dependability of E·L Vibrator Power Supplies has been thoroughly proven on all the battlefronts of the world in the present war. Engineered to specific voltage and space requirements, E·L Power Supplies also are used to provide the proper voltages for radio and two-way telephone, as well as fluorescent lighting, on buses, trains, boats, and planes. Let E·L engineers consult with you on fluorescent lighting, as well as any of your other power supply requirements.

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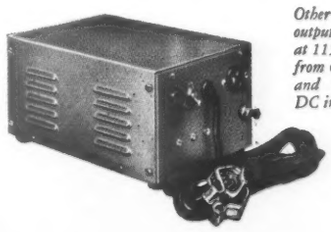
For the operation from 12 volts DC of 115 volts AC equipment needing 100 watts, such as: radio receivers, radio-phonograph combinations, amplifiers and other electrical and electronic equipment. Characteristics: Input voltage, 12 volts DC; Output voltage, 115 volts AC; Output power, 100 watts; Output frequency, 60 cycles; Load Power Factor, 80-100%.

Dimensions: 9⅛ x 6⅛ x 4⅜ inches. Weight 14½ pounds.



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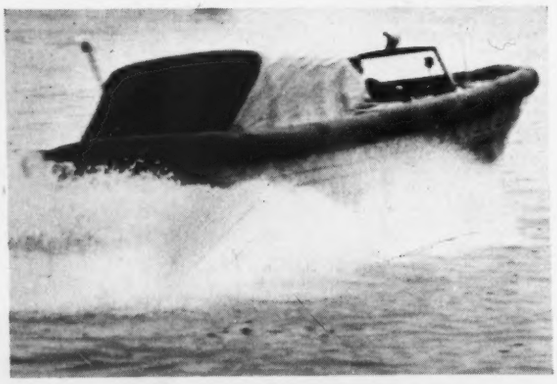

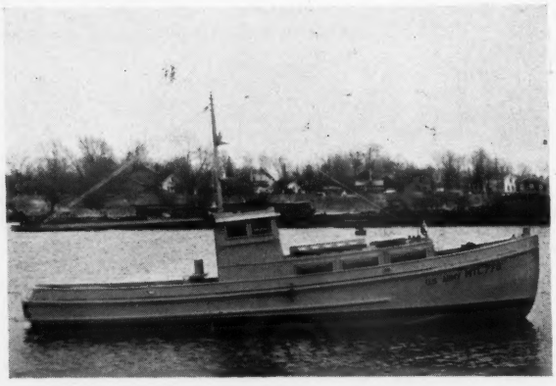

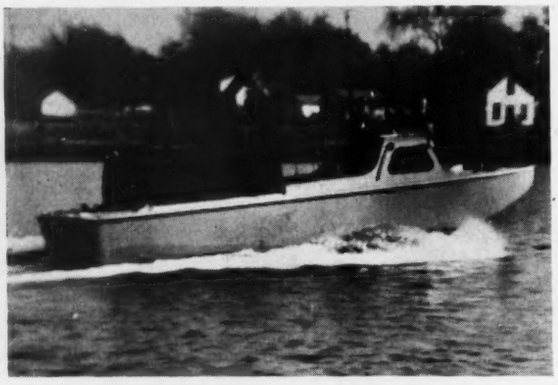

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ON THE SAGINAW

Bay City, Michigan U. S. A.

being too cumbersome. Sometimes roller type chocks bolted upright either side of the stemhead prove efficient, but a made-up fitting should incorporate a gammon iron for boats with a bowsprit or a headstay fitting for those without. Nova Scotia commercial boats often have a simple arrangement that is really efficient; a block of wood bolted alongside the bowsprit and forming part of the rail has a heavy sheave for the cable in its outer end.

Even with a good windlass, breaking out a heavy hook may be beyond its power. A wise plan (especially when you do not have a windlass) is to keep a line and buoy permanently attached. A length of ½" diameter line long enough for the depth of water in which the boat is customarily anchored is spliced about the crown of the anchor and carries a small wooden float on its end. This is tossed over with the anchor or used to help lower it. The buoy is left floating or, if it might interfere with passing boats, hitched about the cable. It can be retrieved first and brought on deck. A pull on it will break the anchor out, after which the anchor may be weighed in the usual manner and the buoy line used to help get it on deck.

Some boats keep a line for getting the light anchor on deck. Usually this is a 12′ line with one end spliced to a work boat style iron hook or else ending in a spliced loop. In the latter case, the loop should be just large enough so that when opened out it will drop easily over a fluke. It should be of stiff stuff or the loop should be painted or tarred so that it will not only remain open until the pull is put on it but will also stay in place while the anchor is pulled up.

The size of the anchor required limits the size of the boat if she is to be sailed with a small crew. When having a boat designed, this consideration should be discussed with the architect so that the best possible arrangement can be made and the most efficient gear secured.

NINETY DAYS IN A WHALEBOAT

(Continued from page 50)

The captain and the survivors of his boat's crew were taken up by the American whaleship *Dauphin*, Captain Zimri Coffin, of Nantucket, and arrived at Valparaiso on the 17th of March. He was taken up in latitude 37° S, off the island of St. Mary. The third boat got separated from him on the 28th of January and has not been heard of since.

The captain relates that, after being separated from us, they continued to make what progress they could towards the island of Juan Fernandez. On the 14th the whole stock of provisions belonging to the second mate's boat was entirely exhausted and on the 25th the black man, Lawson Thomas, died and was eaten by his surviving companions. On the 21st, the captain and his crew were in a like situation with respect to their provisions; and on the 23rd another colored man, Charles Shorter, died out of the same boat and his body was shared for food between the crews of both boats. On the 27th, another, Isaac Shepherd (a black man), died in the third boat; and on the 28th another black, named Samuel Reed, died out of the captain's boat. The bodies of these men constituted their only food while it lasted; and on the 29th, owing to the darkness of the night and want of sufficient power to manage their boats, those of the captain and second mate separated in latitude 35° S, longitude 100° W. On the 1st of February, having consumed the last morsel, the captain and the other three men that remained with him, were reduced to the necessity of casting lots. It fell upon Owen Coffin to die. He was shot by Charles Ramsdale and eaten. On the 11th, Brazilla Ray died; and on these two bodies the captain and Charles Ramsdale, the only two that were then left, subsisted until the morning of the 23rd, when they fell in with the ship *Dauphin*.

When Captain Pollard arrived in Valparaiso the U. S. frigate *Constellation* was in port. After hearing the Captain's report, her Commander made arrangements to rescue the three members of our ship's crew left on Ducie Island.

I arrived in Nantucket June 11th, 1821, aboard the whaleship *Eagle*, under the command of Capt. William H. Coffin. A beneficent Creator had guided me through darkness, trouble and death back to my country and friends.

Putting the screws to the Axis
● Materials that are winning the war are safely traveling to every corner of the earth securely fastened with circle Ⓑ bolts of all sizes and finishes.
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This battery of Buffalo Bolt vertical threading machines produces thousands of lag screws daily.

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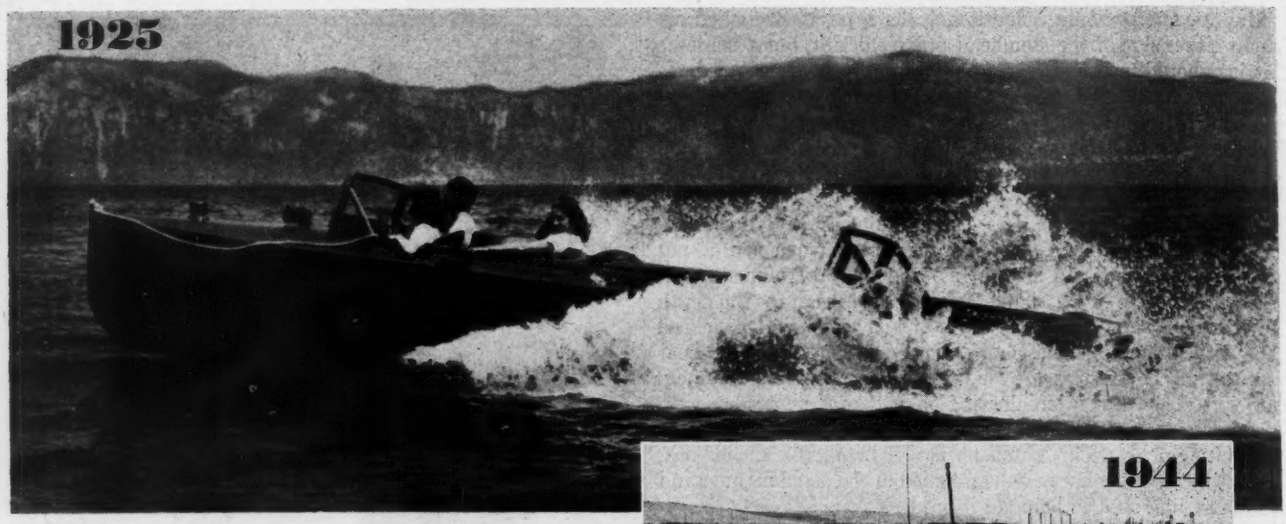
SALES OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES



Stephens Boats are built to last....

Above: One of the famous Stephens 26-foot speedboats, built in 1925. Today—after 19 years of service—it's in A-1 condition—in regular use on Lake Tahoe. *Stephens Boats are built to last.* Our motto: "Quality Always First."

Right: 1944 model speedboat! The trim ARB—one of many built by Stephens for the Army and Navy.

STEPHENS BROTHERS

FINE CRAFT FOR FORTY YEARS

STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA

THE BOY GETS HIS BOAT

(Continued from page 51)

of paint, that lifted heavy enough to make him wonder. He considered it worth a dollar to find out. Sure enough, underneath gleamed solid bronze. In a number of similar details the fitting department appeared to be coming on.

And there was a place across the bay where you could swap the outboard you possessed for one you might like better. Bill and the boy left with their 5-horse motor and returned with one that rated 14 horse power at 4000 revolutions per minute.

The boat by now was headed down the home stretch. Bill had laid a handsome deck forward, induced a six-inch coaming to bend around the cockpit, put in a seat forward under the wheel and reinforced the transom, and now, viewing the motor destined to sit on it, he was glad he had. She was given her priming coat of paint, caulked, then came the puttying of seams and rivet holes, all to be followed by the second coat of paint and, after thorough drying, the final third one. The deck shone bright in varnish, the topsides flaunted sky blue and the bottom copper red.

"I hope she'll do," said Bill. "Till a boat's gone overboard, you never know."

To the 11′ 6″ *Blue Fish* was given the honor of descending to water in the cradle of a nearby marine railway. After trying to lift her, Bill and the boy decided that might be better. She drifted off the cradle like an unfrightened mallard duck.

The boy, aboard alone, started the motor and got away. He gave her more, heading down the harbor. You could see the bow gradually ascend like the end of a rising crane.

"That's it," said Bill. "She's stepping up to plane. Did you ever see a boat go so fast?"

Boy had turned in a wide arc and was now heading back. Bill gestured with his hand to put her into a snappy bank. Better to find out if she could take it now than later. Boy jerked the bow around. The entire breadth of bottom seemed to show above the water's surface. The boy must have gone the limit. But she was now flattening out. Bill heaved a sigh. No, she'd never dump him. That boat just couldn't turn over. The bottom wouldn't let her. She was fast and she was safe.

But this was intended for an all-purpose boat and not designed for single-handed skylarking. In the days to follow, Bill and the boy introduced her to more everyday forms of travel and, incidentally, to quite a variety of sloppy water. In either a head-on or following sea, she rode it out like a gull.

Then, one day Bill and the boy hauled back from the traps a load of fish. You couldn't see much of the boat. There wasn't a great deal of hull above water. The weight of the fish as checked in at the local wholesale fish market came to 1500 pounds. Which wasn't too bad for 11′ 6″ of ½″ plank boat. But then, Bill had said at the start she'd be built in the old-fashioned way. Beyond much doubt, she'd been built solid.

SECOND PRIZE POWER CRUISER

(Continued from page 59)

plywood elsewhere. Planks and frames are of standard specifications, with frames pre-bent and soaked in a preservative. The entire hull would be coated inside and out with this same preservative. The boat's principal dimensions are: l.o.a., 34′ 8″; beam, 11′ 0″; draft, 2′ 11″.

The prewar type of forward cockpit has been retained and has access from the forward stateroom. Hatches are lower and neater in appearance and also provide maximum ventilation. The engine room intake vents are aft and the uptakes are forward, since air travels with the ship regardless of her course. There is plenty of lounging space on deck and room enough below to make cruising enjoyable for a party of four or five.

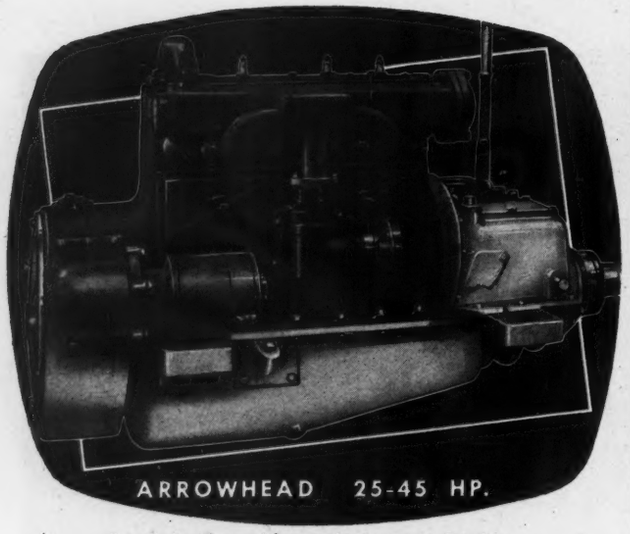
Some thought has been given to plastic-impregnated timber, and it would be specified if found advantageous and not too expensive. Clear plastics would be used in the cabin windows wherever practical.

Always above water

. . . a phrase that means out of danger; secure . . . a phrase that's truly descriptive of all WINNER products • Every day and night of war our life rafts, floats and similar marine devices are playing a major part in insuring greater safety at sea • Later, we will produce for a peace time America, products of a somewhat different nature, but still, products that will be "always above water".

Winner
MFG. CO., INC.

104 RAILROAD AVE., WEST TRENTON, N. J.



Supplied with or without reduction gear. Gasoline, 4-cycle, 4-cyl., 3⅛ in. bore x 4½ in. stroke. 186 cu. in. displ., normal engine speeds 1000-2000 rpm.

THEY ARE BOTH *speedy* AND *Sturdy*

.....for fast runabouts cruisers, commercial boats

OTHER *Red Wing* ENGINE SIZES
20 Gasoline Models: 8 hp. to 125 hp.
Spark Diesel Types: 42 hp. to 125 hp.
A few available for essential uses

These companion Red Wing Marine power plants — *Arrowhead* 25–45 hp. — and *Arrowhead Junior*, 20–40 hp. — combine the convenience of modern compactness of design with rugged construction. Smoother *and* speedier . . . with plenty of power at usable engine speeds. Their wartime work — in life boats, salvage launches, Patrol boats of the Navy, Coast Guard and Maritime Commission is ample proof.

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Red Wing marine ENGINES

GYRO FLUX GATE COMPASS

(Continued from page 74)

sated for by a simple mechanical means provided in the equipment. An additional feature is provided permitting a mechanical adjustment for variation in as little time as one second, if true heading indication is desired. Further, a simple control is included in the Secondary Indicators which enables the helmsman to maintain a set course without constant reference to degree markings, thus eliminating the resultant eye strain.

The electrical power consumption of the Gyro Flux Gate Compass is of such small magnitude that it will be no burden to even the smallest electric plant. The maintenance of the entire system offers no greater problem than the average shipboard radio.

Postwar application of the Gyro Flux Gate Compass to yachts is a probability, thus insuring the yachtsman an accurate, dependable means of direction indication under all cruising conditions without the additional weight, and at moderate cost.

A MODERATELY-PRICED ONE-DESIGN

(Continued from page 63)

and balance point frozen to prevent future lightening and weakening. The rigging would be as simple as possible: a permanent backstay, jibstay and diagonal struts and jumper stays with lower and intermediate shrouds. I have shown a runner to keep the jib luff taut, leading from the point of attachment of the jibstay to a sliding fitting on 3′ of track, pulled back with Highfield levers. Both stays could be left set up when on the wind or a close reach. Down wind, the lee stay could be set up when the boom had been gotten in to about 45° and there would not be enough slack when it was forward to allow it to catch around the spreaders. The boom would be round, hollow, with boltrope groove and shaped to flatten out the main as it is rolled up. The main sheet purchase would be attached at the after end to facilitate use of the roller reefing gear.

To make the most of those fine afternoon breezes which you know will go down with the sun, she'd be an auxiliary too. There would be a detachable magnesium or aluminum bracket on which to mount a small outboard. There would also be an auxiliary bracket to clamp at the forward end of the cockpit. This would enable the engine to be hung on the bracket inside the cockpit to change plugs or fill the gas tank without danger of losing your watch overboard. Engine and bracket could then be hung outboard with a minimum of difficulty. The outboard, bracket, spare plugs and wrenches would fit into a carrying case which could be stowed and locked in place under the forward deck and yet be readily taken ashore.

I've also shown a light combined cabin and plywood dinghy over the forward end of the cockpit. With this a couple of young fellows, or fellows with young ideas and a pair of air mattresses, could do a bit of cruising. The happiest recollections of my life are of two July weeks about ten years ago spent in a 17′ sloop, loaded with tent, cots and camping equipment, with a "crew" consisting of a small boy who is now in Italy.

THIRD PRIZE AUXILIARY

(Continued from page 61)

The American public has accepted the many advantages of semi-mass and mass production. The type of construction offered as an alternative to current practice will lend itself readily and economically to large volume production and will satisfy the strength and durability requirements. For example, study the Skin Unit Plan and the Construction Plan. Six panels of units are indicated; this could vary with the situation. I have suggested 27 units. The joining of these units as advocated will result in a "welded" hull, designed on the stressed skin principle.

I also suggest the following two ideas concerning the construction of masts: (1) the cylindrical mast of laminated spiral strips; (2) a laminated I-beam spar structure. They would naturally be finished with plastic paints and varnish.

Who will make the fuel for the car of the future?

100 Octane Gasoline, one of the Petroleum Industry's greatest contributions to the war, has been made possible through the never-ending work of the petroleum chemist and research engineer. And it is through the efforts of such laboratories as those maintained by Gulf, that have come these advances in the field of new and higher octane fuels.

Today, Gulf is making 100 Octane Gasoline in large quantities to help keep the Allied air-arm over enemy soil.

Thus far, no automobile has been built to use this super fuel. It will take time to do this.

But no matter what the future holds in the way of improved motors, tomorrow, when the war shall have been won and when automobile engines of new design are in use, the results of Gulf's research and "know-how" will be found at the pumps of every Good Gulf Station.

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Ready Today with the Fuels of the Future

How to put out a fire with one hand

Chasing subs at over 50 knots leaves little time for fire-fighting on PT Boats. So when a blaze starts in the big engines, an operator simply tugs at a control handle — and the fire dies suddenly! It's been choked to death by a cloud of carbon dioxide gas from the Kidde Extinguishing System.

While Kidde Systems are at battle stations with our auxiliary fleets, private boat owners are urged to keep their present equipment in good shape. Let Kidde representatives and boat-builders help!

Kidde portable and built-in systems are also known by the trade name "LUX".

WALTER KIDDE & CO., INC., 140 CEDAR ST., NEW YORK 6, N. Y.

THE 1944 STAR INTERNATIONAL

(Continued from page 64).

from north to east. Lake Michigan is deep and the characteristics of its surface may be described as a series of long swells interrupted by a small cross chop. The wind often shifted several points in a few seconds without any change in velocity. These shifts constantly reshuffled the fleet. The courses for the first, third and fifth races were the traditional triangles with the first leg a beat, twice around. The second race was windward and leeward, three times around, the fourth windward and leeward twice around.

For the first four racing days, the wind was light, on the fifth day great seas rolled in, built up by a 15- to 20-mile breeze.

By the end of the second day it was evident that Gerald Driscoll, of San Diego Bay, California, with Malin Burnham as crew, was the team to beat. They had won the first two races handily and their competition was scattered. The nearest competitor, Bob Lippincott, of West Jersey, with Ed Shivelhood crewing, had finished third and fourth, five points behind.

Wednesday's race was postponed to Thursday which dawned bright and fair. There was a brisk southeast wind and the race committee called for a triangular course twice around. Lippincott quickly stepped out in front and stayed there. Harold Halsted, of Moriches Bay, was second and Bill Picken, of Great South Bay, third, which brought both these skippers into a contending position. By brilliant sailing, Driscoll finished sixth after wallowing in the backwash of the fleet for almost the entire race. The points of the leaders then stood as follows: Driscoll 52, Lippincott 52, Halsted, 43, Williams, of Southern Lake Michigan, 41, Hale, of Cape Ann, 39, Picken 36.

On Friday, for the fourth race, Driscoll drew a fast boat and Lippincott a slow one, judging by their performances up to that time. A windward-leeward course was sailed in a light breeze. Bill Picken, at last justifying his well deserved reputation as a Star skipper, stepped out in front and until the last mark before the finish looked to be an easy winner. Driscoll finally passed the rest of the fleet after his poor start but was at least two minutes behind Picken at the lee mark. As they neared the weather mark again, Driscoll crept up on Picken and finally caught and passed him to win the race and to all intents and purposes the series. The points now stood Driscoll 71, Lippincott 63, Williams 57, Halsted 56, Hale 56 and Picken 54.

To win the series, Driscoll had only to finish eighth or better in the last race. During Friday night a real gale blew up and by the time the race started great seas were rolling down Lake Michigan but the wind had dropped to about 18 knots. A triangular course was called for but the committee decided to start the race inside the harbor breakwater thereby saving the contestants from the ordeal of sailing for an hour or so in the heavy seas before the actual start. Again Bill Picken stepped out in front in the heavy going and seemed to be a sure winner but Williams caught him this time and again Picken had to be content with second place. By this victory, Williams won third place in the series. Picken jumped past Halsted to win fourth. Lippincott cinched second place in the series by finishing third. Driscoll, sailing easily, content to finish without mishap, wound up in sixth place and so won the series and the World's Championship. This last race was a real test of skippers and boats.

1944 INTERNATIONAL STAR CLASS CHAMPIONSHIP, AUGUST 21st–26th

Pos.	Skipper	Crew	Fleet	Pts. by Races					Total
1	G. Driscoll	Malin Burnham	San Diego Bay	19	19	14	19	15	86
2	R. L. Lippincott	Edw. Shivelhood	West Jersey	17	16	19	11	17	80
3	H. P. Williams	A. P. Nye	So. L. Michigan	14	17	11	15	19	76
4	W. H. Picken, Jr.	J. Forrington	G. So. Bay	8	11	17	18	18	72
5	H. C. Halsted	J. P. Maynard	Moriches Bay	11	14	18	13	12	68
6	B. H. Mckinney	D. Knowles	Nassau	7	13	13	16	14	63
7	W. M. Hale	D. M. Pierce	Cape Ann	16	8	15	17	DNF	56
8	D. J. Bergman	John Lane	Wilmette H'br	DSQ	18	5	14	16	53
9	Ned Burrage	Robt. Patterson	Lake Springfield	18	7	10	8	8	51
10	A. Lawrence	Patti Lawrence	So. L. I. S.	12	5	16	7	7	47
11	C. de Cardenas	Howard Duff	Flota de la Habana	4	15	9	5	11	44
12	Robt. Bottger	D. Campbell	Central L. I. S.	5	12	4	9	13	43
13	Cebern L. Lee	Edw. W. Vick	Seneca Lake	15	6	8	12	DNS	41
14	R. M. Allan	Walter Mitchell	Newport H'br	10	10	DSQ	2	10	32
15	J. C. Smyth	J. R. Doody, Jr.	Gravesend Bay	9	3	3	4	9	28
16	E. H. Nurme	Richard Miller	Detroit River	3	9	12	3	DNS	27
17	B. G. Waddell	Alex Allardyce	Sarnia Bay	13	4	DSQ	10	DNS	27
18	Stuart Bell	R. H. Moats	Paw Paw Lake	6	2	7	6	DNS	21
19	A. J. Young	Cary Comer	Gull Lake	DNF	DSQ	6	DNS	DNS	6

J. PAUL MAYNARD

". . . and I'm Going To Name Her SUSIE"

THE NAME OF THAT POST-WAR BOAT is synonymous with victory and a better world to thousands of American yachtsmen. It is to firms like the South Coast Company they will turn for better boats from new materials at lower costs. And they shall not be disappointed. Just as we were building for war long before Pearl Harbor, so we are today actively planning and preparing for a bigger and better yachting world in the near future.

Wartime builders of Sub-chasers, Minesweepers, Aircraft Rescue Boats, Picket Boats, and Cargo Ships . . . peacetime builders of fine Sail and power Yachts and Commercial Vessels.

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NEWPORT HARBOR, CALIFORNIA

ACTION AT UNITED

The Army tug at the left is ready for delivery, and the other one has just been launched. This is a typical scene of our wartime production job, the fast pace of which has prepared us for super service for you. We are now in a position to accept private and commercial work.

UNITED BOAT SERVICE CORPORATION

FORMERLY ANDERSON'S DOCK — BACK THE ATTACK — BUY BONDS

CITY ISLAND — FOOT OF CARROLL STREET — NEW YORK

GUARDIAN ANGELS OF THE CARRIER FLEET

(Continued from page 44)

the scene was etched against the gray canopy of sky, then with a tearing and ripping sound, the tail section tore off and catapulted into the sea while the cockpit and engine plummeted into the water forward and slightly to starboard of the carrier.

At the instant of the lookout's call and the sound of ripping metal, the cutter heeled over as she made her turn and, with both engines at full speed, dashed for the scene, arriving at practically the instant the wreckage hit the water. It was then that the timing and teamwork of the crew, gained through long, monotonous hours of patrol work and training, stood them in good stead for a line and preserver had barely been tossed to the pilot when the wreckage sank. Then came the moment that every sailor prizes. From the commanding officer of the carrier, came the welcome words: "Well Done." Hours of buffeting faded from memory and bruises were forgotten.

All in all, these men of the Coast Guard crash boats are living up to the best traditions of the hardiest service of them all — The United States Coast Guard — and its proud boast, "We go out when other ships come in."

The opinions or assertions contained herein are the private ones of the writer and are not to be construed as official or reflecting the views of the Navy Department or the Naval service at large.

A CRUISE THAT FAILED

(Continued from page 43)

enough to sell. He wanted to go around the world — a lifelong dream — but he returned home instead. In addition, there were several yachts for sale in Honolulu at sacrifice prices as a result of intended long trips with quick endings due to one reason or another; lack of money was one of the common reasons.

Profitable trading with natives is a common delusion of many an amateur world cruiser. Trading may net a little in the way of souvenirs and perishable foods but not much else. A poor trader myself, I have usually come out second best in any deals of this sort, as the average Polynesian is a pretty sharp operator in a trade. He will *give* you almost anything he's got but feels obligated to win in a swap of any kind — and somehow always seems to hold the trump cards. The glass-beads-for-an-island days seem to be about over.

Not that I am advocating world cruises only for those in the upper brackets! With the right boat and the right crew, I'd start out on "V" Day without a cent in the coffers. But a cash balance large enough to take care of emergencies would be a nice thing to take along, and might be cheering in some dark hour. If you can't get all the money you want (and who can!) get what you can; but, in any case, let it suit the ship and the crew. A yacht requiring a lot of upkeep expense and a crew that has little capital are incompatible. And conversely, a bunch of boys with a lot of money will not live happily for long in a cramped little tub, however seaworthy she may be. If the crew members have a lot of guts and enthusiasm and coöperative ability, they can make up for a lot of things that money will buy. Remember that the purchase price of the boat doesn't represent the entire outlay: supplies and gear can run up into a surprisingly large figure. And don't expect any income from the trip itself — if some should turn up, good; but don't bank on it.

I hope that in the foregoing analysis I have been able to show that at least three important elements — boat, crew, money — are inextricably tangled together and that to have one or more out of balance may seriously damage the chances for success on a long cruise.

In closing, I raise one question: did I say the cruise of *Babboon* failed? True, it did not reach its objective. On the other hand, I wouldn't have missed it for the world. The prospects of a long cruise are much too enchanting to resist. So, what the heck, let's not worry about the future, let's start. Maybe there will be some "beefs"; sure, we'll get wet, we'll all go broke, but let's get started. When's "V" Day?

YACHTSMEN, BOAT OWNERS

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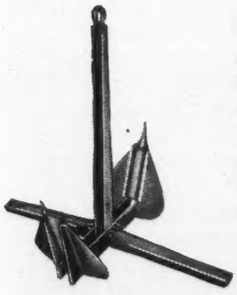
The name Northill is well known in the marine trade, principally through the development and sale of the Northill light weight anchor. Our distributing organization includes practically every marine supply house in the country. Our organization is so set up that we can offer complete engineering, manufacturing and distributing facilities.

Write us as fully as possible about your idea. Your letter will be held in confidence and will receive a prompt reply. Address: Northill Company, Inc., 9851 Sepulveda Blvd., Los Angeles, California.



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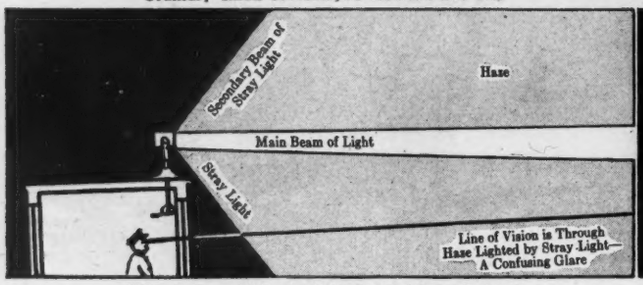
Ordinary small searchlights function like this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With ordinary searchlights stray light reflects back from a blanket of haze, producing a white glare that makes it difficult to see anything.

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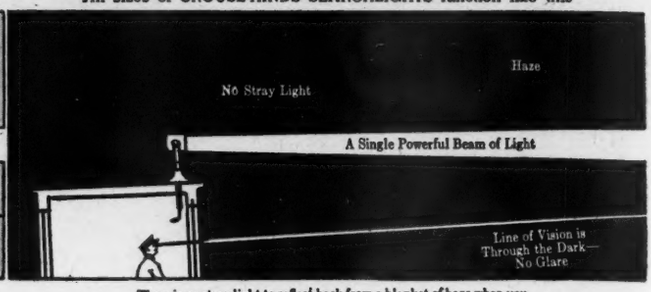

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All CROUSE-HINDS searchlights have an **accurate parabolic searchlight mirror** that reflects a higher percentage of the light output into the single beam — where you need it.

All stray light is eliminated by a spherical auxiliary reflector, circular louvers or both.

All searchlights with the pilot house control have CROUSE-HINDS exclusive **automatic locking brake.** You can operate it with one hand and lock it in any desired position by simply releasing the brake control lever.

Signalling shutters can be furnished.

Type DCE-8 Deck Mounting Hand Control

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THE TRAINING SHIP "DANMARK"

(Continued from page 47)

the lifeboats, or Charlie Noble, and she may be caught in irons. Jib and staysail sheets are let go. At "Mainsail, haul!" the yards on main and mizzen are braced on the other tack. The yards on the foremast are still braced for the starboard tack and their sails are now aback to force the ship's head off. Then comes the graceful heel to starboard as she falls off on the port tack. In a seaway, she may fall off eight points before enough drive is created to bring her up to the five she can do. Now jibs and staysails are sheeted home and the head yards are braced for the port tack. Buntlines and clewlines on the mainsail are cast off and this sail sheeted home. This work is done with remarkable smartness. Yards are not all trimmed alike when going to windward; instead, the lower yards are braced against the backstays and each yard above is more nearly at right angles to the keel, the royal yards almost point into the wind. When steering to windward, a good helmsman watches the luff of the main royal.

Usually she comes to anchor for the night. Men are everywhere overhauling sheets and halliards getting ready for the activity that will start when sail is shortened. The mate is on the fo'c's'le head seeing that the anchors are ready; men in the chains are taking soundings. Then, as the captain gives the orders to the helmsman, and men at braces and buntlines stand by, she heads up into the wind. Yards are backed, and up the shrouds on fore, main and mizzen climb the cadets.

The buoy is streamed and the anchor chain roars through the hawse pipe, the anchor light or ball is hoisted, gangway swung out, the liberty boat lowered and brought to the gangway. The liberty party is mustered and the fortunates go ashore, but the watch aboard is kept busy securing gear.

The opinions and assertions contained in the above article are the private views of the writer and are not to be construed as official or reflecting the views of the Navy Department or the naval service at large.

GREAT BARRIER RESCUE

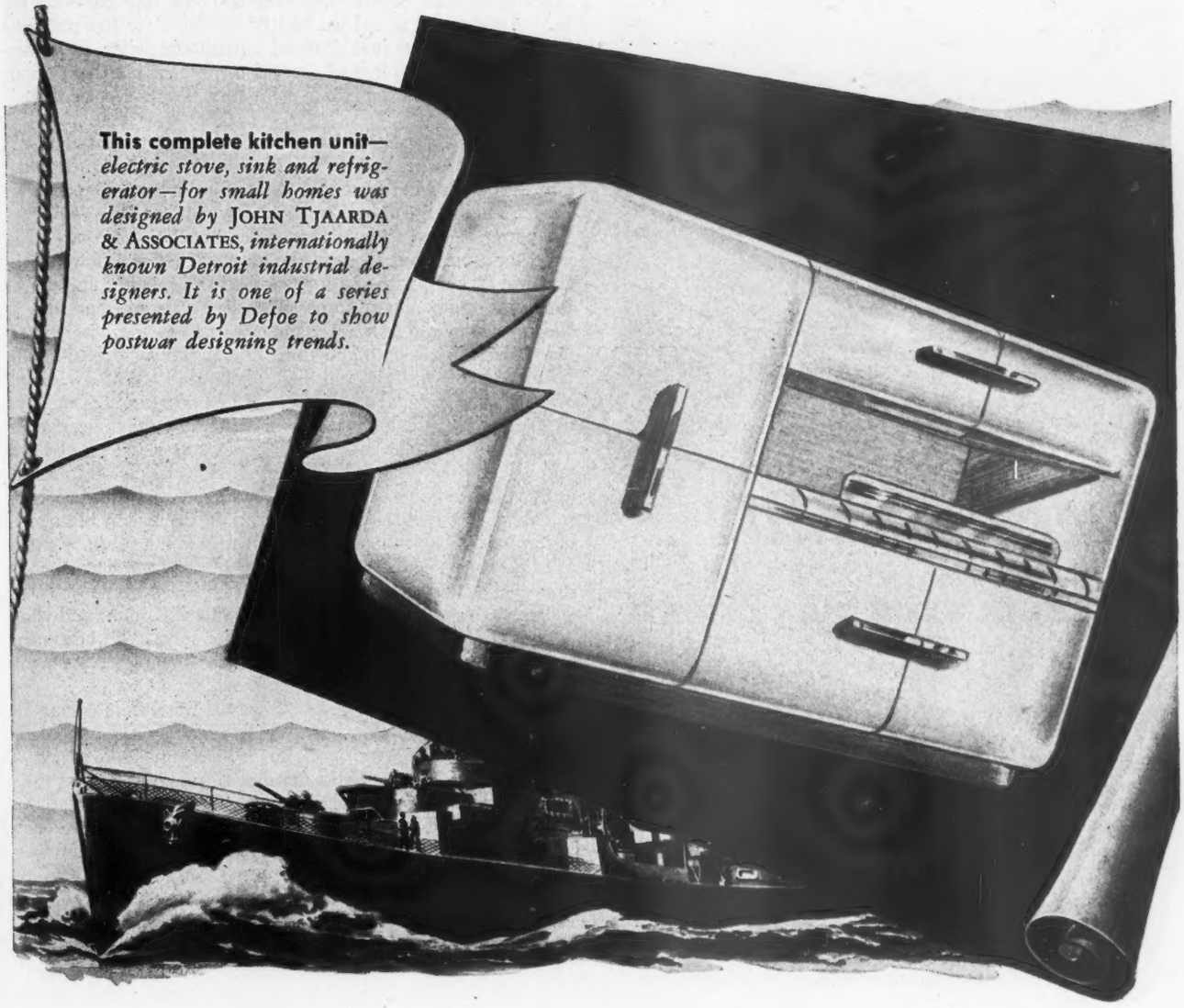
(Continued from page 35)

she was docked near us and at that time I had fallen in love with her. A sweetheart of a ship: modern, twin-motored, high powered, a perfect design for the job she was meant to do. And there she lay finished, bowled over by an irresistible force.

There is no need to go into the details of the mean job that followed except to say that the poor devils with broken bones and other bad injuries took it like the men they were. Nor can I forget the litter of four tiny kittens, whose mother was among the missing, and how they took to American canned milk like veteran tipplers. (One little devil whom we kept and called "Shipwreck," in the following weeks quickly grew to live up to her name.) By nine the following morning, we had everyone aboard as well as everything reachable and salvageable. The ship's papers, the ship's safe containing a large sum and the nautical and navigating instruments could not be reached. They were on the submerged side.

During these operations, every effort to raise a shore station had proved fruitless. Evidently the cyclone had disrupted all communication, so I headed for Stanley Island because I knew that an Army radio station was there and, I hoped, a doctor as well. At least we could land the crew and put them in comfortable quarters. As fast as the survivors had come aboard, Henry, our cook, had served all with steaming hot coffee and, when they were all assembled, he called them below for their first meal in a day and a half. It was a mammoth one but, in spite of that, a look of gloom spread over many faces and Captain Dawson explained it to me. Upon learning that the crew was mixed Limey, Scotch and Aussie, Henry had served them tea — much to their disgust. Having sampled properly made Yankee coffee, they all wanted to stick to it, at least until the novelty wore off.

On our run over to Stanley, Captain Dawson told me his story. They had run into the foul weather two days previously just as we did, except that it had come from the southwest. They


This complete kitchen unit—*electric stove, sink and refrigerator—for small homes was designed by* JOHN TJAARDA & ASSOCIATES, *internationally known Detroit industrial designers. It is one of a series presented by Defoe to show postwar designing trends.*

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BACK THE ATTACK —BUY WAR BONDS

Defoe

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had been on the other side of the storm center and apparently much closer than ourselves, as they had only time to seek a lee behind the small island we had first headed for the previous evening. They had just dropped both hooks when they were struck by the full force of the twister, which hit them about eight that night during a four-point shift which wiped out their lee.

The barometer went as low as the face would permit, for a pin set at 28 inches arrested the downward movement of the needle. The estimated wind force was 125 miles per hour. Deprived of her lee and in spite of both anchors down and engines going, the full powered ship just lay down and crabbed off to leeward. The wind tore something loose in the horn so that it bellowed continuously which, with the fury of the wind, made communication with others aboard impossible. Five different men sent to the forecastle head to bear a hand or carry a message were missing, evidently swept off in the smother enveloping the ship. Every pane of plate glass on the bridge was blown in. Visibility, of course, was zero. The ship struck without warning and was swept again and again. She immediately rolled on her beam ends but, fortunately, the interior electric lights lasted a good ten minutes and with this help men from below decks and from the engine compartments escaped to the dubious haven above. By walking on the bulkheads instead of on the decks they blundered to the topsides and then clawed their way uphill to the weather rail. At that spot, the only horizontal place was the side of the ship. There they found what they could, a porthole or other depression or a bit of rail to wrap their fingers around and cling to while salt spray pelted them at bullet speed. All during the night, the eerie sound of a faltering voice singing "Nearer my God to Thee," issued from a ventilator.

As long as the blinker lasted, Captain Dawson had sent his message for help, hoping that the ship which he had previously sighted would pick it up.

The wind had died with the morning sun, as it had in our case, and then came the work of finding the injured and dead.

Below decks, men with broken bones had dragged themselves in the pitch blackness to bulkheads just above the reeking mixture of water and fuel oil from ruptured tanks. The hymn singing was traced to a washroom where the 72-year-old steward was rescued. Caught there just as the ship struck, he had barely been able to keep his head above water and had kept up his courage throughout the Stygian night by singing, as he thought, to himself. The four kittens emerged from some corner but the mother lay immersed in the sticky fuel oil along with several members of the crew.

Upon arrival at Stanley Island, we found a homeless Australian Army crew of 75 men. They, too, had been beaten down, their cabins and tents ripped to shreds and disintegrated by the wind. No succor there. So men were bedded down on deck and the injured given what meager aid we had while we strove all night to make radio contact. Eventually it came — *via* Thursday Island in Torres Straits, 500 miles still further north, then relayed to Cairns. By three the following day a plane appeared, an old pusher type which could remove but two of the more badly injured. Incidentally, the pilot of this "flying duck" had been on patrol when the cyclone hit and had saved himself and his plane by landing on a broad spot of a mainland inlet and spending the night tethered to a tree. He confirmed Captain Dawson's estimate of the wind force by stating that it blew at least 130 m.p.h.

After the "duck" departed, a big Catalina appeared over the crest of the island and taxied to our stern. All were put aboard. As they left they called and waved their thanks, then the plane roared across the bay, lifted and was gone.

Two weeks later at Darwin, a cable was thrust into my hand — "Many thanks and a Merry Christmas. (signed) Dawson."

And so Captain Dawson — thanks for your message. I hope you received my reply. May we meet again where we can put our feet under a table and, when the younger men are through, we'll tell your story again. Let's give it a go!

NOTE: I learned that some days later high seas lifted Dawson's ship from the shelf on which she lay and the hull slid off and disappeared into deep water. A lucky chance that, when she struck, wind and waves kept her pressed against the reef long enough for the survivors to be rescued.

full sail ahead...

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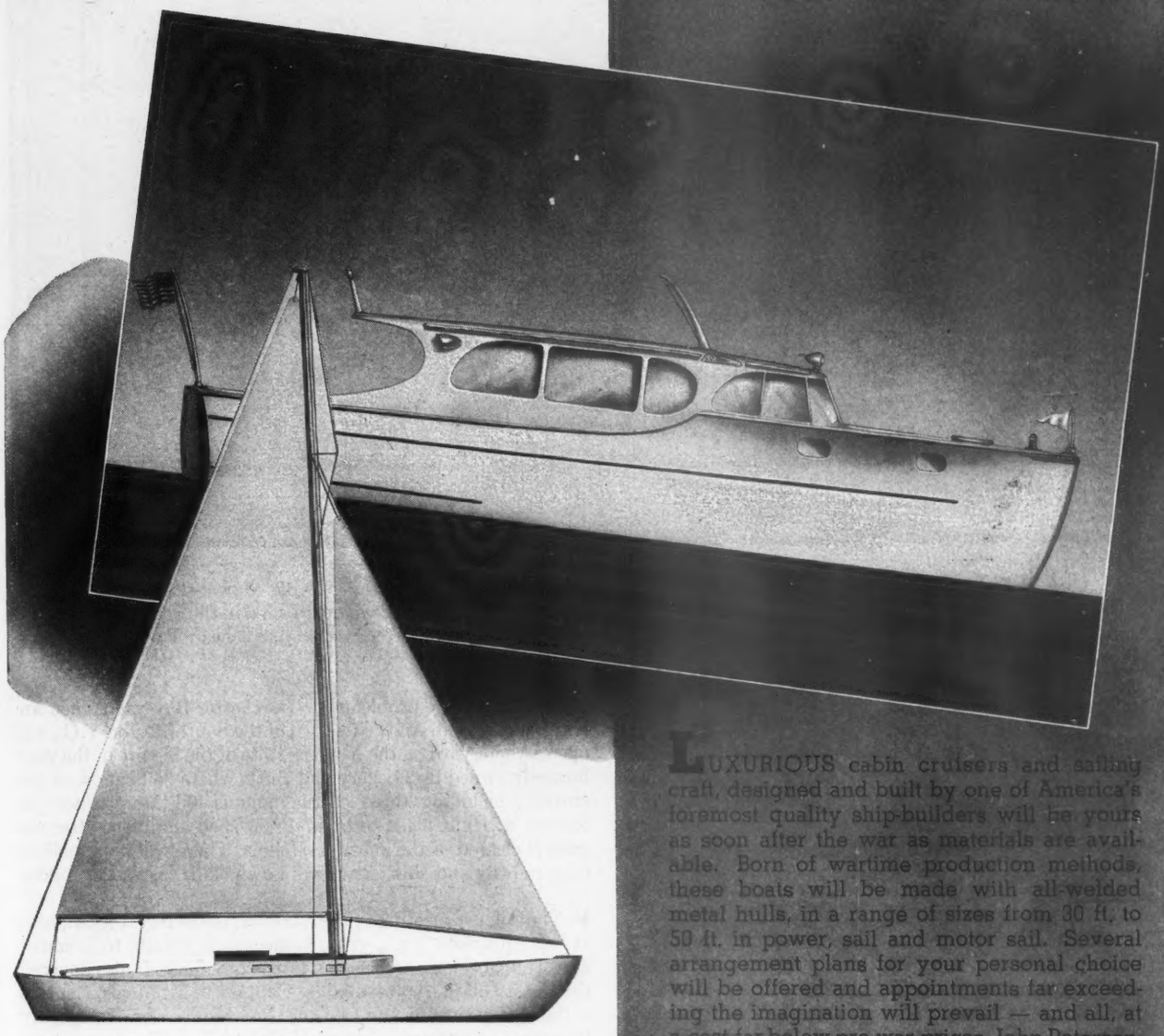

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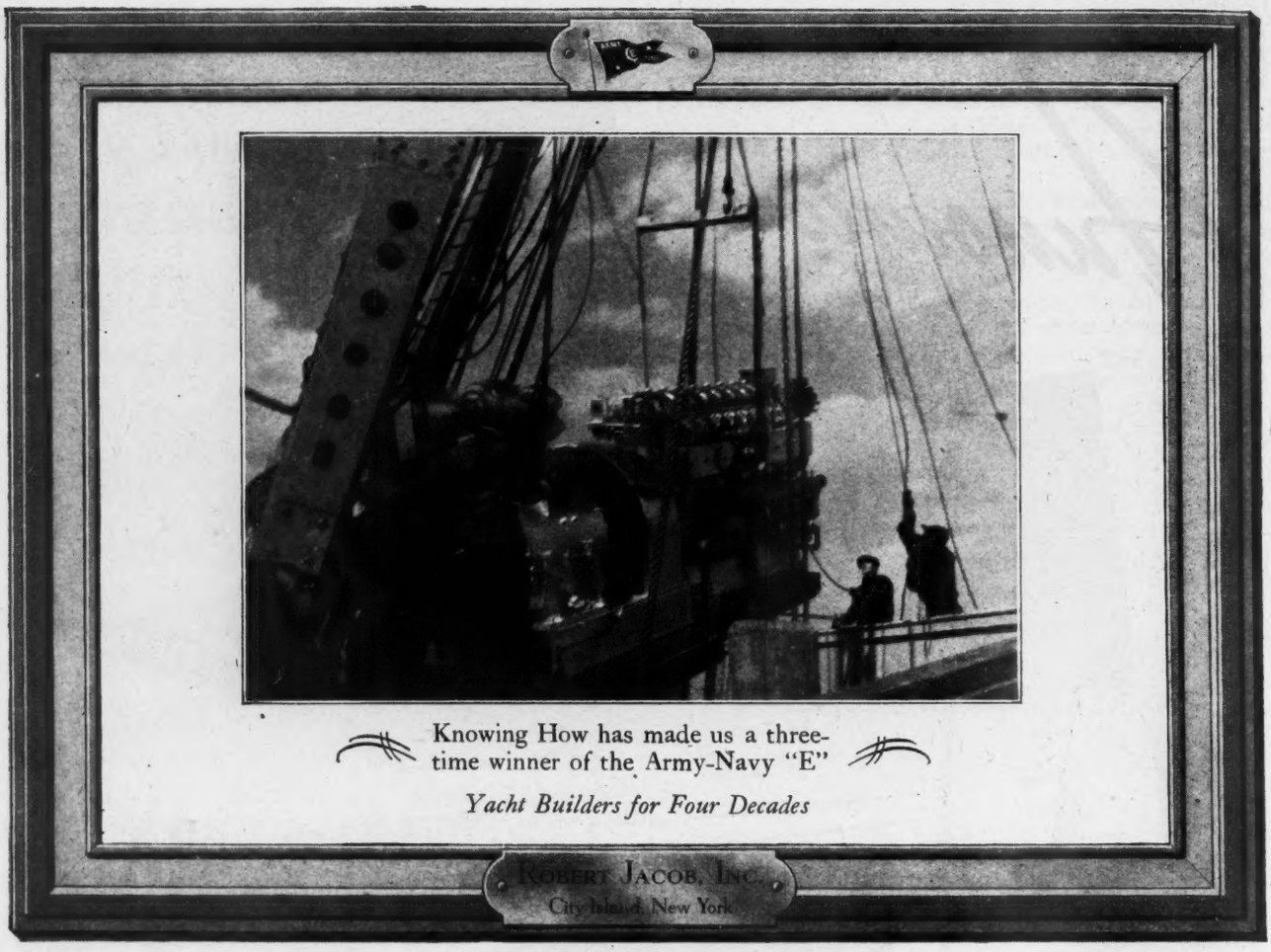
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News from Yachting Centers

MASSACHUSETTS BAY FLASHES

By Ed Earle

▶ That 190-boat starting fleet set a wartime high during Marblehead Race Week but the weather, except for the torrid temperature, was well nigh perfect, without rain, squall or a dead calm. The shortest and best description of Race Week came from Porter Johnson, owner of the Ten-Metre *Dee Dee Jay*, racing in the big handicap class, who remarked: "I struck only one soft spot in seven days."

▶ Racing continued strong after Race Week, both at Marblehead and in Boston Bay. The Harry E. Noyes Memorial Trophy was put in competition for the National 110 Class by Mrs. Lawrence Shields, widow of the noted yachtsman whose fleet two-sticker *Tioga*, of Marblehead, hung up the round-the-Cape sailing record from New London to Marblehead and who was also a winner with *Gypsy* in the Eight-Metre Class. Johnny Marvin, junior skipper of the Pleon Y.C., who shone during Race Week, won the slated six-race series in five races with four firsts and a second at the helm of his *Aero*. The Venture Trophy, put up by Mrs. Nancy Leiter Claggett for women sailors, was revived after three years. The five-race series, sailed in National 110's, with spinnakers barred, was won by Barbara Lane Connolly, who nosed out her younger sister, Ellen Lane Connolly. Barbara collected three firsts, a second and a third while Ellen accumulated four seconds and a third.

▶ One interesting new class for Marblehead, suggested for post-war days, is a boat between the 30-Square-Metre and the International, combining the best points of each. The Boston Y.C. is reviving the Herreshoff "S" Class which was a major fleet at Marblehead in the '20's.

▶ The Hustler Class, the growing Mower-designed cats, hung up a season fleet record when 28 sailed in the South Boston Y.C. interclub regatta, bettering the Marblehead Town Class record by two boats.

▶ Winter storage problems for Dorchester Bay yachtsmen are now being solved. Andy Strickus, of the South Boston Y.C., will open a yacht yard on the Neponset site of the big fire in the yard formerly owned by Lockery and Butts where 86 boats were destroyed, including three of the famous old Manchester 18-footers. Strickus plans to build a new shed and office after the yard is cleared of the charred remains. There will be a modern type railway and shift boats will be on skids instead of rollers.

▶ The August meeting of the Massachusetts Bay Y.C.A., held at the Squantum Y.C., was a homecoming tribute to Commodore Tom Sheehan, Association three-star officer. It also honored the Coast Guard, represented by Captain F. M. Meals, Captain of the Port of Boston, and Lt. Com. Roy McPherson, Temporary Reserve, former commodore of the Quincy Y.C. The Association, cognizant of the development of the Boston Airport, was concerned with the effect this development would have on the clubs in Winthrop. Although the water frontage on the Boston side of Winthrop will be greatly reduced, it is expected that the clubs will be benefited by deeper channels and the protective bulkheads will tend to mitigate the effect of the high prevailing winds that do so much damage to the property along this shore. The attendance at this meeting was the largest in the past two and a half years.

The Association paid its respect to the memory of the late Charles Nazro, of the Cottage Park Y.C., who served the association as a member of the regatta committee and for the past 35 years gave unstintingly of his time and talents as a race committee man wherever his services were needed. His loss was particularly felt during the annual three-day Winthrop regatta and cast a long shadow over the grand turnout of the Boston Bay racing fleet.

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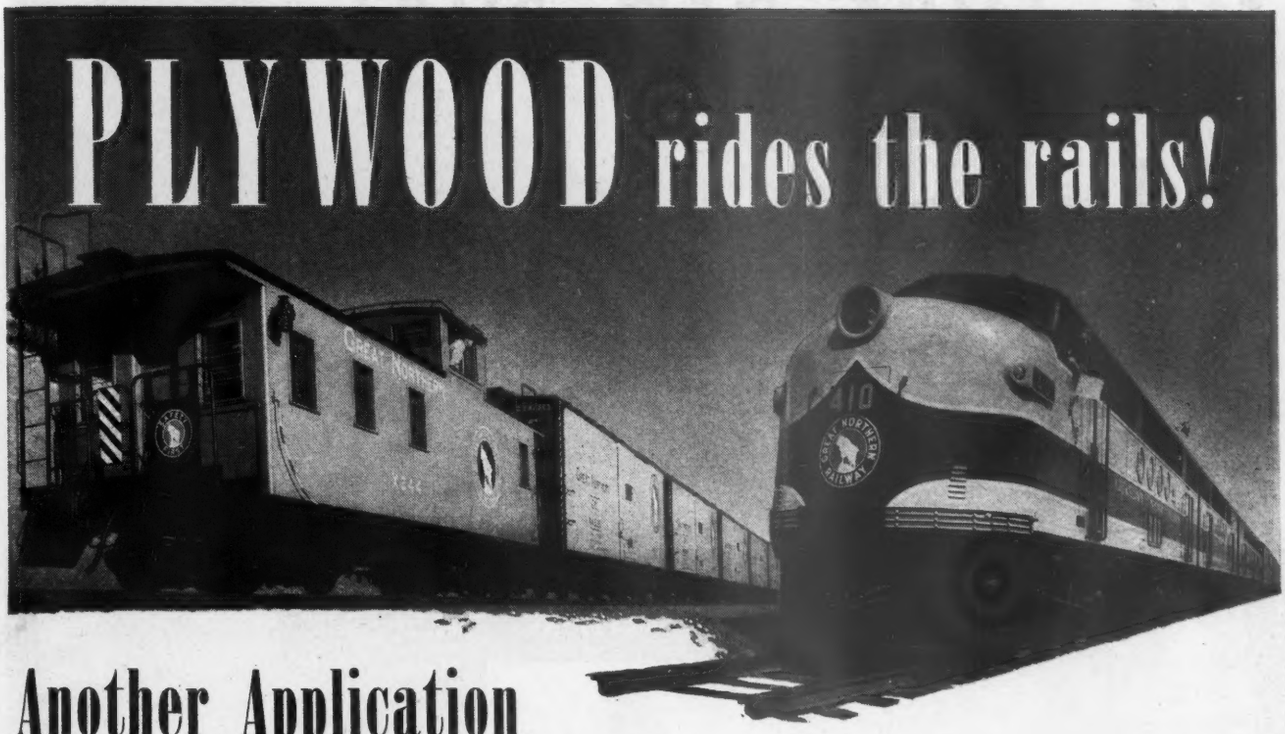

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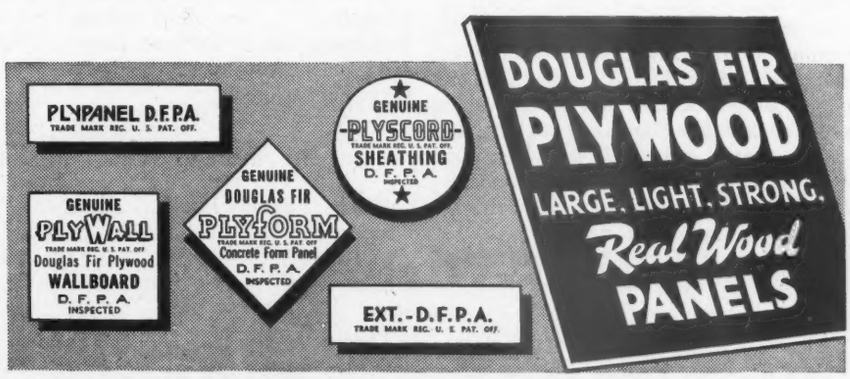

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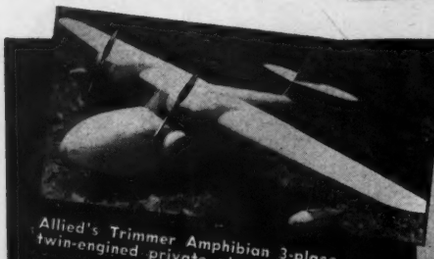

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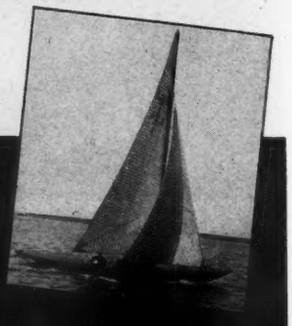

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GULF COAST HAPPENINGS

By Val J. Flanagan

▶ They said she had been lucky to win and made other discrediting remarks last summer when Betty Stevens sailed her *Puff* to victory in the annual Gulf-Lipton Star Class Trophy series on Lake Pontchartrain, at New Orleans. Nothing was said this season when Miss Stevens repeated her victory, sweeping all three races, to become the second skipper in 16 sailings to win the Gulf-Lipton Trophy two straight years. Davis S. Wuescher did it twice previously, in 1930 and 1931, and again in 1933 and 1934. Several have won the cup more than once, but never successively. *Puff* tallied 24 points in the series to 18 for Cal Hadden's *Ghost*, which finished second once and third twice. Eight Stars participated in the series.

▶ Cal Hadden's Star *Ghost*, using her handicap to good advantage, won her second long-distance race of the 1944 Southern Y.C. season on corrected time on August 26th and 27th. *Ghost* finished second in the annual around-Lake Pontchartrain race, 42 minutes and 50 seconds behind S. W. Labrot's cutter *Salabar*, sailed by Rear Commodore George S. Clarke, but her allowance of 45 minutes and 58 seconds enabled Hadden's craft to have the lowest corrected time in the fleet of eight. *Salabar*, which won the cutter class prize, was scratch boat. Dr. John B. Gooch's *Windflower*, in the Gulf One-Design Sloop Class, and J. Fabacher's *Celia*, in the yawl class were other division winners.

Hadden and his *Ghost* had previously captured the race to and from the Tchefuncta River in July on corrected time.

▶ The Southern Y.C. Gulf One-Design Class staged a novelty race recently. The three entrants were anchored on the starting line and the skippers were seated on the sea wall ashore, about a quarter-mile away. At the sound of the starting gun, the rival skippers jumped into their dinghies tied nearby and rowed out to their respective craft. Crewmen were not allowed to begin hoisting sail or weigh anchor until their skipper was aboard and the dinghy made fast astern. Tom Brennan's *East Wind* was an easy winner, with Robert Haase's *Chinook* second and Dr. J. B. Gooch's *Windflower* third.

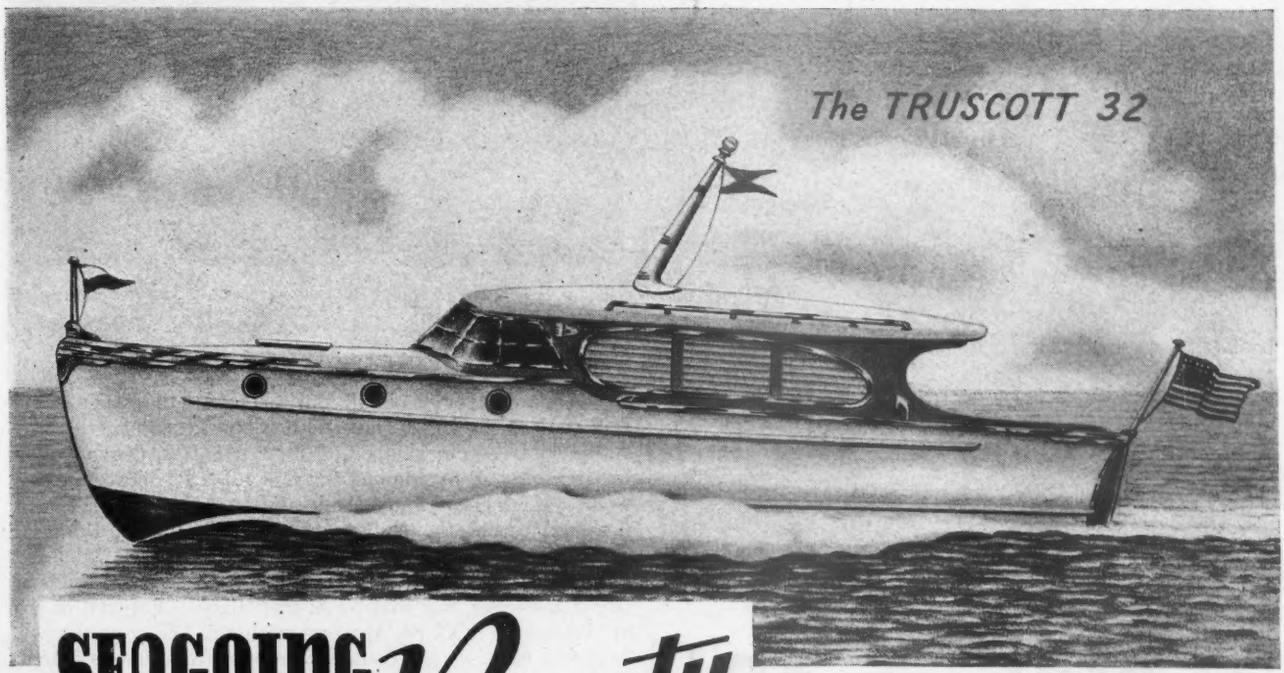
▶ Ex-Commodore Percy S. Benedict, of the Southern Y.C., one of the organizers of the Gulf Y.A. back in 1920 and a yearly competitor with his yachts *Violet* and *Bunny* in the S.Y.C. Southern Marine Marathon (power boat race from West End, New Orleans, to Pensacola, Fla., between 1912 and 1927) died recently. His passing was mourned by scores of Gulf Coast yachtsmen who knew him during his active years in the world of yachting. He was 79 years old.

▶ *After deck gossip.* . . . Mrs. Wallace Chapman is believed to be the first woman to officiate in the annual Lipton Cup races. The wife of Commodore Chapman, of the Biloxi Y.C., she was delegated to serve as timer at the 1944 series in St. Petersburg recently. . . . Two other women have sailed as participants in Lipton races in the past, however, Miss Fairfax Moody, of Houston, as skipper and Mrs. Betty Wood McNabb, of Panama City, Fla., as crew.

St. Andrews Wins Fish Class Regatta

The St. Andrews Bay Y.C. of Panama City, Florida, won the 25th Annual Fish Class Regatta held by the Gulf Y.A. Nine of the 13 clubs in the association participated in the four races held on Tampa Bay, off St. Petersburg, on September 2nd, 3rd and 4th.

Placing fifth, first, second and third, for a total of 29 points, St. Andrews put an end to the six-year domination of this regatta by the Southern Y.C. of New Orleans. St Petersburg finished second with a total of 24 points. Buccaneer Y.C. of Mobile, Mobile Y.C., Pensacola Y.C., Biloxi Y.C., and Southern finished in order, each one point behind the other.



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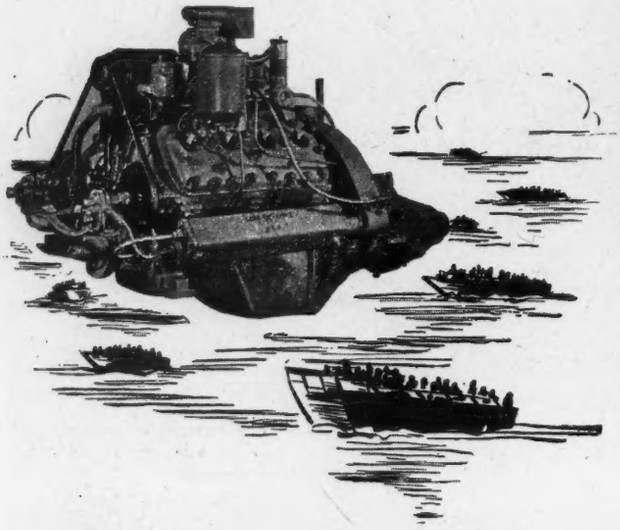

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Start of the third race of the 25th Annual Fish Class Regatta, sailed off St. Petersburg, Florida, September 2nd–4th. The St. Andrews Bay Y.C. won the series, with the St. Petersburg club second

Light, shifting winds in all four races tried the patience and skill of all the skippers. Dave Witherill, of Pensacola, the over 70-year-old veteran skipper of all 25 regattas, demonstrated his ability again by winning the first race. The next race was won by Mack Lewis, for St. Andrews Bay. At this halfway point Southern led the other clubs by virtue of a second and third, for a total of 15 points. St. Andrews was second with 14.

Sunday afternoon's race, sailed in the most steady winds of any in the series, was won by A. B. ("Babe") Fogarty, of the St. Petersburg Y.C. St. Andrews, with Bill Bailey as skipper, finished a close second. Southern dropped from first to fourth.

When the boats were at the starting line Monday morning, St. Andrews had a two-point lead on St. Petersburg, and a five- and six-point lead respectively on Mobile and Southern. Emmett Hughes sailed the Buccaneer Y.C. entry to victory in the final race, but Bill Pope brought the St. Andrews boat in third to win the cup for the first time for the Panama City club.

Following a luncheon served at the close of the race, the big cup was awarded to Commodore George Logue, of the St. Andrews Y.C., and individual trophies were given the men who skippered the winners in each of the four races: Dave Witherill, of Pensacola; Mack Lewis, of St. Andrews; A. B. Fogarty, of St. Petersburg; and J. E. Hughes, of the Buccaneer Y.C. of Mobile.

Following is the order of finish of the nine clubs in the four races:

	Races				*Total*
Club	*1st*	*2nd*	*3rd*	*4th*	*Points*
St. Andrews	5	1	2	3	29
St. Petersburg	3	6	1	6	24
Buccaneer	8	5	3	1	23
Mobile	4	4	5	5	22
Pensacola	1	8	6	4	21
Biloxi	9	2	7	2	20
Southern	2	3	9	7	19
Fairhope	7	7	4	9	13
Pass Christian	6	9	8	8	9

L. L. McMASTERS

PACIFIC NORTHWEST CAT'S-PAWS

By Ray Krantz

▶ *Noname*, a 55′ auxiliary ketch, has been added to Seattle's growing fleet of sailing yachts. Morris G. Shain, Seattle yacht builder who formerly raced outboard and inboard speed boats and consistently specialized in power yachts, now skippers *Noname*. He says that his voyage north from San Francisco Bay to Seattle in August had its humorous angles. After leaving the St. Francis Y.C. on August 9th, Shain soon discovered that his entire crew, including himself, was green, although two brothers, Bernhard and Ronnie Bernard, of S.F., were "slickers" with small sloops in S.F. bay waters. There *is* a difference, of course.

Anyway, *Noname* arrived at Seattle August 28th, 19 days out of Frisco, including two days' layover at Eureka. In addition to the Bernard brothers, Shain had "Pinkey" Hazen Muma, a mechanic who seems to have given a good account of himself; and Mrs. Muma, the cook. Shain himself indicated that in sail he has a lot to learn but that he was having the time of his life with *Noname*. This is a good start in sail; utter honesty.

Noname, a John Alden design, was build in 1929 by W. F.

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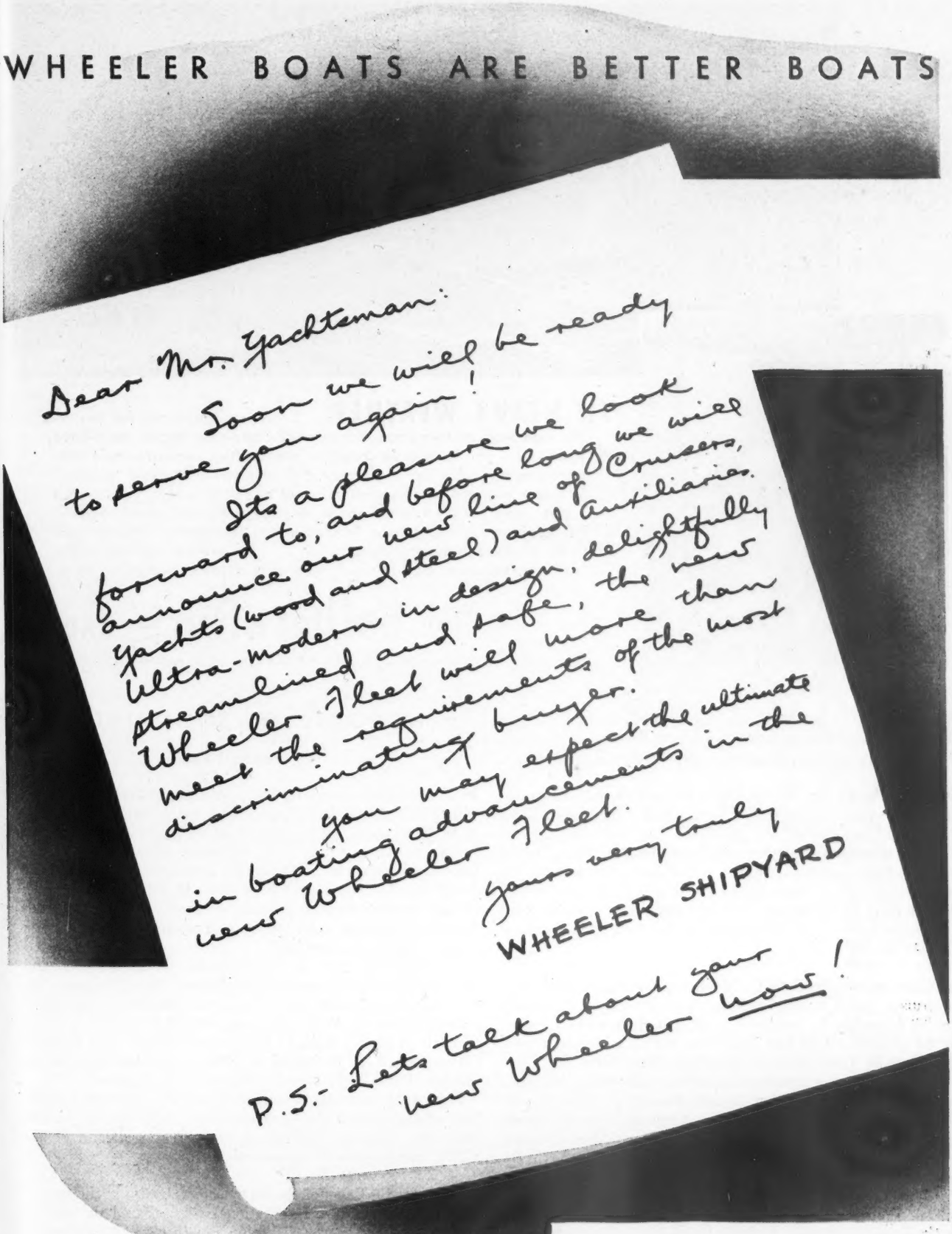
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Stone and Co., Oakland, Calif. She is 13′ beam and 7′ draft. She logs six knots under power alone with a Four-56 Gray with 3:1 reducing gear. Shain bought her from George Kleiser, of S.F.

▶ Ralph James, Jr., in his new command *Dorade*, renowned ocean racer, took first place in the Seattle Y.C. around-Vashon-Island sail race staged over the Labor Day week-end. Second was Cully Stimson's *Angelica*. *Red Jacket* finished third. Due to errors in taking time, third place in this event, as well as in the club's tri-island sail race series, was still in doubt as this was written early in September. However, the first two places were announced for the three-island series as *Angelica*, first, 17 points; and *Dorade*, second, 16.

▶ Yacht sales: Marshall G. Hopkins has bought *Harmony*, 45′ cruiser, from Charles Anderson; Capt. Tom Hyskell has sold the 30′ *Buccaneer* to George Duncan; Lew Hykes has acquired the 34′ Grandy cruiser *Fish Tales* from Malcolm McKeen; these sales were by Tom Farrell, Washington Boat Works.

Maidie, 44′ power boat race contestant and winner, has been sold to Bill Vanderpool by Marion Gauntlett; *Hazel L*, 28′ Grandy cruiser with 95 hp. Chris-Craft engine, is now skippered by Lieut. Comdr. Archie Powell, of Astoria; William Webster was the old owner; and *Kwann*, 32′ Schertzer cruiser with Six-91 Gray engine, has been bought from Harold Waterer by William W. Orth. These are Fremont Boat Co. transactions.

▶ *Cat's-paws:* Bryant's Marina is building a 32′ passenger boat for the Alaska Packers Association; design is by Edwin Monk; she will operate between Bellingham and Blaine, Wash. . . . The idea of twin engines driving a single propeller as, exemplified by the recent new fishing vessels *Shelikof* and *Cape Karluk*, is gaining favor with fishermen planning to build new boats. . . . With war boat production falling off definitely, Pacific Northwest boatbuilders are looking forward to the time when they may build fishing and other commercial boats in good quantity; a few are now being built but in insufficient numbers to keep the yards fully occupied.

LONG ISLAND SOUNDINGS

By Starboard Tack

▶ If, some 12 or 15 months ago, a yachting enthusiast had been willing to bet that a local yacht club could round up over 100 starters for a one-day race, my guess is that he would have had to do a lot of scratching to get any takers. But, to the astonishment of all concerned (including the grand gang that staged the event), the 3rd Annual Fall Race of the Huntington Y.C. broke all local wartime records by drawing exactly 101 starters! And, to make the statistics all the more impressive, no less than 68 finished within the time limit.

The race was sailed in four divisions, the first, second and third positions being annexed as follows: (Class A), *Nyala III*, F. P. Culbert; *Nimrod III*, R. L. Hall; *Grayling*, Carl Buhr; (Class B), *Suzon*, P. W. Hyatt; *Lucky Star*, R. O. H. Hill; *Halomo*, H. Craft; (Class C), *Rival*, C. M. Patton; *Erica*, A. A. C. Hansen; *Chanteyman*, E. L. Raymond, Jr.; (Class D), *Sugar Cane*, R. M. Ollinger; *Chica*, J. F. Curren; *Coquina*, R. D. Kenyon.

Few of the contestants realized that the race celebrated the 50th anniversary of the Club's founding. Huntington, by the way, was a charter member of the old Long Island Sound Y.R.U., predecessor of the present Y.R.A.

▶ Tabulated ratings (of the three leading boats) in the special monthly series of the International Class, based on August results, were as follows: (Division B), *Elsalan*, .457; *Frantic*, .441; *Myth*, .397; (Division A), *Aileen*, .803; *Mischief*, .778; *4 Winds*, .732.

▶ Speaking of statistics, the following tabulation of the top contestants in the Y.R.A. Championships as of July 30th are of interest when compared with the final standings which will appear in the next issue of YACHTING. Here they are: International Class, *Bumble Bee*, .818; Atlantic Class, *Hera*, .681; Victory Class, *Black Jack*, .761; S Class, *Elsar*, 1.000 (one race); National 110 Class, *Pussy Cat*, .900 (two races); Lightning

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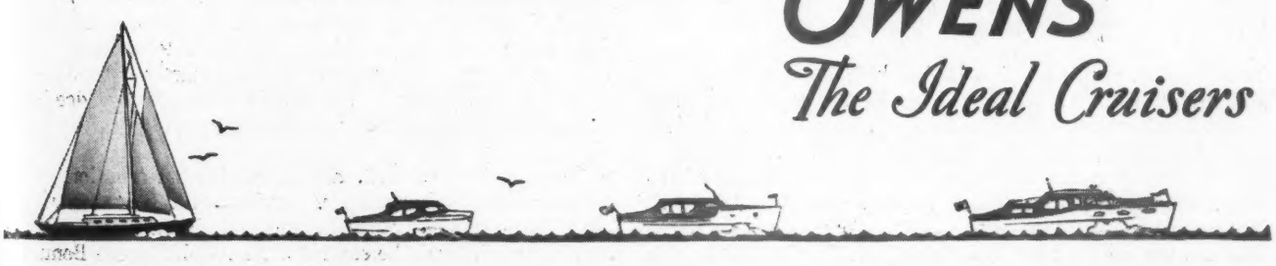

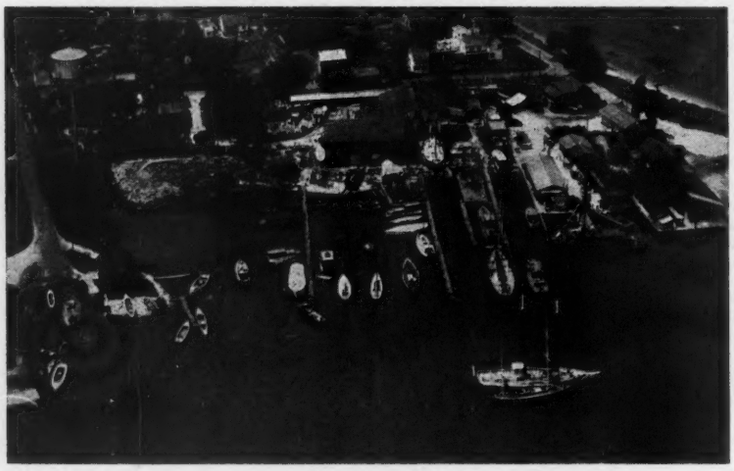

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Class, *Frolic*, 1,000. (one race); Wee Scot Class, *Evelyn*, .850; Comet Class, *Avenger*, .916; Snipe Class, *Can Can*, .789; Star Class, *Shillelah*, 1.000; Handicap Class (III), *Sea Fox*, .846; Handicap Class (IV), *Ture*, .515; Handicap Class (V), *Tzigane*, .822; Handicap Class (VI), *Cricket*, .681; Handicap Class (VII), *Revelry*, .722.

▶ Manhassett Bay's 12th Annual Race Week, which registered a grand total of 464 boats hitting the starting line during the five-day session, was one of the major events to all but wind up the Sound's most successful wartime season. Among the winners were W. H. Stanley's *Bumble Bee*, skippered by Arthur Knapp, which edged out Corney Shields' *Aileen* by amassing 66 points to take the top honors in the International Class. The latter took second place with 64, and right behind was Alton O'Brien and Pat O'Gorman's *Mischief* with 63. In the Victory Class Robert Fraser's *Black Jack*, with Carl Ruroede at the helm, took first place with 37 points. Lingard Loud's *First Call* and George May's *Stormy* were second and third. Aileen Shields in *Whim* walked off with top position in the Atlantic Class, followed by Howard Seymour's *Mutiny* and Glenn MacNary's *Ann*.

▶ Winners in the Bayside Y.C.'s and Douglaston Y.S's fourth Western Sound Series were: First Race — Class A, *Nimrod III*, Robert Hall; Class B, *Dog Star*, B. Gamber; Second Race — Class A, *Robert Forbes*, U. S. Merchant Marine Academy; Class B, *Que Paso*, T. Hughes.

▶ *Scuttlebutt:* Skip Etchells added to his mounting renown by walking off with the Western Long Island Sound Star Fleet Great Captain's Island race. . . . The Bayside Y.C.'s sixth annual Junior Regatta was a bang-up affair. . . . Commodore George Roosevelt was host to more than 100 members of the Junior Y.R.A. at an eye-filling inspection of the New York Yacht Club's famous model room. . . . Commodore Roosevelt was also the donor of the New York Y.C. Trophy for the first regatta held by the Merchant Marine Academy, Kings Point. Sailed in Monomoys, the 12th Company, Second Battalion, walked off with the honors. . . . Lieut. Comdr. Ray DeMott is now on duty at the Naval Training Center at Sampson, N. Y., and this department will bet dollars to doughnuts that the future admirals in training there will soon get a taste of small boat sailing. . . . The Corinthians, the great majority of whose members are in service, had a rendezvous afloat in mid-September. . . . Young William Baltz, of New Rochelle, is a lad to watch. He has achieved ten firsts out of 14 starts in this season's junior competition, and with a boat he built himself!

FROM SAN FRANCISCO BAY

By Jesse L. Carr, M.D.

▶ There is now active fishing from the Noyo River region, from Bodega Bay and intermediate points. At Bodega Bay, accruing to the good of postwar yachtsmen sailing up the northern California coast, there is now a 25′ channel behind a most effective breakwater and, within the bay both North and South, anchorages have been dredged to accommodate a large fleet of both fishing and pleasure boats.

▶ The property held by "Grindstone Joe" and owned by the California State Reclamation Bureau is being sought by the Stockton Y.C., by a similar group from Merced and by a third group of miscellaneous yachtsmen who are already members of other clubs about the bay region who wish to organize a new yacht club with this property as headquarters. To date, no action has been taken by the State Reclamation service but a caretaker has already been installed on the property.

▶ The St. Francis Y.C. announces the termination of its dormant membership transfer privileges the 31st of August, 1944, following which time the prewar and minimum initiation fee of $200 will again be enforced. . . . Col. Eugene Bennet is home on leave after being in China for an extended period. . . .

Lt. Dennis Jordan is also home on leave, and Fred Hinckley, previously a captain in the air force, has returned to civilian life.

▶ Small boat building under government contract continues active with Stephen Bros., of Stockton, still producing one aircraft rescue boat per week, while Anderson and Christofani have been awarded a contract for ten new water taxis. In the larger yards, layoffs have begun in the East Bay, affecting several hundred men to a group, but at Marinship, the Kaiser yard and that at Vallejo, launchings continue on the old schedule.

▶ The Gus Barth Trophy race, initiated by Mr. Barth, skipper of the sloop *Valkyrie* and sponsored by the Coyote Point Y.C., was the outstanding event of August in the South Bay and this year had favorable tides both ways.

The San Francisco Y.C. has thrown open its facilities in Belvedere to the arriving guests.

▶ The Sequoia Y.C., in keeping with the rapid development of other clubs in the South Bay, announces that it now has in project its own ramp, which it has badly needed but has been unable to provide for the past six years.

▶ August 20th, Harbor Day, was celebrated in the north portion of the bay by the Berkeley Y.C. regatta, while in the southern district, the Sequoia Y.C. held open house and was host to all clubs in honor of the occasion.

▶ It has been the conviction of many local sailors that the weather has been harder and rougher than usual this season. Expression of this conviction has been met with only the usual sardonic smile greeting all remarks about unusual California weather, either good or bad, until the testimony of "Pop" Stevens was given. This famous retriever of the San Francisco Challenge Cup and his equally famous sloop *Ruby II* spent seven hours coming from Vallejo to San Pablo Point where he finally anchored for a breather. Unable to keep a rag of canvas on, the passage was made under power and was, according to him, one of the worst in the worst season in his memory.

LAKE MICHIGAN BREEZES

By Warren T. Davis

▶ The well attended and highly competitive International Star Races held off Chicago Harbor during August are reported elsewhere in this issue. Young Gerald Driscoll did a wonderful job in this series.

▶ In the Chicago Corinthian Y.C. Moonlight Regatta, Harry Nye, Jr., in *Gale*, was first in the Universal Class, while Dr. Jay Webb Lowell, in his Class D *Osprey II* took first in the Cruising Division. George Sollitt, in his large cutter *White Cloud*, recorded the best elapsed time.

▶ The Milwaukee Journal Regatta attracted some 150 boats, both large and small. William J. Lawrie's *Lassie* won top place among the Cruisers and Henry Roesher's "R" *Nancy*, first among the Universals. Heavy going did not stop the Class C Inland Lake Scows, Robert DeWitt, of Minneapolis, taking first place in this class.

▶ Harry Nye, Jr., in *Gale* was high man in the Lipton Series for R boats, with Ed Schnabel runner-up.

▶ *Romany*, owned by Ernest Heineman, and *Svek*, owned by Sam Clarke, defended and won the Nutting and Gehrmann Trophies. Timme Angsten, one of the youngest in the fleet, won the Richter Trophy for Stars.

▶ The George Orr Memorial Regatta was sailed over a six-mile course, twice around. The Kinsey-Lumbard team won with *Bangalore Too* in the Cruising Division, and *Ardelle*, Vilas, was first in the Racing Division.

▶ In the nineteenth running of the Blake Navigation Contest for power boats sponsored by the Southern Shore Y.C., L. C.

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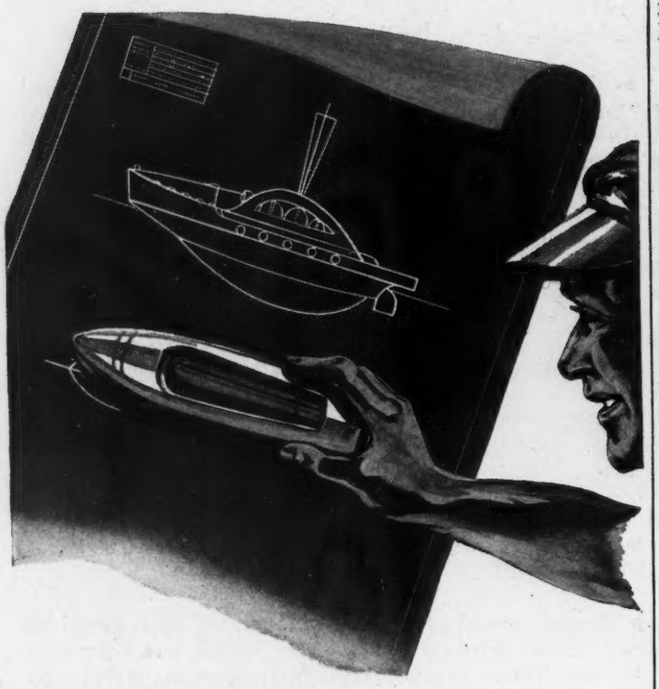

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Battle, in *Wala-Wala*, was first, being only 19 seconds fast in his finish time, with A. B. Gearon in *Mitzi-G* second, 23 seconds slow. Full details of the rules for the contest appear in the *L.M.Y.A. Year Book*.

▶ The Ephraim Y.C. has held the Sea Gull Championship of Green Bay (represented by the Alfred Henes Cup) since the team series races were instituted, but this year the Fish Creek Y.C. broke that record. Fish Creek also won the Peninsular Arts Cup, having three annual wins so far against two for Ephraim. Rudy Carl, in *Carla*, of Fish Creek, won the Vail Cup at the Ephraim Regatta. This proved to be a Fish Creek year. *Randy*, the Randolph boy's boat, won the Safety Race.

▶ The Tri-State race over Labor Day called out a fine fleet. The first leg was to St. Joe, 60 miles from Chicago. The fastest time was made by William Dickey's schooner *Lively Lady*, elapsed time 5:30:04. Figure the speed yourself. Full results will be reported next month.

▶ Wilson Van Arsdale, a seventeen-year-older of Sheridan Shore Y.C., won the Shipping Board Trophy Series for Stars.

▶ Carl Fox bought from Mal Vail the fast Class R *Gossoon II*, a boat with a long list of victories. Fred Wacker bought *Tahuna*, and Robert Elberfeld purchased *Calypso* from Art Swift and Ed Reinholtzen. Bert Williams has sold his Star *Kathy*.

[YACHTING's editors must apologize — with red faces — for running a supposed picture of Mackinac Race winner *Bangalore Too* in the last issue, describing the race. The picture, however, was not of *Bangalore* but of *Betty Bro* (so we are told), which was not even in the race. To make matters worse, *Bangalore Too* is a cutter while the picture we ran is of a yawl. This is what comes of sending an East Coast sailor to sail on your lake. Our thanks to those who noted the error and yet refrained from writing us.]

LAKE ONTARIO NEWS

By W. Peck Farley

▶ The Alarm Trophy series for Six-Metres was held at Youngstown with Josephine Parker, of Youngstown, in *Alarm*, winner with three firsts over *Erne*, of Olcott, skippered by Art Harrison and James Hyland, of Royal Canadian Y.C., sailing *Mermaid*.

Cayuga, skippered by Chuck Spaulding, won the Cayuga Trophy in a race from Youngstown to Oakville and return.

▶ Wilson Parker won the Sodus Bay Y.C. cruising race to Fairhaven in *Rascal* on August 5th. The return race had to be called off because of an extremely bad nor'easter.

▶ The Newport Y.C., on Irondequoit Bay, held two outstanding Snipe events in August. The first, the New York State Snipe Championship races held on August 6th, the day of the famous nor'-east blow. There was no sailing on the lake that day but the boys on the Bay were able to carry out their program of a morning and afternoon race. Seven fleets sent two boats each. The clubs were Canandaigua, Nine Mile Point, Loon Lake, Newport, Olcott, Chautauqua and City Island. The Olcott Y.C. won the club championship, represented by Bob Headley and "Doc" Moyer. Bob also won the individual championship.

The second was the North Atlantic championship series held August 26th and 27th. The same clubs which sailed in the New York State Championship were represented with one boat from each club. There were also entries from Lake Mohawk, New Jersey, and Sea Cliff, Long Island. George Glenn, of Nine Mile Point, won the event with two firsts and a third; George Bridgman, of Canandaigua, was second and Eric Hausechild, of Lake Mohawk, took third.

▶ Earl Snyder and his crew of the Six-Metre *Djinn* stepped out of their own class into the Class R group to represent the Rochester Y.C. at the Great Lakes Championship Invitation R boat races at the Chicago Y.C.

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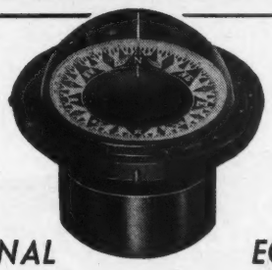

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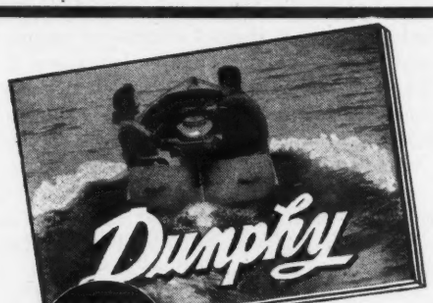

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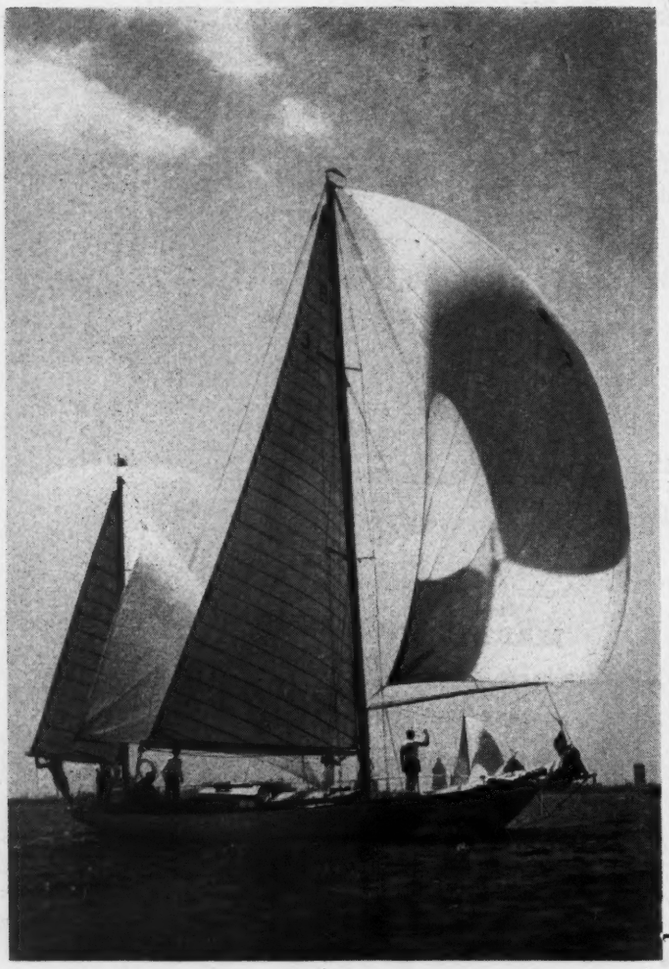

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CHESAPEAKE BAY ACTIVITIES

By Bugeye Bill

▶ Biggest surprise of the year on the Chesapeake was the large turnout for Tred Avon Y.C.'s 32-mile race from Annapolis to Oxford, which opened that club's 14th annual regatta. There were 30 starters, 15 of which were Naval Academy yachts. It was the finest fleet of cruising-racing craft seen on the Bay since the last New London-Annapolis Race before the war.

The Navy's big cutter *Highland Light*, sailed by Comdr. Clarke Withers, came away with the major honors in finishing first, making the best corrected time of the fleet and winning Class A. The *Light* moved out ahead in a long beat down the Bay to the Choptank and crossed the finish line about 45 minutes ahead of the next boat. Her corrected time was 5 hours, 11 minutes and 21 seconds. At that, however, the Navy entry just managed to save her time on an old-timer, Lloyd Bergeson's New York "30" *Variant*. Bergeson, a Philadelphia designer who flew Tred Avon Y.C. colors, turned in an outstanding performance. *Variant* carries her original gaff rig but she still managed to show her stern to many a supposedly faster, modern racer. Her corrected time was 5 hours, 14 minutes and 50 seconds, giving her first in Class B.

Class C was won by the smart cutter *Rainey*, sailed by Bob Henry, of Oxford. She placed fifth in the fleet, coming in not so far behind two New York "32s", Johnson Grymes' *Folly* and W. C. Schroeder's *Gallivant*. A. C. Wickman's *Valiant*, a 30-Square-Metre, won in the racing division.

▶ Small boats took over the next day off Oxford, sailing a two-race series which resulted in the inevitable tie among winners. There was a three-way tie in the Penguin Class and a two-way tie in the Chesapeake "20s" Class. Subsequent sailoffs at their home fleets gave the prizes to Lee Blair, Penguins, and Dick Hartge, "20s". Bill Myers' *Felix* won in the Scrappy Cat Class, and John Swaine's *Tart* in the Comet Class.

▶ Two old-timers on the Chesapeake stole the spotlight at West River S.C.'s annual Labor Day regatta when they staged a knock-down-drag-out race in log canoes. It little matters that both skippers sailed the wrong course and rounded the buoys improperly. The fact remains that "Cap'n" Ed Leatherbury, aged 84, beat "Cap'n" Noah Hazzard, a relative youngster in his sixties. Cap'n Ed built his canoe *Eagle* several summers ago with the fond hope of winning just one more race. Noah, a West River fisherman, sailed the *Mystery*, an ancient canoe built at Oxford. The older generation at Galesville said it had been several score years since the canoes raced there.

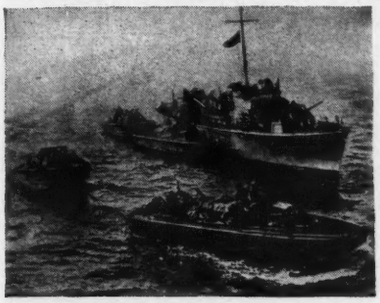
Other small boat winners for the week-end included Bill Heintz' *Windward*, Chesapeake "20s"; Frank Howard's *Hi-C's*, Comets; Enos Ray in the 16-foot Class, Joe Krafft in the Penguin Class, Jean Pierce in the girls' race and Johnny Hines in the boys' race.

While the smaller craft raced in the river, a fleet of five big boats sailed a 13-mile triangular course in the bay. Best corrected time and first in Class B went to Schroeder's *Gallivant* with Frank Greenman's *Alsumar*, second. W. C. McNiel's *Hokuloa* won Class C. The Academy had indicated interest in the affair and the local committee planned the races to start and end in time for the middies. However, word was received near the end of the week that the commandant had said no. The Academy originally had suggested that the race end in the vicinity of Annapolis, but West River S.C. officials felt their show should begin and end in home waters.

▶ Forty-nine boats sailed in Potomac River Sailing Association's third annual summer series in Washington. It was an exceptionally big fleet for the Capital in the summer. Winners were Hank Jackson's *Caprice*, Chesapeake "20s"; Howard's *Hi-C's*, Comets; Bill Welch's *Cirus*, Lightnings; Blair's *Potlatch*, Penguins, and Ensign Margaret Henson's *Tee-Tee*, Handicap Class.

▶ Power boat owners at Washington's Capital Y.C. have been engaged in a praiseworthy venture this summer. A group of

OFF SICILIAN BEACHES



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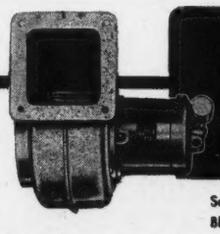

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five owners at a time have been taking convalescent officers and enlisted men from the Bolling Field Army Hospital for short cruises around the Washington waterfront. Some of the men have been litter cases. The trips are held once a week after working hours. All hands appear to be benefiting.

FLORIDA TRADE WINDS

By Vivyan Hall

▶ Florida lighthouses are once more operating under full power. When enemy submarines became active along our southern Atlantic coast, all lights were reduced and subject to blackout without warning. Now the chain which guards the shoals south from Cape Canaveral to the Dry Tortugas is on, the biggest at Hillsboro Inlet showing 5,500,000 candle power. Since 1939, lights have been handled by the Coast Guard which gave the former civilian personnel service ratings.

▶ The Tampa Marine Corp., of which C. J. Hyers is president, has an order for ten steel Diesel tugs. The yard is finishing up an earlier contract for steam tugs. . . . The American Machinery Co., on Lake Beresford near DeLand, is completing the last of a group of 85′ seagoing steel tugs for the Army. . . . When the 52 Liberty ships on order at the St. Johns River Shipbuilding yard are completed, an order for twelve 30,000-barrel tankers will be started. This will call for full yard production through the spring of 1945. . . . Dooley's Basin and Dry Dock, Inc., at Fort Lauderdale, has been awarded the Army-Navy "E" for the aircraft rescue boats they have built for the Army. . . . The Merrill-Stevens Jacksonville yard is converting the German-built *Breslau* for use as a hospital ship.

▶ The sailing dinghies with which all the Navy's aircraft rescue boats are equipped have been taken as a model for a fleet in the Canal Zone. Where the Miami Shipbuilding yard used plywood in the original boats, Carl Voss' boatyard at Bella Vista is using native mahogany. First order was for twelve but the dinghies looked so good that 32 were finally built. Races are held on Panama Bay during the dry season and on Miraflores Lake.

▶ The midsummer regatta of the Palm Beach Y.C. was part of a two-day program for servicemen in the Palm Beach-Hobe Sound-Boca Raton area. Buster Case, with his *Star Dust II*, took both the Class A sail area and the free-for-all, Alvah Rowe and Jake Jacobs finishing second and third in each event. Charles Case's *Islander* won in the dinghies, followed by Bill Bowers' *Patty Ann* and Hugh Tyndall's *Gull*. Jimmy Dan Erneston's *Skeeter II* led the Moths, Don Greb's *Patience* beat Harry Pinner's *Destiny* for second place. In the Snipes, Dade Plitt's *Quest*, Charles Eddington's *Golly Roger* and Leon Sykes' *Robin* finished one-two-three. Bernard Riggs' *Lark* took the Class B, followed by Lt. T. Culbrith's *Comet* and Buddy Thomas' *Ruthless*.

▶ The Jacksonville Rudder Club held the Mal Houghton race late in August. E. John Saare was in charge. Murray McQuaid's *Soothsayer*, a Marblehead "T" Class sloop, led throughout. George Gibbs, Jr.'s, *Kakkii* took second and another Star, Carolin Reid's *Shenandoah*, third. Earlier in the summer, *Shenandoah* had won over *Soothsayer* in the unclassified division. In heavy weather that put most of the Comet fleet out of commission, Henry Robson sailed his *Foam II* to take the Lamb Trophy. Kelsey Hutchinson's *Gremlin*, with two legs on the trophy, finished second.

▶ The famous schooner *Gertrude L. Thebaud* is going from the Gloucester fishing fleet into the Florida-West Indies freight trade. Her competitor in international races, *Bluenose*, has been carrying cargoes out of Port Everglades for the last year. Ahto Walter, who came to the West Indies from Esthonia in his ketch *Zenethia* and then went to the South Pacific, is now in the West Indies shipping business with his brother Uku. They have three boats operating and a fourth under construction.

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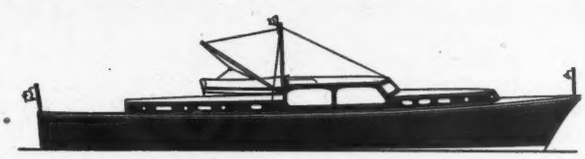

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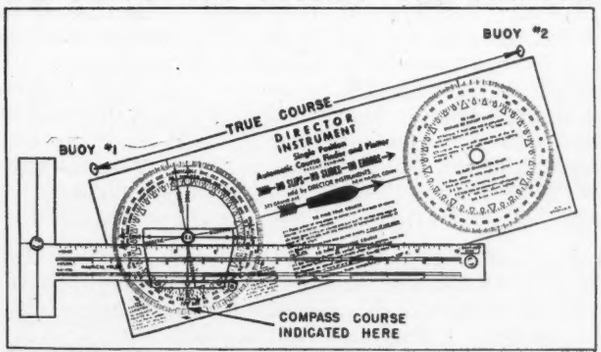

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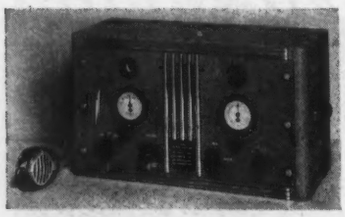

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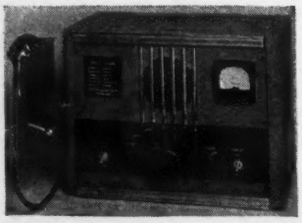

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YACHTING ON THE NIAGARA FRONTIER

By Reginald H. Pegrum

▶ At the time of writing, the Buffalo C.C. has completed its most extensive racing schedule in years. There remain only the Lightning District Invitation Series and the National Chamionpship.

The B.C.C. championship for Lightnings was won by *Thunderbolt*, John M. Stern, skipper, after a series of close races with *Thermis Twice*, Karl Smither, and Robert L. Crane, which was second. This is just the reverse of the top boats last year. In all, fifteen boats took part.

A home-and-home series of team races in Lightnings with the Chatauqua Y.C. was held for the third consecutive year. Each team consisted of three boats. B.C.C. again was the winner and will keep the Hussey Memorial Trophy for another year. Karl Smither, of the B.C.C., was the top skipper of the series. During times of gasoline shortage, no boats are transported; the host club loans boats to the visiting team.

▶ *Sealark*, Ernest H. ("Shorty") Holzworth, of B.C.C., won three firsts in the cruising division at the I.L.Y.A. regatta.

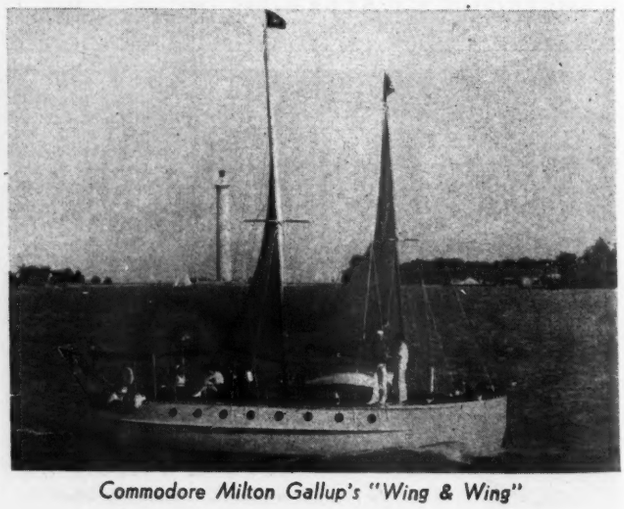
▶ The Cruising Class of the B.C.C. raced August 19th to Port Maitland and return for the Hill-Manning Trophy. Light and spotty winds prevailed during the first half of the race. On the return, the boats ran into severe weather just outside Port Maitland in which *Sealark* split her mainsail from luff to leach. She was forced to withdraw. *Whitecap*, Charles T. Wilson, won handily with *Rockette*, Percy J. Hunt, second.

▶ On August 26th three boats of the Y.Y.C. raced to Oakville, Ont., and return for the Cayuga Cup. The three entries found light winds outward bound but struck a snorter returning. *Cayuga*, Charles ("Chuck") Spaulding won, being the only boat to finish. *Revelry II*, Wesley P. ("Monty") Montgomery, and *Xanadu*, William Canon, Sr., did not finish.

▶ After winning the Port Huron-Mackinac Race, *Bangalore*, Elmer J. ("Bud") Doyle, took second in his class at the I.L.Y.A. The sour, however, usually accompanies the sweet and *Bangalore* had a reversal in her luck on the return journey. At 2:00 a.m. August 12th, in heavy weather, she struck on Mohawk Island Reef, smashed her rudder and was driven ashore on the clay banks on the mainland near Lapp's Point. None of the crew was injured. Mohawk Island light was not lighted at the time of the disaster. Late Monday evening, she was hauled off and is now at Olcott where the damage will be ascertained.

▶ The Buffalo Y.C. held a race for cruising boats to Port Colborne and return on August 19th. A 15-mile beat against a considerable sea made the going slow. Four boats competed and *Rockette*, Percy J. Hunt, finished in the lead.

George Greenberger, of the Buffalo M.B.C., has bought the 26′ sloop *Sanda* from Edward F. Lewis, of Olcott.



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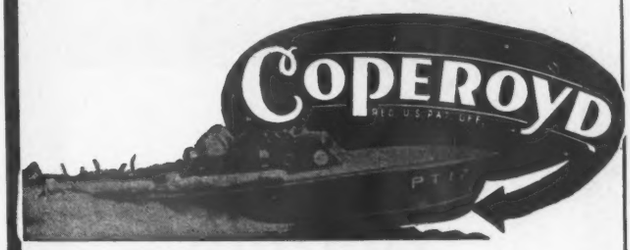

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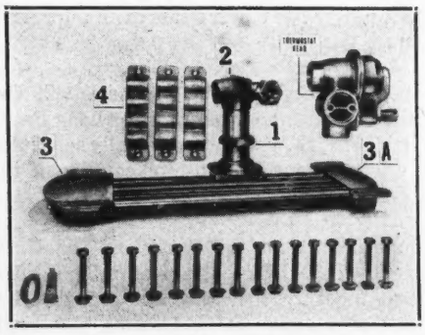

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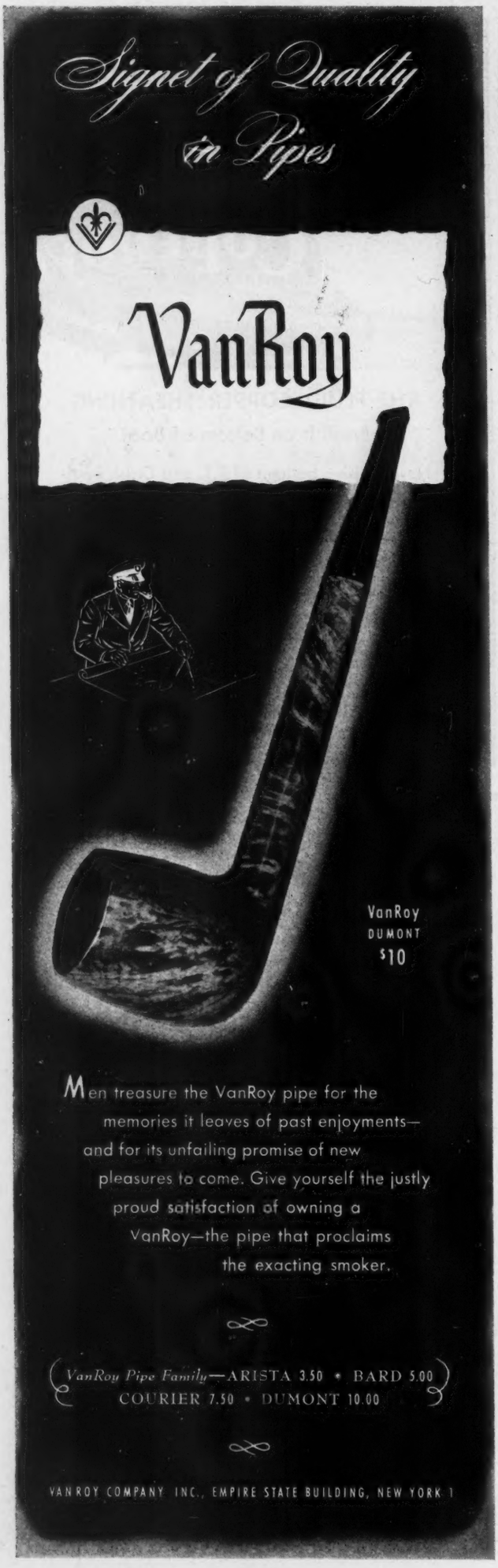
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WEST COAST BUBBLES

By Kent Hitchcock

▶ Small boat racing has had a bang-up summer season at Newport Harbor with entries in many racing classes right up to peacetime numbers. Pleasure boats are still confined to harbors and week-ends find every channel a traffic problem with everything from canoes to big ocean racers threading a hazardous course around the islands in the bay. Sailing craft are predominant as gas rationing doesn't allow the powerboat enthusiast much cruising time.

▶ The Peyton Co., one of Newport Harbor's well established boat-building concerns, has sold its waterfront location to Curt Bohman, of Glendale, California. Charles Peyton, senior member of the firm, will manage a yacht repair shop for the new owner in part of the property, and Price Peyton will soon be inducted into the Army. The Peyton Co. has also disposed of part of its No. 2 yard on the north side of the Coast Highway and of the Balboa Marine Hardware Co., but still has several fishing boats under construction in the No. 2 yard. Raymond S. Mitchel, veteran ship chandler of San Pedro is the new owner of the Marine Hardware Store. The Peytons built 22 craft for the U. S. Navy, the last of which was recently delivered.

▶ Southern California yacht brokers and salesmen have organized a group known as the Society of Ship and Yacht Brokers of America. The aim of the group is to foster uniform professional business principles, practices and ethics, and to protect and better serve the yachting public. There are 35 members on the charter list.

▶ Newport Harbor added another "annual" to its yachting calendar on August 31st with the first showing of the "Parade of Sails." The committee, headed by Walter K. Lewis of the Newport Harbor Y.C., announced that 207 sailing craft of all types, classes and descriptions started the six mile course in a hazy gray fog. The plan was a simple "sail-around" of the course with no racing, start or finish lines included. The event was preceded by a dress parade of the U. S. Coast Guard Auxiliary which turned out nearly 100 power boats in an impressive parade and inspection.

▶ Associated Speedboat Clubs of Southern California will conduct a combined Outboard and Inboard Regatta at Long Beach Marine Stadium on October 15th. This race, originally scheduled for September 3rd, was postponed because of conflict in the Marine Stadium dates.

▶ San Diego has gone all-out for the Penguins. The U. S. Naval Training Station at San Diego has a fleet of 30 of these sporty little craft and monthly the gobs take on the San Diego Y.C. fleet for the Captain H. C. Gearing Challenge Trophy.

▶ Bill Inslee, former international Star Class Champion and more recently one of the leading lights in the Newport Harbor Albatross fleet, has purchased PIC No. 1, *Chalupita*, from Gunnar Anderson. . . . Harry McKinney Jr., of Balboa has purchased Milton F. Heller's P. C. No. 24, *Misty*, and is racing her at Newport Harbor.

▶ Cabrillo Beach Y.C.'s Annual Summer Series brought out 26 boats in four classes for the best CBYC turnout since the war started. The Little Ships of California, turned out 11 boats and some hammer and tongs racing that ended up with just 3¼ points separating the first five boats on the final recap sheet. Veteran skipper Bob Alcorn in the *Bonijac* was the winner. H. M. Brown, sailing the *Clipper*, took the measure of the 7 PIC's and G. Rosman was the winner in the *Mercury* class. *Shady Too* with F. Schwander at the helm was the victor in the Snipes.

▶ Balboa Y.C. is continuing the weekly series for bay sailing classes. The sporty little Pacific 14's have put on some fine performances on some of the windy week-ends when the gusty

weather and bay chop really makes the plywood splinters rattle along. . . . World Champion outboard racer Bud Lundy of San Diego Powerboat Club has been instructing flying at Thunderbird Field in Arizona. He has finished his work with Uncle Sam's eagles and will soon return to his home and business in San Diego.

▶ Any new boats this month? Well . . . Yes, just one. Yours truly purchased a partly completed 26′ sportfisher, under construction when our yards went all out for warcraft production, and has finally finished her up. She is powered with a 6-85 Chrysler Ace with a two to one reduction gear and makes 19 miles at full throttle. She sleeps two and has full head room in the cabin and galley. The after 13′ is all open cockpit with plenty of room for fishing and to operate a camera. We named her after the two youngsters, Merrie and Skipper, so of course her name is *Merrie Skipper*.

ON COLLEGE CHARTS

By Leonard M. Fowle

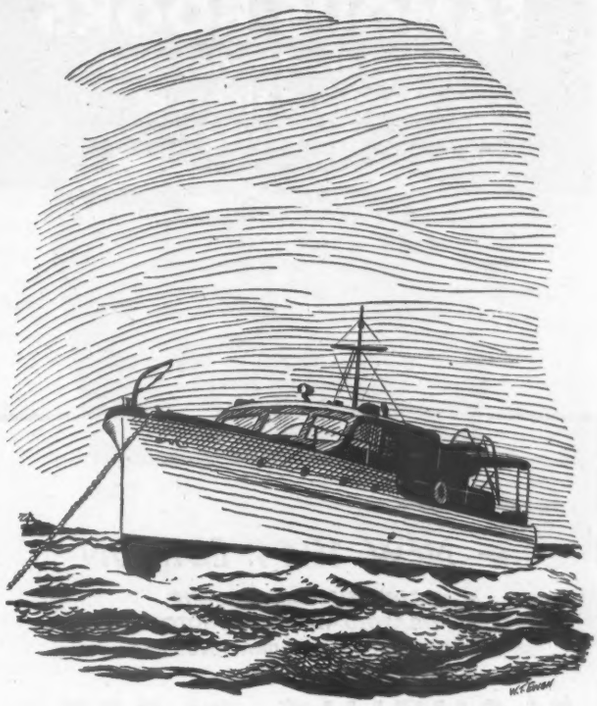
▶ The largest regatta of the Inter-Collegiate Y.R.A.'s summer season was the third annual Lieutenant Leonard M. Fowle Trophy event sailed at M.I.T. on the Charles River Basin on August 27th, with an entry of 12 colleges. For the third successive year, M.I.T. won. It was Tech's first major triumph in an I.C.Y.R.A. regatta since the Schell Trophy of last October, since Coast Guard, Harvard, and Tufts had gained the spring plums. Also, for the third year in a row, M.I.T. uncovered a new star who ran riot to produce the triumph.

▶ In 1942, it was Maurice Evans, last year it was Bob Smith; in the third sailing, his name was George Richard Worrell. Dick Worrell ran away with high-point honors, scoring 121 out of a possible 130 points in the second division. Harvard's George O'Day, with 114 points, and Coast Guard's Philip Hildebrandt, at 105, topped Tech's Bloomer, with 102, in first division; but Worrell had a 21-point or more lead over Thurber, of Harvard, and Roy, of Coast Guard, who scored 100 and 97, respectively, so Tech won from the Crimson by nine points. The Charles produced a steady easterly for its best racing conditions at the Fowle Trophy regatta. Final point scores were: M.I.T., 223; Harvard, 214; Coast Guard, 202; Williams, 190; Brown, 169; Yale, 160; Holy Cross, 138; Cornell, 112; Tufts, 96; Dartmouth, 95; W.P.I., 92; and Stevens Tech, 85. However, as Yale could not compete in the full series, the official I.C.Y.R.A. score was figured on a percentage basis which moved Yale up one place as follows: M.I.T., .858; Harvard, .823; Coast Guard, .777; Williams, .731; Yale, .685; Brown, .650.

▶ August saw three dual meets. On August 5th, a doubleheader was sailed at the Coast Guard Academy in which Yale defeated one team composed of new "Swabs" at the Academy by a 68–57 score, while another Cadet team from the Class of 1948 (freshmen) overcame Brown by 70–62. A week later Yale and Brown met in a dual meet on Seekonk in a fine breeze. With Ralph Heinzerling and Ben Leventhal starring, the Bears won, 167 to 144.

▶ The I.C.Y.R.A. has its first application for regular membership since November, 1941. The new applicant is the Worcester Polytechnic Institute Nautical Association, which has been an Associate Member for the past two and a half years. The application will be acted upon at the autumn meeting which will probably be held in Cambridge November 4th.

▶ Recent casualty lists of the Navy have carried the names of two more well-known former college yachtsmen. Lt. Jonathan "Jock" Raymond, Jr., scion of the famous Gloucester yachting family, who carried Yale's colors in the 1938 McMillan Cup and several dinghy events, has been reported missing as skipper of a PT in the Pacific. Lt. Joseph P. Kennedy, Jr., Harvard '38, who was killed in air action over the Bay of Biscay in August, was one of the victorious Crimson skippers in the 1938 McMillan Cup off Wianno.



HURRICANE AFTERMATH

IN SEPTEMBER hundreds of yachts were torn adrift by the hurricane, leaving them battered and broken on rocky coasts or twisted and strained on the beach. Some can be rebuilt, others are beyond repair.

In many cases the yachts would have withstood the storm if moorings had been adequate. Too much stress cannot be laid on the importance of checking mooring pennants at this time of year if owners are to preserve now irreplaceable property. Don't neglect your yacht because of shorter days and less frequent sailing.

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MAINE COAST NOTES

By Lawrence B. Getchell

▶ The latest event to be added to the roster of yachting affairs on this coast is the Annual Labor Day Race established this season by the Camden Shipbuilding & Marine Railways Co., in coöperation with the Camden Y.C. After the war, the race will be wholly under C.Y.C. auspices.

This year's race was scheduled to be run on the Saturday and Sunday immediately preceding Labor Day. Entries were divided into two classes, one for larger auxiliaries, the other for knockabouts similar to the "Fins" so prevalent in the Camden sector. Handicaps will conform with 1940 C.C.A. rules. The first day's run was from Camden to Buck's Harbor, at So. Brooksville, where participating boats lay over for the night, racing back to Camden next day. Camden Ship put up the trophies which will be known as Camden Shipyard Trophies. Permanent possession of a trophy will go to any participant winning three successive races in his class.

▶ The Boothbay Harbor Tuna Club has elected the following officers: Frank L. Sample, Jr., president; Sherman Crockett, vice president; Charles Rowe, secretary and treasurer. Commenting on the enormous schools of giant tuna which have come into the Gulf of Maine this summer, Commissioner Greenleaf, of the Sea and Shore Fisheries, recently remarked: "Never before in the memory of any living fisherman have the gigantic bluefins congregated off our coast in such great numbers." Upwards of 60 fish have been counted in some schools.

▶ A 99′ fishing vessel under construction for Capt. Ben Pine, of Gloucester, in the yard of Gray Boats, Inc., escaped serious damage when fire levelled the main shop and office buildings of the Thomaston firm a short while ago. Malcolm S. Seavey, manager of Gray Boats, estimated the loss at $20,000.

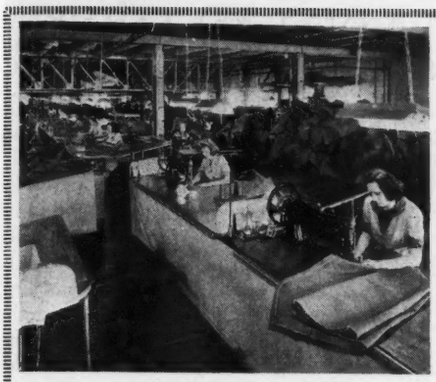
The latest boat launched Down East is the 51′, Chrysler-powered dragger *Dorothy and Edith* built for Capts. Warren and Derby Stanley, of Southwest Harbor, by the Mt. Desert Boat Yard, Inc.

▶ Here's one for the record. The Town of Deer Isle, population 1300, always considered one of Maine's seafaringest communities, has (or had) 29 sons in the U. S. Merchant Marine service during the present war. Of that total, 15 rank as captains, 4 as 1st mates, 5 as chief engineers. Up to now, three of these Deer Isle skippers have been reported killed in action and another is missing.

▶ Apropos of the 154th Coast Guard Anniversary observed in August near the shore at North Lubec there stands a sturdy house constructed by Captain Hopley Yeaton, the first man commissioned by President Washington to command the first U. S. revenue cutter. Captain Yeaton took command of this vessel, the U.S.S. *Scammell*, on March 21st, 1791 and in her patrolled the waters from Portsmouth, N. H., to Calais, Maine, for many years. He built his North Lubec home in 1793 and in an inlet nearby he also built a dock which he named Constitution Dock. It was here that he tied up the *Scammell* when off patrol. Timbers for the house and dock were sawn by Major Lemuel Trescott, who was an aide to General Washington during the Revolution. The graves of both the Captain and the Major are close by the former's home.

▶ Bill Polmer's *Billy Boy* is having a new motor installed at Sample's in Boothbay Harbor. When that has been done, she will go back to her home port, Huntington, L. I. . . . The 100′ houseboat *Mayflower*, also hauled out at Sample's, has been sold and will be taken to Fort Lauderdale, Florida, soon. . . . Fred Lord has sold his Hinckley-built cruiser *Marmac*. She will be used for experimental purposes in Portland harbor by radio station WGAN.

Among the recent visitors to Boothbay Harbor were John Alden in *Malabar XII*, Frank Paine in *Gypsy*, and Alexander Tenner in his 60′ schooner *Tyronne*.



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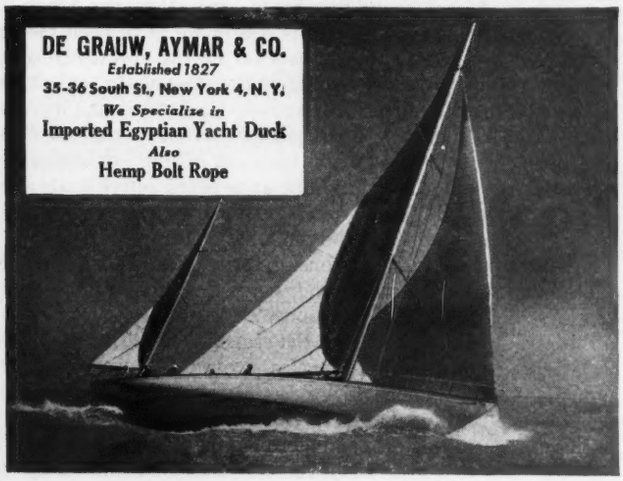

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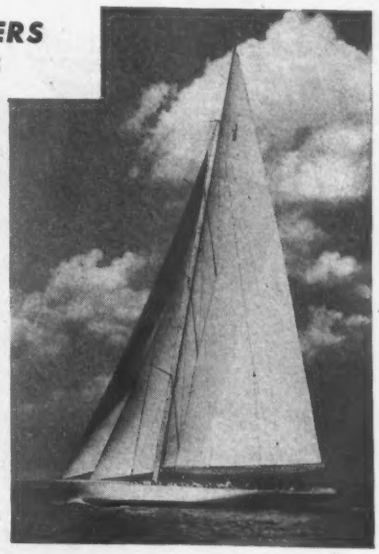

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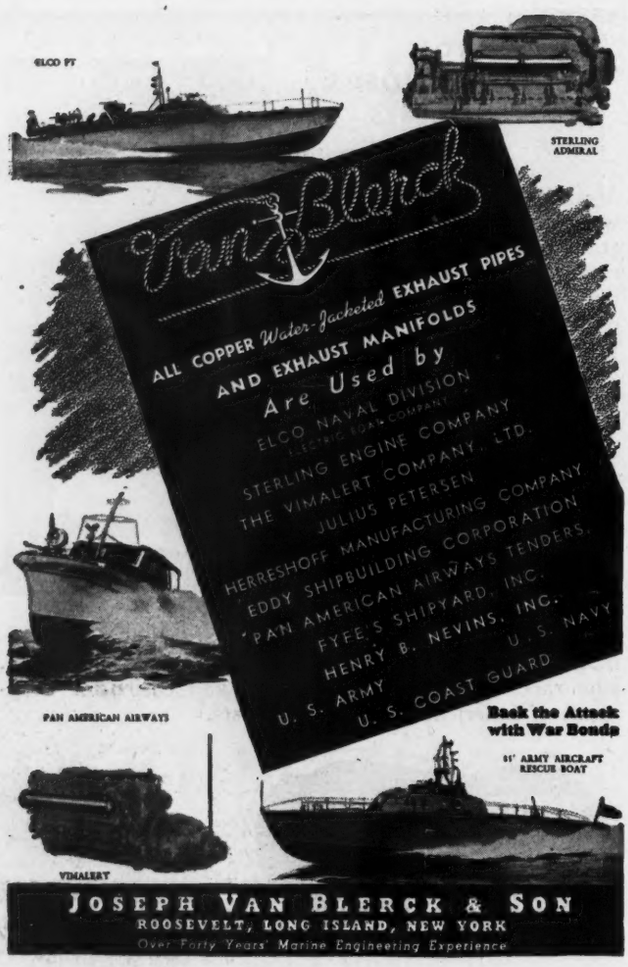

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NARRAGANSETT BAY GOSSIP

By Jeff Davis (Old Doc, rtd.)

▶ Power boat owners here are right joyful over the OPA announcement that they're going to get less gasoline after October 1st. The allowance per horse power remains the same but the limit of 20 gallons for inboards and 10 gallons for outboards instead of 125 and 20 gallons for a three-month period cuts into the mileage of every boat that's powered with more than a 10-horse inboard or 4-horse outboard something scandalous. "Cock-eyed" is mild compared with some of the things OPA has been called since the cut was announced. The reason given in the newspaper stories — that people who see the power boats running around when they can't have gasoline for their automobiles have complained that they don't get as good a break as the boat owner — sounds to me like a very sour grape exploding.

There are rumors of a tax rebellion on the way to force as good a break for the boat owner as the automobile owner is getting. The auto owner pays a $5.00 use tax and can get gasoline 12 months in the year. The boat owner pays a use tax that gets bigger with the size of the boat. He pays it for a whole year but can only have gasoline for the part of the year he uses his boat, averaging four to six months, but the use tax, like Tennyson's "Brook" goes on forever. But where there's one boat owner, there are 100 or more automobile owners — and there's an election in the offing.

▶ It has been a whale of an active season in Narragansett Bay, better than anyone expected. There has been an open regatta somewhere in the Bay every Saturday, besides a Sunday regatta at the Warwick C.C. and one on the "Glorious Fourth" at the Edgewood Y.C. and, as this is written, we are getting ready for a three-day race week in the upper Bay, something that hasn't happened since 1938 when we had a boat-minded Secretary of State who backed three days of sailing and one for the power boats.

Classes are quite different from last year. Allowance Class H is pretty well shot, only five boats, and allowance Class C dropped to two boats, so for this season we have been racing them as one class with the C boats taking the lowest rating in Class B. As it has turned out so far, unless she sinks or something else terrible happens to her, the Atlantic Class *Sister* will win the combined class championship regardless of the fact that she sails on a rating about a foot greater than she actually measures.

The Herreshoff S Class has built up to seven active boats and one that has sailed only two races. Competition is so close that owners have asked to have the three Labor Day week-end races counted into the Bay championship series. *Nina* and *Argument* are the two top boats but neither holds the lead for more than two races before the other takes it away again.

But the outstanding class is the cruising class. If a boat has power, she goes into the cruising class regardless of size. With one more race to go, Clarence Sayles' Bounty sloop *Memory* has just a slight edge on Fred Dugas's Herreshoff Seafarer *Sadie Jane*. Until this season, we never had more than five or six in the cruising class, but this year 16 have been measured and 12 have raced.

▶ *Short ends* — Class names don't seem to mean anything. The Tired Fathers of the Barrington Y.C. have sailed more than twice as many races as the Peppy Pappies of the Edgewood Y.C. and have averaged more than twice as many entries in their races. . . . Tom Harris, father of the Harris race for Beetle cat boats, the only sweepstakes race in the Bay where the skippers chip in for a pot which the winner gives to the Edgewood Junior organization, won the first race the first time he ever sailed a Beetle three years ago, and finished last this time, as he did last year. . . . Stanley Cady has sold his Matthews cruiser *Sea Call* to Cameron O'Connor, of Warwick. . . . Paul G. Everson has bought the 46′ Dawn cruiser *Sea Lass* from Dr. L. W. Bagg, of Basking Ridge, N. J. . . . Ex-Commodore Charles C. Cornell, of the Rhode Island Y.C., has sold his cruiser *Junior C II* to Richmond Viall who will change the name to *Braemar*. . . . Leon W. Brower has bought Archie Fain's 38′ Chris-Craft *Barnida*. . . . Jay O'Connell has sold his Indian Class *Tekak-*

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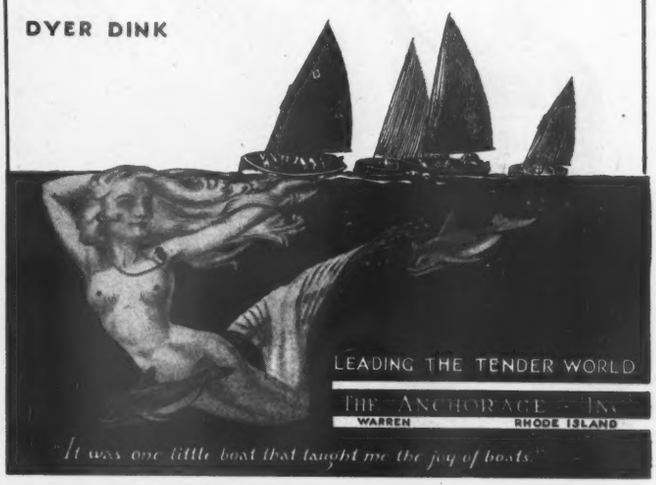

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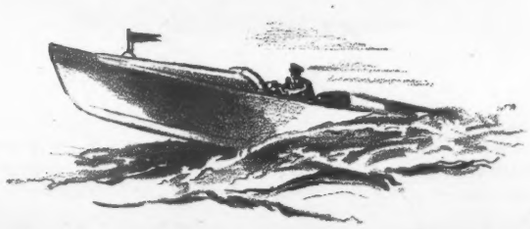

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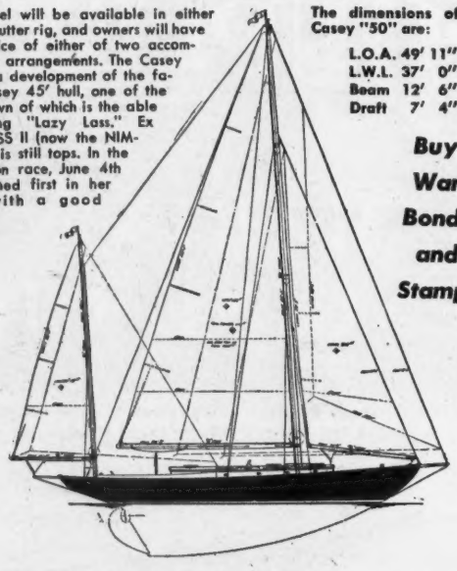

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witha and bought Leon Nickerson's *Firewater*, of the same class. . . . Earl Madison's cruiser *Brazen Hussy* has been sold to Clement D. Hoye. . . . Joseph Brazil, of West Warwick, has bought Lew Roffee's cruiser *Marind*. . . . Harold E. Kinne has sold his auxiliary ketch *Lord Elpus II* to Capt. John LaPonte, of West Orange, N. J.

DETROIT JOTTINGS

By George E. Van

▶ Al Wakefield, the Vermilion, Ohio, tiller wizard who has been sailing Star boats for 26 years and still denies he does it by ear, is the 1944 Great Lakes champion. *Dickory*, his fifth Star, had 27 points at the end of the 5-race series held by the Crescent S.Y.C. in Lake St. Clair. Alex Allardyce, of Crescent, took second in *Thistle* with 26 points.

It was a good series, one of the best ever held since Tom Archer, of Detroit, put up the trophy in 1929, but it was strictly between Wakefield and Allardyce all the way. The wind was seldom below 12 miles and most of the time around 18. Wakefield won the first and fourth races while Allardyce was out in front in the second.

Merl Amo, of Crescent, sailing *Saxon*, took the third race and was third in the series. Bill Coveney, of the Southern Lake Michigan fleet, was fourth in *Bubbling Over* with 13 points.

▶ There must be something about that rivalry between *Thisbe* and *Conewago* that will never die. It is just as hot here on Lake St. Clair as it was when these two raced for the Canada Cup stuff on Lake Ontario some years back. . . . The two "Eights" were separated for some years. Charles Francis Adams had *Thisbe* at Marblehead while "*Connie*" was with Al Pequot in Chicago. Then Tom Petzold brought *Thisbe* out here and she was queen of the growing fleets of "Eights" until she went to the Interlake Regatta at Put-in-Bay. . . . She placed third in that series because she couldn't get by *Conewago* in the last and deciding race. The series at the 'Bay, by the way, went to *Shamrock*, with Bob Kerr and Eddie Wunsch as co-skippers, just beating out Bud Doyle's *Bangalore* from Youngstown, N. Y. on the last tack. "*Connie*" took third, pushed *Thisbe* to fourth. Later, in the Detroit Y.C. Sweepstakes "*Connie*" was nearly seven minutes ahead of *Thisbe* in a drift. . . . The Iceboat Series of three races in October promises to keep things warm among the Eight-Metres.

▶ *Bilgewash:* Helen Huber is the ladies cat boat champion at the Detroit Y.C. . . . Emmett McCoy repeated as the Robert Oakman Memorial cat boat champion for the second year in a row, again beating out Per Valboe for the honor. . . . Chick Belanger, one of the sailing deans at the Detroit B.C., sneaked in ahead of the field to win the Philo Wright Memorial Trophy in a five-race catboat series.

All the old baubles raced for annually in the 47-year history of the Sweeps were up again. Toot Gmeiner took the Brewers' Trophy with his N. Y. "32" *Apache*. Skipper Price won the Gardner Bowl for the best corrected time among the little cruisers. The Mercer Cup went to Carl Gaither's 22-Square Metre *Icycle*, while *Solenta*, Dr. Carlisle Wilson's "Six" sailed away with the Seymour and Gardner Cup awards. The J. T. Wing plaque went to Eino Nurme's Star *Fin* by a five-second margin over Bill Coveney's *Bubbling Over*, of Chicago, which stayed over after the Great Lakes Star championships. . . . *Fiddler's Witch* kept the Edgemere Bowl for the fastest catboat, which was a "must" win because my Ma keeps her sewing effects in the big mug. . . .

▶ Ray St. John, former Cleveland skipper, is getting the 30-Square-Metres going here. He brought *Starling* up with him and now there are three here, the other two being Arvid Lundell's *Nordic II* and Joe Vance's *Chip*. The 22-Square-Metres also are taking on new life with the addition of Vic Locketts' *Pierette* to the fleet. This "22" is a whopper, being 42′ over all. Al Grundy's *Joal VII*, Bob Langley's *Sonjax* and Jerry Naumann's *Spray* are the others actively racing.

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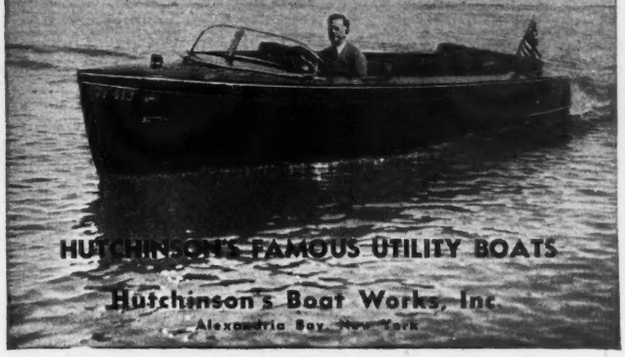

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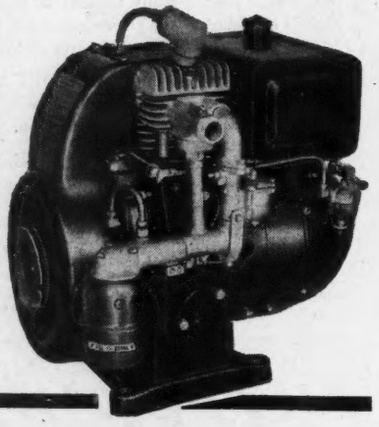

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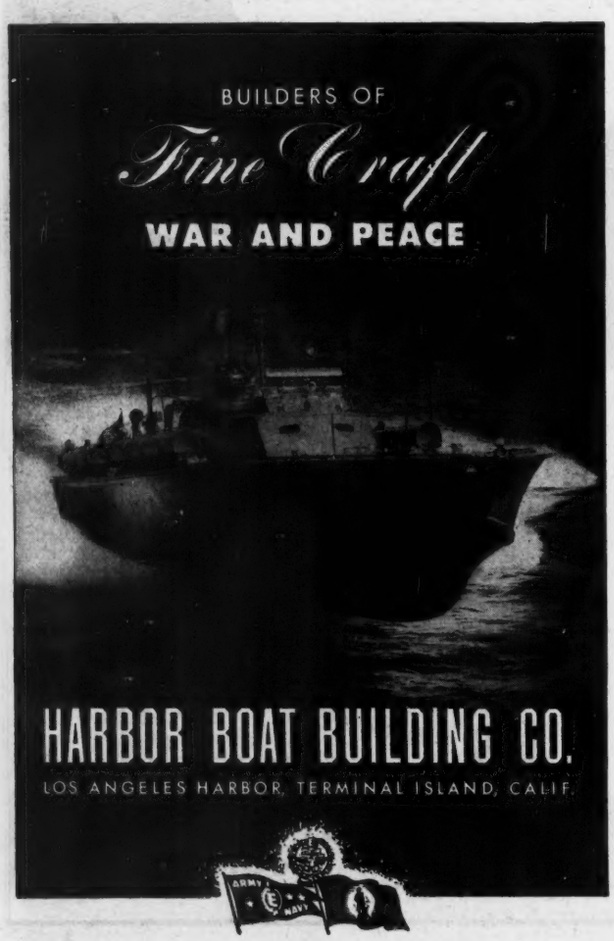

HARBOR BOAT BUILDING CO.
LOS ANGELES HARBOR, TERMINAL ISLAND, CALIF.

COMET COMMENTS

By Mac Lamborne

▶ The 85th Comet fleet has just been chartered by the C.C.Y.R.A. at Metedeconk River in Ocean County, N. J. Its fleet captain is Henry Magierski, of Jersey City, and fleet secretary is Myra DeVoe, of South River. Ten Comet owners are listed as charter members.

▶ A new fleet also is in the making on Peconic Bay, L. I., where five Comets are actively sailing. John Hart, of Mattituck, has asked Secretary Joe Fernandes for a charter application. Both fleets will be a welcome addition to the Comet ranks. It also is an indication of rising interest in the class on Long Island Sound.

▶ Speaking of the Sound, something of a record was set for Comets at the Bayside Y.C. junior regatta the middle of August. There were 25 starters in the class, surpassed only by the fleet at the Comet Nationals held at Huntington in 1940. Prizes were awarded at the Sailors' Dinner on September 23rd.

Winner of the three-race series was young Dick Pool in his *Avenger*, from Echo Bay. He took a third, second and first in that order for a total of 68 points. Dick, now a private in the Army, was on furlough at that time and, like any sailorman on leave, he spent it wisely. Phil Marriner, another "hot" junior and a BYC sailor, placed second in his *Blue Bird*. Bill Baltz, also a teen-aged skipper from Echo Bay, placed third in *Blue Peter*. Marriner was the 1942 fleet champion at Bayside. While it may in no wise be connected, Baltz was also runner-up in a jitter-bug contest at the club Saturday night.

Typical of the spirit of the juniors is what Gerald Etches, B.Y.C. Race Committee chairman, calls the "Odyssey of the *Hopeless*." Howard Finn and his crew sailed their Comet *Hopeless* all the way from the Connecticut River, sleeping and eating out. They even turned down offers of a comfortable berth ashore at Bayside and, after the third race on Sunday, headed for the Sound, homeward bound. *Hopeless* did well, too, placing ninth in the series.

Helping out on the Race Committee were Commodore George E. Roosevelt, of the New York Y.C. and President D. Verner Smythe, of the C.C.Y.R.A.

A special trophy will be placed in competition on Long Island Sound next summer for Comets. Two of the Y.R.A. of Long Island Sunday races will be designated for the contest.

▶ Baltz was winner of a special regatta of the Horseshoe Harbor Y.C. off Larchmont earlier in August. He just nosed out George Brazill in *Cootie*. It was Brazill's turn at the special Saturday regatta of Port Washington Y.C. late in the month. The following day's event, Y.R.A. championship regatta, found Baltz back in the winning column.

▶ Harold Martin, of the Green Pond Y.C. fleet in New Jersey, twice winner of the national High Point Trophy, emerges as high scorer in a fleet of 25 Comets competing on Green Pond. His score was 1706 19/20 and, while it's subject to check by the High Point Trophy Committee, it is a little under his 1943 score of 1723 8/9 and 1942 tally of 1718 8/15.

Emil Dath won the handicap series at Green Pond with Martin second. Mrs. Janet Martin emerged winner of the girls' series in which Muriel Dath placed second. Roger Low pulled up from a third position early in August to win the junior series over George Vanderweghe.

▶ Twenty-five to 30 Comets put in an appearance for the August regattas of Greater Wildwood Y.C. and Absecon Island Y.C. The first three boats at Greater Wildwood were James Gibbons' *Bonnie II*, Jack Simon's *Miss T* and Casey English's *Jack Pot*. Winners at Absecon were V. Pfeiffer's *Four Roses*, J. A. Wright's *Ripsnorter* and J. E. Roberts' *Mad Monk*. The events combined gave the South Jersey Comet championships to Gibbons with Pfeiffer and Wright as runners-up.

▶ Roger Doane and Howard Carroll, Lorain, Ohio, Comet sailors now serving in the Coast Guard, paid a visit to the

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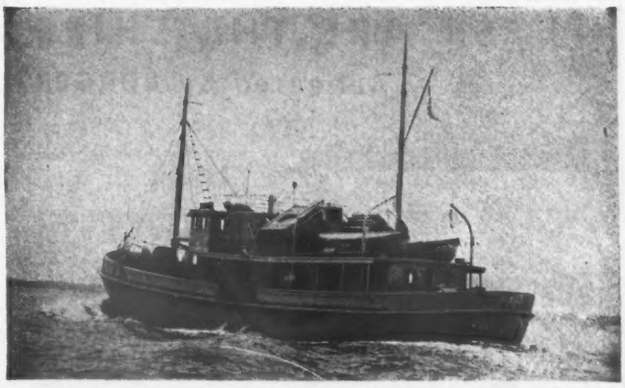

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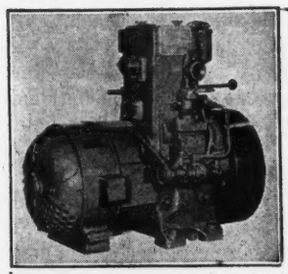

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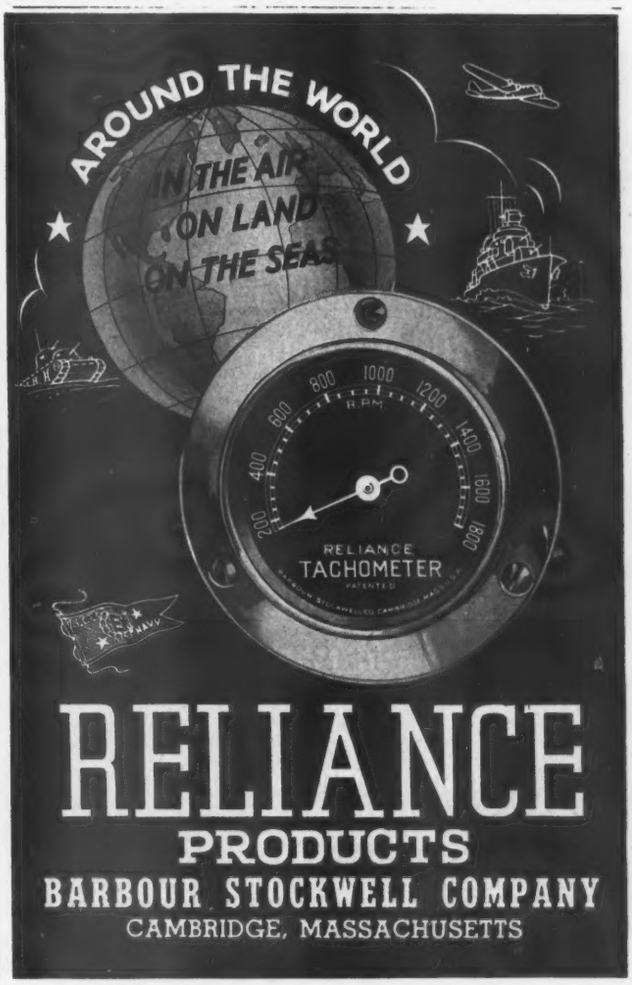

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Princess Bay fleet recently and each won a race, thus proving they had not lost their touch. Don Peters won five consecutive races to win the fleet eliminations.

▶ Lamson Rheinfrank, of Maumee River fleet at Toledo, and his *Whimpy* won first place in the I.L.Y.R.A. races at Put-in-Bay. O.E.M. Keller, also a Maumee entry, was second and "Doc" Smith, from Lorain, was third. Two days of heavy winds featured the week-end.

▶ Frank Howard, of Washington, won the West River Sailing Regatta series for Comets over Labor Day on Chesapeake Bay.

PENGUIN CLASS PATTER

By Penguin Pete

▶ The Potomac River Penguin fleet plays host this month to dinghy sailors from Maryland Y.C., Baltimore, and Hampton Y.C., in Virginia, in a day-long series of races off Old Dominion B.C. The local fleet will provide the boats, thus eliminating the trailing of Penguins. Match racing will be the order of the day, and prizes will be put up by the local fleet. National Secretary Ralph Youngs is in charge.

▶ The San Diego (Calif.) Bay fleet, with 26 dinghies now racing, has two new trophies this year, the Fleet Captain's Trophy and Around Shelter Island Trophy. Bob Israel won the latter cup in a race around Shelter Island off the San Diego Y.C. A third perpetual trophy is the Jessop Cup which is raced for during the winter.

Last reported winner of the Capt. H. C. Gearing Trophy was George Jessop. This prize is raced for by the local fleet and San Diego Naval Training Station. Sailors at the latter place have twice won races for the prize, which are held once a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Gene McCormack, of San Diego Y.C., opened the eyes of yachtsmen when they participated this summer in a club cruise, sailing 24 miles round trip in their Penguin *Flipper*. They brought along equipment for sleeping on the beach.

▶ As if 56 Penguins weren't enough for San Diego Bay, the Frontier Section Base at San Diego has written the national office for dinghy plans. It is reported 10 Penguins will be built by Navy personnel.

▶ Ten Penguins participated in West River S.C.'s annual Labor Day regatta on Chesapeake Bay. Joe Krafft from Old Dominion B.C. took a first and a third in his *Squire* to win first prize. George Jessop, Jr., now stationed in Washington with the Navy, placed second in Bill Heintz's *Judy*. George is of the San Diego Jessops. Lee Blair from Washington was third in *Potlatch*.

An unusual three-way tie at the Oxford regatta on the Chesapeake's Eastern Shore found Blair, Krafft and Walter Lawson, former national champion from Washington, in a deadlock. Officials at Oxford suggested they sail it off the following week during the regular series in Washington. The sailoff went to Blair, with Lawson second.

Blair also was top Penguin sailor in the Potomac River summer series. Charles Cox with *Cat's-Paw* was second and Wirt Gill, in *Skeptic*, third. Eleven Penguins competed during the six-week, 12-race series.

▶ With three more boats under construction, the Stevens Institute Y.C., at Hoboken, N. J., will soon have a fleet of 10 Penguins. Club members include Navy trainees in the V-12 program. . . . The Coast Guard Training Station at Manhattan Beach in Brooklyn also is interested in starting a Penguin fleet, according to advice received from Lt. H. C. Morsheimer, station commanding officer.

▶ The new fleet captain at Hampton Y.C., Hampton, Va., is J. L. Stevens, Jr. He was last year's fleet champion with *Trudy*, and was runner up in the Virginia Sailing Regatta at Urbanna this summer.

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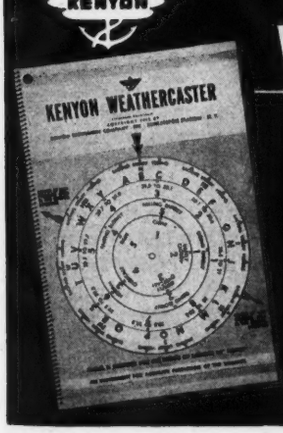

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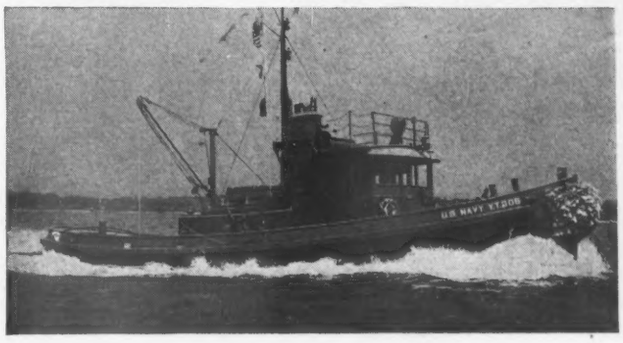

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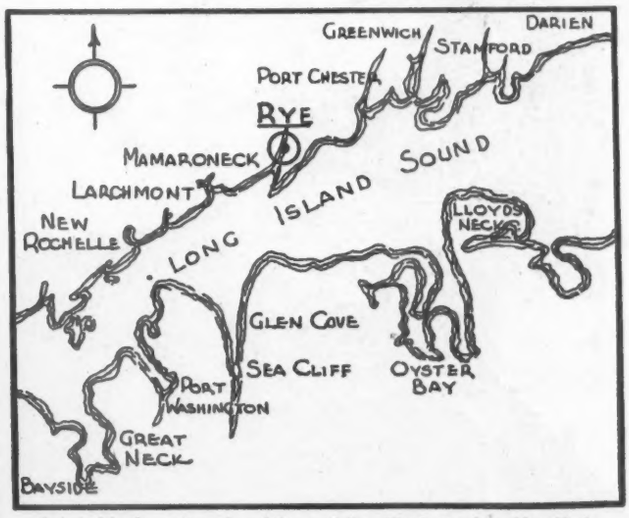

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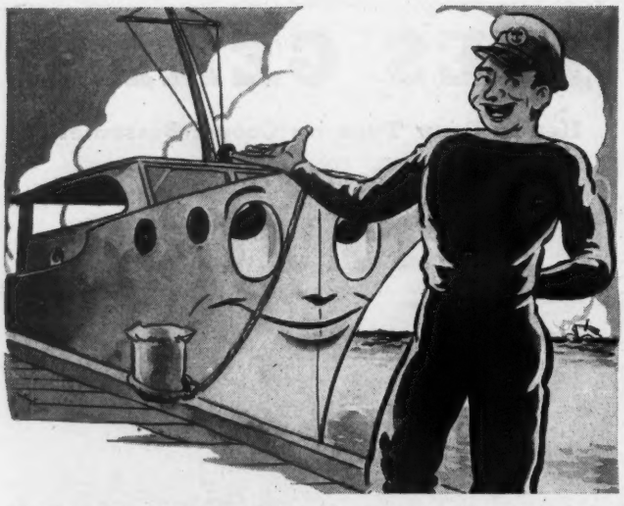

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By John G. Robinson

▶ Al Williams, owner of the Class R Sloop *Wanderer*, had a big time at the annual South Shore regatta at Vermilion, winning the Class R race and also the Merchants' Trophy in the annual Vermilion-to-Rocky River return trip. Wade Rapprich, also of the Cleveland Y.C., took the 30-Square-Metre race with his *Bacardi;* Dave Olsen won in the Universal Class and Herb Bailey, of the Mentor Harbor Y.C., in the auxiliary class with his *Fine Feather*. In the smaller classes, the local boys took the visitors, Commodore Gordon Douglass showing the way in the 14-foot International Dinghies and Al Wakefield winning easily in the Star Class. Gene Brandle, of the Sandusky S.C., won in the Interlake Class.

▶ The final results of the Mentor Harbor Y.C. summer series were as follows: Auxiliaries, *Fine Feather*, Herbert P. Bailey; Great Lakes 21's, *Delilah*, Hal Kneen; Interlakes, *Liza B*, Pearson Browne; Lightnings, *Marjorie Ann*, Harry Smith; and Snipes, *Marjo*, Howard Morris, Jr.

▶ *Fine Feather*, L-O Class sloop, designed by Phil Rhodes and owned by Herbert P. Bailey, of the Mentor Harbor Y.C., won the annual Mentor Harbor-to-Erie race for the Interstate Trophy, August 25th–26th.

Jim Rider's *Carina*, of the Erie Y.C., also Rhodes-designed, was first to finish, completing the 72-mile course, sailed in light head winds, in 16: 54: 45, and won in Division III. However, on corrected time, *Fine Feather* was the trophy winner and also won in Division I.

Duchess, Bounty Class sloop, owned by Commodore Charles Stewart of the Mentor Harbor Y.C., won in Division II, with *Lady Ruth*, Rhodes 27, owned by Lester Sears, M.H.Y.C., second and *Marbara*, Rhodes 27, owned by Ray Higgins, M.H.Y.C., third.

▶ Paul Gayman's *Cotton Blossom* won the fifth and final race of the series for the Class R championship of the Cleveland Y.C. on August 20th, breaking the tie which had existed for leadership in that class with Alex Winton's *Puffin*. Wade Rapprich's *Bacardi* took the final race of the series for the 30-Square-Metre Class championship, giving Rapprich a margin of better than four points over the Simms-Bolton sloop *Brilliant*.

▶ Harold Seltsam's *Windlassie*, Cleveland Y.C., L-O Class auxiliary designed by Phil Rhodes, won the annual Hommel Trophy race from Rocky River to Put-in-Bay over the Labor Day week-end. This was a two-stage race, as usual, the first stage from Rocky River to Vermilion, and the second from Vermilion to Put-in-Bay. *Bagatelle*, owned by Lieut. Commander W. L. James, led the fleet from Rocky River to Vermilion but couldn't save the position on corrected time. *Windlassie* won both legs. Herbert P. Bailey's *Fine Feather* was second, with *Bagatelle* third.

▶ The annual Old Timers' Trophy race from Put-in-Bay to Rocky River on Labor Day, was won by *Bagatelle*, sailed by Webb Brumbaugh, with Neville Foster's Week-Ender *Florence D* second and Jerry Doyle's *Playboy* third.

▶ Al Wakefield, of the Vermilion B.C., who has held the Inter-Lake Star championship for several years, won in the Great Lakes Star championship series at Detroit, August 31st–September 2nd. The race was held on Lake St. Clair under the auspices of the Crescent S.Y.C. with entries from the Southern Lake Erie, Southern Lake Michigan, Southern Lake Huron and Detroit River Star fleets. Wakefield took two firsts and three seconds with his *Dickery*. *Thistle*, owned by Alex Allardyce, of the Crescent S.Y.C., was second and *Bubbling Over*, Bill Coveney, Chicago, was third.

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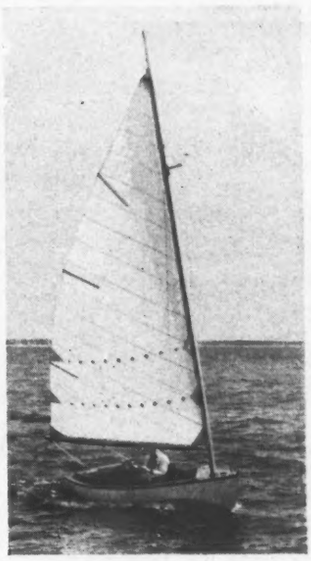

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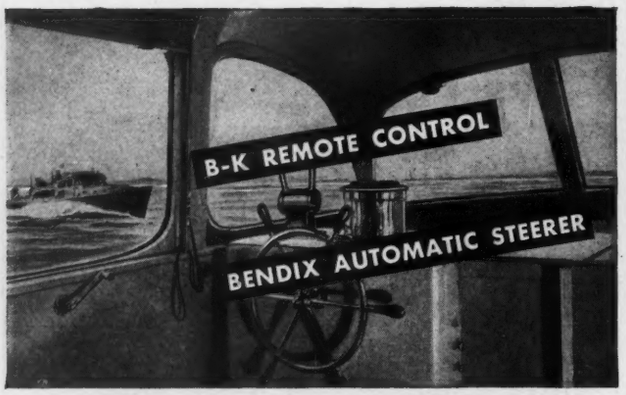

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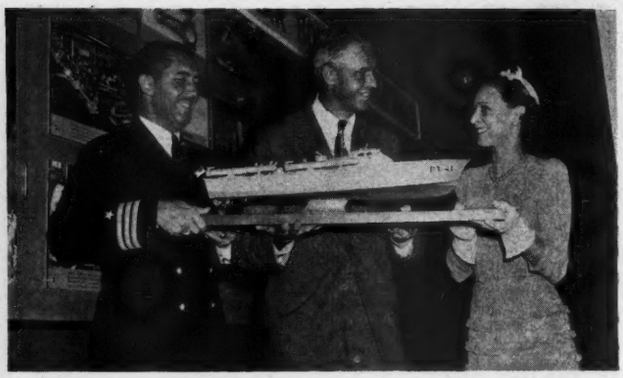

P. L. Sutphen, general manager of Elco Naval Division, presents a scale model of PT 41 to Mrs. John D. Bulkeley in the presence of Commander D. I. Walsh of the PT Training Center

NEWS OF THE INDUSTRY

HERRESHOFF CELEBRATES 20TH ANNIVERSARY OF HAFFENREFFER MANAGEMENT

▶ The Herreshoff Shipyard (Herreshoff Manufacturing Co.) recently celebrated its 20th anniversary of the operation of the company under Haffenreffer management, and on that occasion awarded service emblems to many of its senior employees.

Addressing approximately 500 employees at the Lower Yard, R. F. Haffenreffer, president of the company, outlined briefly the early history of the operation of the company under his management, and paid tribute to the record the company had made during the past few years in the production of ships and high speed motor boats for the Army and Navy. Assisted by his son, C. W. Haffenreffer, vice president and general manager, he then awarded to the "Quarter Century Club" (25 employees who had served the Company for 25 years or more) diamond studded gold lapel emblems. Similar pins with rubies were presented to 25 employees who had served the company well for 15 years, but less than 25. To three employees who had been with the company for ten years, but less than 15, were given sapphire-studded emblems.

NEW MARINE SALES ORGANIZATION

▶ A new organization which will act as manufacturers' agents and distributors of marine and industrial supplies, the Maisco Sales Co., Inc., has recently established offices at 101 Walker Street, New York 13, N. Y. President of the new company is John D. Gillespie, who has long been active in the marine field.

ON THE PRODUCTION LINE

▶ The Astoria Marine Construction Co. has recently been awarded the Army-Navy "E." . . . Dooley's Basin & Dry Dock Co., Fort Lauderdale, Florida, has been similarly honored. . . . Kelvin & Wilfrid O. White, Boston, Mass., have received a third gold star for their Maritime "M" flag. . . . A second star for its Army-Navy "E" pennant recently went to the Maxim Silencer Co., Hartford, Conn.

A Sterling Admiral goes into the hold of an MTB under construction at the yard of J. Samuel White Co., Isle of Wight, England

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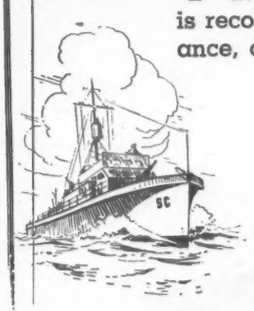

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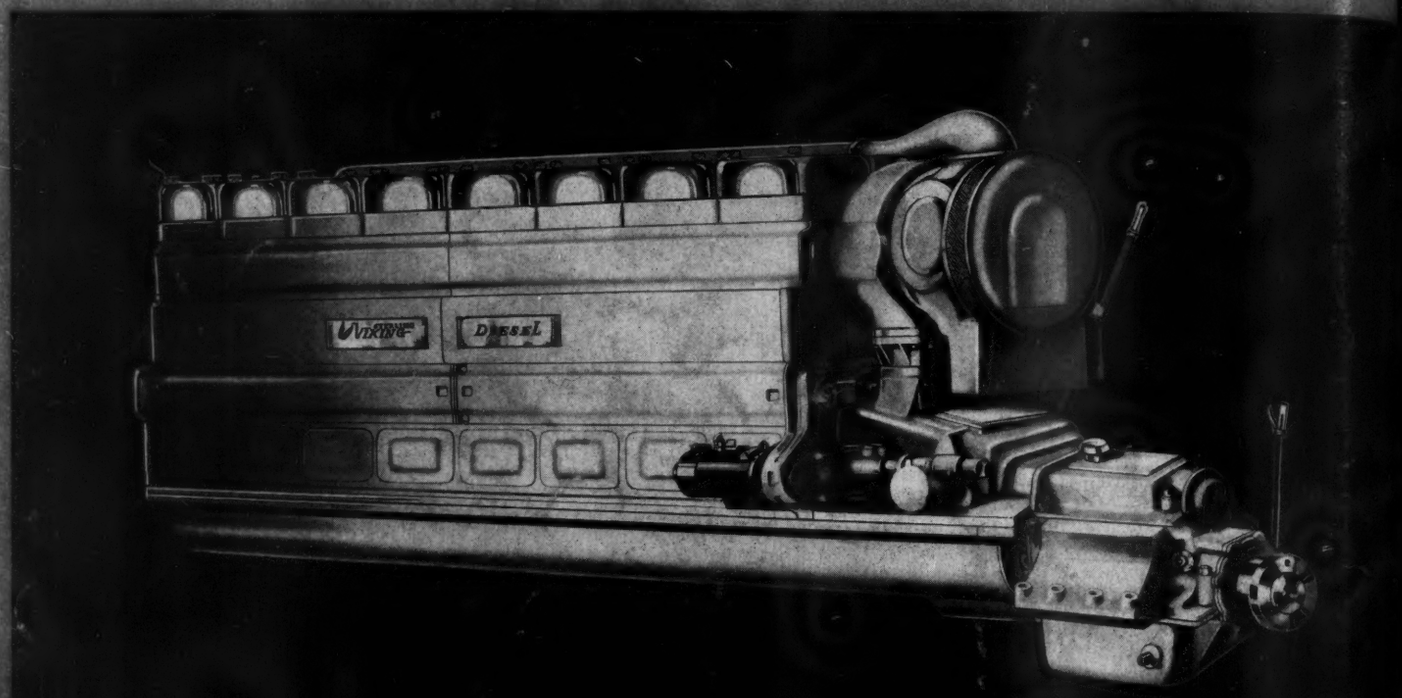

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